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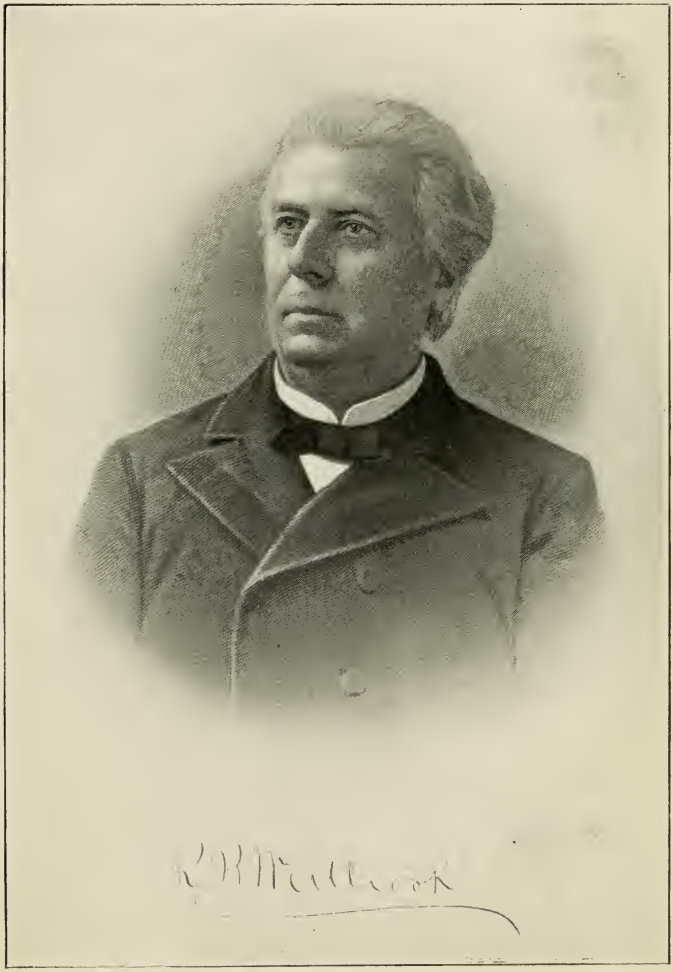

THE WEST-BROOK DRIVES,

—BY—

HENRIETTA PAYNE-WESTBROOK, M. D.

AUTHOR OF

THE ACTOR'S CHILD, Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIANNA SLOAN.

NEW YORK.
PETER ECKLER, PUBLISHER,
1902.

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BY

HENRIETTA PAYNE-WESTBROOK, M. D.

TO THE MEMORY OF

RICHARD BRODHEAD WESTBROOK, D. D.,—L. L. D.

THE BELOVED AND ADMIRED OF ALL WHO KNEW HIM,

TO THE "PARSON," THE "LAWYER" AND THE "JUDGE,"

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED BY THE

"LADY DOCTOR" AND THE "REPORTER."

H. P. WESTBROOK, M. D.

1707 Oxford St.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE PREFACE.

THIS is always the part read last. Somehow, however, we wish to inform the reader that this veritable history was really written surreptitiously. True, the reporter carried her note book very conspicuously ; but she was never known to write anything in it ; and it became a joke with our party that her note book did not note anything.

The fact was, she used a peculiar short hand of her own, and with her book and pencil concealed under the light carriage robe, jotted down everything as it occurred. Then when the rest of the party were looking after the horses, or taking their ease in a hotel, she, the reporter, was translating the fresh scrawls.

Thus it happened that sometime after the return home, there began to appear in a local paper these identical travels. If the judge and the rest of the party had known "there's a chile amang ye taking notes," they could never have talked so freely and to such purpose. The result was that when they saw themselves so naturally in print they were the most astonished people in the world.

It had its little effect even on strangers, as the following incidents show. One day the reporter went as all Philadelphia ladies do, to the market for the family provisions. At one farmer's stand she ordered a gallon of vinegar.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Nothing to you Miss," he said, "Nothing to you. I've had more than that worth, out of the West-Brook Drives."

The story of the Drives had been running about three months or so, when the Newspaper Editor invited the reporter, and indeed the whole party to pass Sunday at his country place.

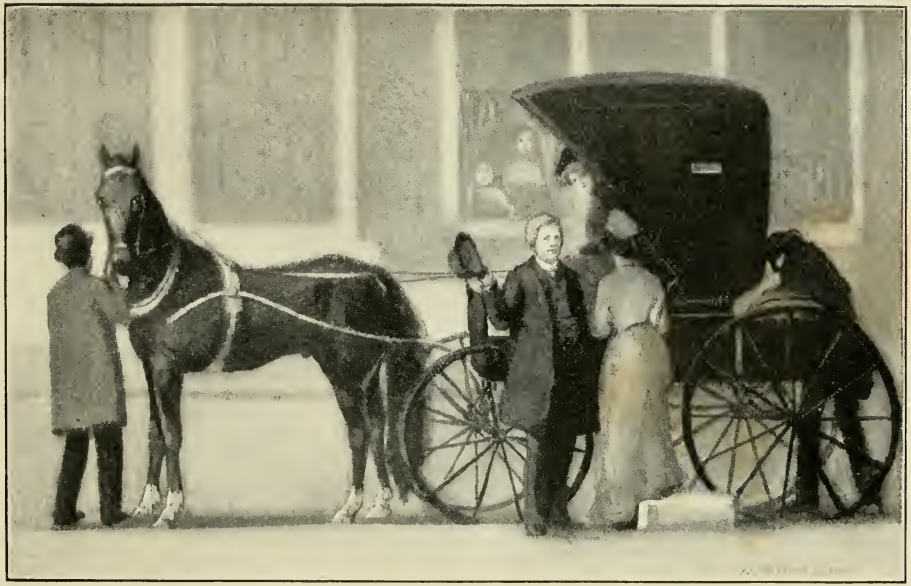
Soon after our arrival a little girl about twelve years old shyly entered and dropped awkwardly into the first seat. She was evidently a neighbor and no one paid any attention as she sat silently twirling her thumbs. At last the reporter addressed some kindly words to her. Her only response was,

"You don't know how I have wanted to see you and Lex."

Without another syllable she remained with eyes fixed and staring about ten minutes and then slid out as quietly as she had come in. We thought she had gone to the stable to look at Lex but found she had been there first ! ! !

Yours truly,

The REPORTER.



"Our Party consisted of a Lawyer, a Doctor, the afore-mentioned Judge, an old time Parson with the new-time Ideas, an Amateur Reporter with a brand new Note Book, and Lastly, our Big Horse Lexington."

[See page 7]

A DRIVE BY THE DELAWARE.

CHAPTER I.

FROM START TO FINISH.

THE early July days had been too hot and dusty for any kind of journeying, but on the 9th inst., a storm threatened, and the Signal Service announced a cool wave coming from the west.

"To-morrow will be just the right time to start," said the judge; and from his wise decisions we rarely think of taking an appeal. On Tuesday, the 10th of July, the sun was still obscured by clouds not yet exhausted by the previous day's rain; but the dust had been effectually laid, and the air was many degrees cooler.

Our party consisted of a lawyer, a doctor, the aforementioned judge, an old-time parson with new-time ideas, an amateur reporter with brand new note book and pencil, and lastly, but by no means leastly, our big horse Lexington.

Our vehicle was too small, and too full, to allow any baggage inside; so we had a little rack, which we called our annex, securely fastened on the rear, and there we strapped our valise with raiment enough for our daily wants, and also containing the doctor's medicine case, and such instruments as might be needed in case of accident.

Although starting under a cloud, we were a cheerful looking set. Everybody recognized us as travelers,

and always looked back a second time, as if we were a pleasant sight to their eyes, and they were loath to let us go.

Out Broad street we went to old York road, built eighty years ago as a stage route between the two great cities. We passed through Branchtown, City Line, Shoemakertown, and Jenkintown. The road seemed one continuous line of houses.

At the first toll-gate Fanny Kemble's place was pointed out to us. We saw many elegant residences, and some that were very old. One bore the date of 1793 and looked older than that. So many places were for sale, it made one feel gloomy to think how many persons were anxious to get away from so much beauty and grandeur.

"The fact is," said the judge, "a country seat is a lovely thing in imagination, but in reality a very expensive piece of property ; it is inconvenient of access and lonely to live in."

The doctor thought most of the places far too shaded for health. "The sun can't have a fair chance at the people. One might just as well try to grow potatoes in the light corner of a dark cellar, as to raise healthy children here," she said.

We were not surprised when we saw a large well-filled graveyard in the near vicinity.

Prominently, in the front row was this inscription: —"Ann Stevens, late relict of Jonathan—"

This reminded our scribe of the autographic inscription prepared on—

"Priscilla P. Bedott,
Late relict o' Hezikiah,
How melancholy was her lot,
How soon she did expire."

One of our party having strong Equal Rights proclivities, indignantly asked, "Who ever saw on a man's tombstone 'relict' of some woman?"

The lawyer dryly remarked, "The men don't stay widowed long enough to be counted in that way."

Another sight that soon excited our reporter, was a negro woman hoeing corn, while a lazy boy stood looking on.

By this time the weather had brightened, a fine breeze had sprung up, we felt glad to be alive, and even the parson became facetious; so, while the slow-going toll-man was making change, he remarked, "This is a fine day for the race!"

Quickly opening his ears the man asked, "What race, sir?"

"The human race," was the demure answer, as the parson picked up the reins and drove on.

Late in the season as it seemed, there were many summer homes to rent. One of the most uninviting bore a placard to the effect that it would be rented cheaply, for the season at $1,000; or for the whole year at $1,500. The judge said, "One had better, take twice the money and build himself a cottage at Sea Isle City, where he would have grand Old Ocean for scenery, salt sea bathing for a pastime, and fighting mosquitoes as a regular employment."

As we went on the toll-gates seemed to grow more frequent as their keepers had less to do. Sometimes the mother of the family tended the gate; now and then it was a bright young girl; more often it was an idle looking man, with a pipe in his mouth. We were glad to see one set a good example to his brethren by cobbling shoes between spells. The re-

porter, to whom the duty of paying was delegated, became so tired of having to find her pocket every little while, that she asked if they could not commute, pay all the way through, and have a certificate to that effect pasted across Lexington's nose.

Our first halt was called at Willow Grove. We stopped for dinner. As we dashed up to the door a Dutch hostler rushed out and seized the bridle of the stately steed. Lex, indignant at such unwonted familiarity in a stranger, seized the Dutchie by the arm and lifted him from the ground. They quit evenly then, except that one party bore the marks of the other's teeth for a good while. The attendants would hardly believe that so spirited a creature could be trusted to stand untied for almost any length of time with the reins thrown across the dasher.

At the Mineral Springs Hotel we rested in the middle of the day, for three hours. The house was pleasant and the grounds charming, but the doctor thought them decidedly too damp, for the twenty and more city children boarders.

While waiting for dinner, some of our party amused themselves listening to a rather queer old fellow of sixty-five years, a farmer of the neighborhood, who is looking out for a second wife.

"The Lord only knows who she is to be," said he, "but I must have one."

"My mother, 98 years old, lives with me, and says to me, says she, 'My boy you don't need another woman, I am still alive to take care of you.' "

The disconsolate old fellow took out his red bandanna and wiped the tears from his eyes as he said : "I have lost lots of friends, and folks I knew ; I have buried

four children, and could spare my mother, but nothing ever struck me so hard as losing my wife."

Some days afterwards, in a hotel a hundred miles nearer the source of the Delaware, we related this interview to an old gentleman of seventy-five, a rich widower from New York. The latter remarked, "I can well understand his feelings and sympathize with them. My children would be dreadfully put out if I should marry again ; and yet, I tell you, there are lots of things you can say to a wife which you can't tell to your children ;and so, a lone man like me, has to keep many a thing locked up in his own breast."

After our own comfortable dinner at Mineral Springs, and while waiting for Lexington to finish his, a carriage drove up and a lady and gentleman alighted. The buggy was one of those high swung chariots, and in giving his hand to the lady descending from her lofty perch, the gentleman gave her such ungracious, and so little support, that she fell heavily on her knees in a heap on the piazza. The landlord, who happened to be near us, quietly remarked, "It is evident they have been married sometime; I'll venture he was more careful than that during the honeymoon."

At four o'clock we sat out for Doylestown, the county seat of Bucks. In a population of less than two thousand, it has thirty-five lawyers, several doctors, nine churches, and five newspapers. The town is beautifully situated, high and dry in the midst of a rich agricultural district. On the way thither, we were kept constantly informed, not of the actual distance from Philadelphia, but from that renowned emporium, Oak Hall. The white posts planted at

short distances, told us ; and we knew, like Sheridan, we were so many "miles away."

The day was no longer cloudy, nor yet too warm. Everything, so lately washed by the showers, was fresh and bright, and our delighted eyes ranged over a wide and varied landscape, "Where every prospect pleases."

In a large field "fully ripe and ready for the harvest," we saw a No. 12 Osborne reaper and binder driven by a man, drawn by three horses abreast, and followed by two black dogs. The machine reaped the wheat, raked it, made it into bundles, and tied them. The lawyer, somewhat given to the marvelous, said he had already heard of one that did the threshing as it went along, and he had no doubt one would ere long be invented that would also grind the grain and make it into bread ; "and distribute the loaves among the multitude," added the parson.

In striking contrast to this scene was an old man with thin, streaming, white locks, and wearing tow-linen trowsers of half a century ago, slowly and sadly cradling in the old-fashioned way.

After a good night's rest and an early breakfast at the Fountain House, we set out for Easton, the principal town in Northampton county. We passed a brown-stone quarry, and the roads thereabouts had the same rich hue. The houses in that part were of wood, and not at all pretentious ; but a garden wall and pig-pen had brown-stone fronts, funnily reminding one of the Fifth Avenue and New York City. We met with a singular name not far off; it was Hogincamp. The name was a misnomer, for it designated a very affable and generous gentleman.

One of the greatest pleasures of a rural journey is the pure, fresh air—the feeling that you have room enough to breathe. It has been found that there is more money per capita in city than in country, but the reverse is true of the oxygen. When you take a deep breath in the country you will feel as if you had inhaled something substantial, and that it will do you good all the days of your life.

At the top of a long brown hill, we descried a dainty little figure in the fashionable crushed-strawberry shade. It proved to be a little bare-foot girl, with a basket of eggs, which she was going to exchange for a bottle of kerosene. A life-size horse and wagon, used as a weather-vane, on top of a barn, was another picturesque and striking thing in the distance.

As we went further away from the large towns, the people seemed to grow more careless of external appearances. The fences were shabby, the outbuildings ready to tumble, and the weeds were allowed to smother the flowers by the road-side.

The people, however, were more simple hearted, "child-like and bland." They invariably bowed and spoke to us. Slowly going teams would turn out for us and obligingly allow us to pass them.

Between Red Hill Hotel and Riegelsville, in Bucks County, we first caught sight of the lovely Delaware. Our route thence lay with high hills and mountains on our left, and river and "raging canawl" to the right.—The soil was light and poor, yet far better than it is in many parts where the fields look much more fruitful. We thought it only needed Landis to make it another Vineland. We found too a vacancy for sparrows. Not one did we see after leaving Doyles-

town, yet there was plenty of work for them to do. Many trees were literally covered with worms.

Several women with short dresses were harvesting with the men and seemed to do just as much work. They were only paid half the wages, of course.

The lawyer said if these women were strong enough to work like that, they ought to be able to vote, and even to study at the University. The doctor thought they certainly should be free to do whatever they could do, and wished to do. "Take off the trammels; let the oppressed go free," was the consensus of opinion in our crowd.

Passing through one village, we noticed its hotel was kept by one Barrell, and as if to add significance to the name, numerous barrels and small kegs were scattered about. The people, the male portion, had mostly bleared eyes, and ruddy noses, bloated features and ragged clothes, a slouching gait and downcast look, as if they had lost all self-respect. It is amazing that multitudes are to be found willing to make such guys of themselves, and especially to spoil their noses, and to forego every comfort in life in order to aggrandize one set, and that not the best, of their fellows.

The houses thereabouts were poor and mean, as drunkard's homes are wont to be. In lieu of ornaments, empty bottles and musty kegs stood as mementoes of departed cash.

There was one opulent establishment in the village. It belonged to the man who made the beer and doctored the whisky that had filled the barrels and bottles whence these drunkards drew their degradation.

"Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe,
Give the baby some."

But we had no cherries. Nobody offered us any. We did not like to ask, and disdained to steal. Once, however, the temptation got the best of our virtue. Thinking we had missed our way, the reporter went into a house to inquire. The luscious fruit hung in clusters of little crimson globes over the garden fence. The branches were within easy reach of the waiting carriage. The judge took the law into his own hands, as indeed, it almost seemed he had the right to do. He broke off the tender twigs of that tree, till, when the reporter returned with her information, he had a real feast before us. Like that misguided couple, in the ancient story, we took and ate.

Those cherries were of the black-heart variety, and soon our gloves and fingers, lips and teeth, were terribly discolored. So we, too, bore the marks of our transgression, and when we met our kind, we hid ourselves behind our handkerchiefs. We laughed at each other in dismay. Happily, we came at last to a living, running stream, and gladly plunging in, washed all the stain of our sin away.

The parson was inclined to "improve the occasion" as the ministers say, by a little sermon on the natural consequences of wrong doing. Each sin, he said, had its own appropriate punishment, and there was no way of escaping the results of our acts. Everybody must work out his own salvation. He said we might have prayed till we were dumb, and yet our lips would have remained black till we ourselves used the means to cleanse them.

The Delaware river, swollen by the annual Summer floods, was being extensively used for the transportation of lumber. This was done by means of rafts, made by fastening the logs themselves together. One of our party, when a boy, had floated down to Philadelphia in this way. That was years and years ago. Since then he has made his mark in the city of brotherly love, as a brilliant orator, an eloquent advocate, and an original and successful author.

Bridges over the tributaries of the Delaware are built in a very substantial way to stand the strain of the Spring floods in this region. One that we noticed bore on the key-stone of its arch the date "A.D. 1813," and looked as if it might be there a hundred years hence. This was quite a contrast to a bridge we crossed a year ago over a similar stream in Blair county, at the foot of the Alleghanies. The latter bridge was washed away, as a regular thing, every April, and rebuilt at considerable expense and great inconvenience, every May. It was always constructed to suit the calmer exigencies of the Summer-time, and not those of the stormy periods, by which it was invariably carried away. The conversation naturally turned upon bridges, and those of us who had travelled or read, had each something to tell. One had recently heard of a bridge in China, of curious construction, longer than the Brooklyn bridge, and still standing after the lapse of a thousand years. The doctor thought none of these so wonderful as the great London bridge, built in 1700, with dwelling houses—a double row—three stories high, having their cellars within the piers, and on their lofty roofs were stately

platforms, ornamented with rails and balusters, enclosing pretty gardens, with arbors and walks, from which the residents viewed the river prospect.

Thus, as we rode along, scenes and tales, from other lands and times mingled with those of the delightfully present now. Buttonwood trees abounded here, and we were informed that this is the ancient sycamore of the Bible. The minister told us that, and he quoted from an old New England primer—

> "Zacheus he did climb a tree,
> His Lord and Master for to see."

We never saw anywhere such numbers of large black walnut trees. The chestnut trees too, were numerous, and with their gracefully pendant, golden adornments, and long, dark green, shining leaves, were in their fullest glory.

The mountains in Northampton county are rich in iron and limestone. We passed the iron works of the late Peter Cooper and his son-in-law, Hewitt. Here also were many kilns for the preparation of lime. These products were being transported mostly by canal. The judge quoted:

> "First marched the heavy mules securely slow,
> O'er rocks, o'er rills, o'er crags and dales they go;"

and then comes the canal-boat, with its loads of iron and lime, and coal.

A cut on the Belvidere railroad had left a portion of the massive rock, looking, for all the world, like one of the old castles on the Rhine.

It was nearly noon, on our second day out, that we came upon a deserted village. We had seen a dilapidated tavern sign swinging in the distance, and we said among ourselves, "we will rest there till the heat

of the day is past." Lexington too, hastened his pace; for he saw water and feed in prospect.

With difficulty we lifted the rusty old Dutch door-latch. It fell back with a heavy, empty sound. We pounded on the door but nobody was home, and had not been for a long while. The neighbors, too, were either all dead or moved away. We saw no living soul ; only ghosts of the past held high carnival there.

The lawyer, whom I strongly suspect, was himself a little thirsty, declared that was the effect of "local option." It seems to be in the constitution of things, that every great reform must do damage somewhere. As Bismark once said—"You cannot make an omelet without breaking some eggs." And the parson remarked, one of high Christian authority said, "If meat causeth my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat while the world stands."

There was no help for it. We were obliged to trot on towards Easton, which we did, arriving there just in time for a fine dinner. A quiet nap followed, and then we drove out to see the town and Lafayette College.

The latter institution holds, literally, an exalted position. High above the rush of railroad and river, the turmoil of worldly strife and ambition, it looks over and beyond them all, up to serener heights and towards a clearer sky. "It would be," the judge said, "the ideal site for a school of transcendental philosophy, like that of Concord, where an evolution was lately defined as consisting of 'a simultaneous differentiation and integration, emerging from a primitive universal homogenity.'"

Lafayette, however, was planned by common-sense

men, who had no conception of these lofty things. It was started some half century ago as a manual labor school, where the poor lad, by working a part of his time, might pay for his own tuition.

The father of our judge was at that time a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and worked earnestly for the establishment and welfare of the new college. It was this same Legislator, who, in A.D. 1842, then a member of Congress, had, under Tyler, a woman, the widow of a postmaster, appointed the first postmistress in these United States of America.

The parson had personally known several of Lafayette's presidents. One was a Presbyterian minister, a bitter partisan in the quarrel that separated that church into North and South, one who could control other folks' boys but not his own. He had a dissipated son, who on the day of his graduation, was brought home dead drunk in a wheelbarrow. Another was the originator or operator of the famous "morus multicaulis speculation." This was the propagation of a species of mulberry for the feeding of silk worms. Large fortunes were made from it, but many of the over credulous lost all they had. The whole scheme having no real foundation, tumbled at last. One noble president, devoting all his time and strength to the advancement of the college, made it the great success we find it to-day. President Catell sacrificed his health on the altar of that success, and was obliged to retire from active work. A new name now heads the list of the faculty ; and another, a younger and a stronger man, has entered into the results of his labors.

The college grounds have been greatly enlarged and

beautified. Private beneficence has poured wealth into the treasury. Buildings, elegant and commodious, for special purposes, have been built by different individuals. One handsome hall was pointed out, donated by a gentleman who has since been reduced to poverty, and has hardly where to lay his head.

In descending the long steep hill, our steed, generally so well behaved, but probably unduly elated by having been to college, elevated his hind heels and came near kicking over the traces. For a little while there was a sharp contest, and a strong prospect that we should return to town in John Gilpin style.

On a prominent corner in the city of Easton we observed the building belonging to the "Young Men's Christian Association" had a wine and liquor store in its basement. Some of us thought it a very inconsistent and unusual thing. The parson agreed that it was inconsistent, but not at all unusual, many of the bishopricks in England being entirely supported by rents from houses of revel and debauchery.—

"You see," said the lawyer, "these young men have taken it into their heads to fight the devil on their own ground."

Lexington's driver thought if he was still so antic, he could not be too tired to proceed on the journey, which at five o'clock we accordingly did. Our road lay close to the river, and for the first five miles out was the most shockingly bad road we ever saw. The recently heavy rains had washed the stones bare, and they were loose and rolling. Deep gullies had been cut, and in many cases the banks had slid away. The continual jolting became not only monotonous, but actually painful, and we looked anxiously for a stop-

ping place. There were frequent houses on one side of the way ; but they were small and shabby, and dirty children and pigs, and dogs, were in the foreground. We met a butcher with his cart, and inquired if he could direct us to a good hotel for the night. He, greatly to our joy, informed us we were almost in sight of two. He strongly recommended the nearer one. A woman and a boy with a basket of berries, resting by the roadside, were not far off, and thinking in a multitude of counsellors there might be safety, we asked her advice. "Stop at the farther one, by all means," she said.

Arriving at the first, we saw the landlord out on the stoop, his shirt sleeves rolled up, filling a cracked cup with grog for an old tipsy fellow who looked, the parson said, "as if he was past being prayed for." That one glance satisfied us, and we went on to the next hotel, fearing meanwhile, that it might be no better. Before we reached it, the judge recognized the eddy in the river where his raft had stopped forty-five years before. "If the hotel should only prove to be Sandt's, where I stayed with my father ; but that cannot be," he said, with a half-drawn sigh.

Yet sure enough, it was the same old solid stone house, modernized, it is true, with a mansard roof and a new proprietor. In fact there were two proprietors, brothers, married to German sisters, who were not above doing the work and keeping things neat and clean. There was a third sister, the waiter girl, and also a waiter man. It was easy to see they were making love to each other.

The brothers and sisters looked on the courtship with evident approbation, thinking doubtless of the

time when all should be united in one firm, and there would no longer be any wages to pay out for services.

The house was nearly full of city boarders, but they managed to give us comfortable accommodations for the night.

The moon was nearly at its full, and brightly shone on hill and river when we went to rest. About midnight we were astonished at being awakened by a pouring rain, and we anticipated a dismal morrow; but in the morning, when we again awoke, the river was laughing in the sunshine, and the ripples sparkled as they hurried on towards Philadelphia and the ocean.

In leaving Sandt's Eddy, we had a bug-bear before us, and rather a big one too. The bridge over Martin's creek had been carried away, we were told, and only a temporary, rough, substitute put into its place. Some horses refused to go over it at all; and in that event it was necessary to unharness, and get them through the water as best one could, then return and bring the carriage over by hand.

How often it happens that we suffer more by forebodings than from the trouble when it really comes. The dread of that bridgeless creek quite spoiled the ride, till we reached it. Then everybody but the driver alighted from the carriage. Lexington looked very suspiciously at the queer conglomeration of stones and wood he was expected to walk over, but with a few encouraging words and gentle coaxing, he did it, and we went gaily "on to Richmond" in Pennsylvania.

Squirrels were breakfasting on cherries, and the rabbits in the road were so unscared by our coming that

"Their tameness was shocking to me."

At the village of Portland we began to comprehend something of what "the Water Gap" means. But not till we had passed over the two-and-a-half miles which lay between that village and the Kittatiny House did we begin to realize the grandeur of this geological phenonenon. How was it done? What cut through the solid mountain this path for the waters? Was the chasm caused by one mighty earthquake eruption, or was it done during millions of years by the immense gradual pressure of a mighty lake on the slowly yielding stratum of rock?

Mr. Brodhead, in his book on the Delaware Water Gap, says the Indian name "Minisink," for the Pennsylvania side of the mountain, meaning "the water is gone," would indicate some tradition confirming this lake theory.

At Portland they warned us that we only had twenty minutes in which to drive through the Gap before trains would be due.

The railroad is a very great convenience. All the same it is a great nuisance. It has spoiled much of the primitive beauty here, and besides, when one goes out, as the hart goeth "panting after the water brooks," he does not desire to come in contact with the smoke of bitumen, nor to have his ears split by the shrill screeching of the steam whistle. The danger, too, is really considerable.

The carriage road hugs the side of the mountain at an elevation, in some parts, of two or three hundred feet. The railroad runs along the river, and a precipice lies between. If a horse takes fright, he could not go higher up, he would be hardly likely to run toward the thing that scared him, he certainly could

not be supposed to stand still, and the only thing left to do would be to attempt to turn back, in which case going over the dreadful declivity would be inevitable.

The judge said we should really be in less danger going to Europe; for, in a Cunarder, everything is arranged for all sorts of emergencies and the whole governed by fixed laws; while here we were at the caprice of an unreasoning animal.

We were just about two-thirds of the way through when the prompt whistle announced the approach of the express train in the rear, and just then we saw in front of us a freight train thundering along on the down grade. They passed each other exactly beside and below us. Lexington looked at them, gave a little snort of recognition, and kept on in the even tenor of his way, while we, the reporter at least, breathed more freely.

Safely arrived at the Kittatiny, we received a welcome unusually warm and sincere, even at a hotel. One of our party was a distant cousin of the gentlemanly proprietors. They had been advised of our approach; our baggage, by express, was already there; our rooms spacious, cool and comfortable, and at once we felt at home.

There indeed, at the Water Gap nature has been lavish of her lovelinesss. The wild and novel scenery was a perpetual surprise to us. The hotel piazzas that nearly surround the house, seem specially adapted to wooing and detaining every delicious breeze. We were glad to be alive. The little steamboat, named after the house, was a curiosity. It was built at a cost of $2,200 in Bristol, R. I. Its officers are a captain

and an engineer, and they take you a round trip of half an hour for twenty-five cents. The boat can carry about fifty people. Perhaps the most impressive view of all, is had from the boat on the river. There you can better appreciate the height of the mountain on either side, the gracefully serpentine course of the water, and the width of the chasm it has made.

A long list of pleasant sails, and walks, and drives, is given you, together with a little map of the paths leading to the principal views. We chose first to go to G. W. Child's arbor and glen, a glimpse of which we had caught, hanging on the mountain side, as we drove up from Portland. The distinguished Philadelphia editor was an old acquaintance of the parson ; and we were curious to see how he had embellished some natural attractions of the Gap.

The path was good, and hard and smooth, but the hour was nearly noon. The way was long and warm. The judge was grown too stout for walking and climbing dizzy heights. He took off his coat, and, although we advised him to carry it on his arm, he confidingly hung it on a tree and went on. On past Council rock and to Winona cliff we went. There we rested at the spot where the Indian princess, deserted by her white lover, leaped to her death. In a rustic bower we found a gay company celebrating the birthday of one of their number. They were pledging his health in ice-cold lemonade, and invited us to join them. The polite judge apologized for appearing at the festivities with one of the conventional garments of a gentleman missing. Childs' place was still at least a half mile away. Many persons were passing

to and fro. Some of them did not look over honest. Beginning to realize how inconvenient and awkward it would be to be parted from his coat altogether, so far away from home and supplies, the judge became uneasy, and proposed a postponement of the remainder of our morning excursion.

We walked rapidly down till we thought we had passed over the distance at which we left the coat behind. No sign of it appeared. At about double the distance we espied it hanging on a taller tree. Some practical joker must have moved it for the very fun of the thing. The taller tree was probably selected to indicate the length of time we had trusted it alone. The tree had grown some in the interval!

A DRIVE BY THE DELAWARE.

CHAPTER II.

FROM START TO FINISH (Continued.)

Seated on the Kittatiny piazza we noticed a very familiar figure and face. Who she was we could not recall.

"Where have we seen her?" we asked each other. At last we thought we had solved the problem.

"It is Langtry," we said confidently; "yes, the same figure, complexion, eyes and hair."

"How strange! She seems to recognize us, too. See! she is talking of us now to that dark, stylish looking lady beside her."

"They approach."

Langtry extended her hand with the cordiality of an old acquaintance.

"Do you not remember me? I was a pupil of yours at P—F—College—my maiden name S—K—"

Twenty-three years ago! nearly a quarter of a century since we had met! And we had lived in the same city for seven years, and for two years within two blocks of each other!

One of the amusements of which people seem never to tire is dancing and seeing dancing-graceful figures moving to melodious measure. And yet dancing is

far from being made as enjoyable and beneficial as it might be.

The ladies, the young girls, and children, were exquisitely arrayed. The large, square ballroom was brilliantly lighted, a violinist, pianist, and cornetist, discoursed sweetly inspiriting music.

The male portion of the guests were in the billiard or barroom, or sitting smoking on the balconies, or peering in at the windows, with fingers clinging to the stump of a strong cigar. Many of them, who passed for gentlemen at home, wore colored chintz or woolen shirts, and nondescript jackets, making them look like porters or stevedores. We did not wonder they felt like slinking out of sight, "not having on the wedding garments."

The result was that when the orchestra played the Grand March, everybody sat still; when No. 2, the waltz, was played, about half a dozen little tots, that should have been kissed and sent to bed, occupied the floor. When the Lancers struck up, some very pretty young ladies appeared, one half of the forlorn set with handkerchiefs tied around their arms to indicate that they were gentlemen's substitutes! And so on, through waltz and quadrille, and racquet and reel.

Nature intended men and women, boys and girls, to be companions for each other. It is sad to see one sex sacrifice every refinement of manner, habits, and dress, and all the sweet amenities of social life, to the common craze for physical development.—And often, too, in the same connection, he sacrifices health of body and purity of soul, to indulgencies in the manly (?) vices.

If "roughing it" is decided upon as the summer programme of one part of the family, let it be for all. Short linsey-woolsey or calico dresses, thick boots, and straw hats, would fairly correspond with the male sporting costume. Let the two sexes take their recreation together. "It is not good for man to be alone," nor woman either.

The Kittatiny had many charming features that might well be imitated by other hotels. The table is remarkably good, the attendants seem devoted to your special personal comfort. Everything is unusually clean. There is a notable absence of flies.

The sewage is carried off by a water power that would constitute a "mill privilege" in Rhode Island, and run one or two woolen or cotton factories. Yet even in this paradise there was a serpent, in fact two or three serpents.

The omnipresent smoker was there. Day and night he polluted every breath of heaven. Some of the smokers were so completely filled with the effluvia, that even when not actually smoking, and you were compelled to sit beside them, they narcotized you.

We heard of one who acknowledged he smoked to excess. His doctors told him he must stop it. He did not until he fell stricken with paralysis. To get the poison out of his system Turkish baths were recommended. After six weeks of abstinence, his shampooers complained, he was so saturated with tobacco that the odor of his perspiration was sickening.

If these people could only be allowed to kill themselves off without infliction upon their innocent neighbors, or entailing untold suffering upon their

own posterity, it would seem a great mercy to humanity.

We noticed one pale little boy baby, whose proud father carried him in his arms, and at the same time a constant cigar in his mouth. We wanted to tell him of a case we had, where a bad father, to spite the mother, puffed cigar smoke in the baby's face till the child went into convulsions and died.

We do not mean to single out any one hotel as worse than all others in the use, or rather abuse of tobacco. Unfortunately they are nearly all alike in this respect.—

The average man, off on a pleasure trip, seems to vibrate between the two extremes of alcoholic stimulation and nicotine narcotism. First a dram, then a smoke. His coat of arms should be a pitcher of ale and a pipe of tobacco. To all such we would quote Paul's first letter to the Corinthians: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is Holy, which temple ye are."

At Cresson Springs on the Alleghanies, at the Ocean View on Block Island, and elsewhere, the children have a dining-room, a play-ground, a play-room, and parlor, all to themselves. Grown people, old bachelors, invalids, and nervous folk, are at liberty to go where the children hold high carnival. They can see them in their romps and noisy games and hear the babies cry if they wish to. It is perfectly optional. They are not obliged to endure, running over and around them, skates and velocipedes. They need not have a quiet conversation

interrupted, nor the mid-day music spoiled, by the children's frolics. This we think is as it should be. From the very first, children should be taught not to annoy, nor to trample on the rights, and interfere with the comforts of others. And when the children come into the grown up peoples' quarters they should conform to the old-fashioned rule. They should be seen but not heard to any great extent.

Among the oldest settlers and most remarkable families at the Delaware Water Gap and in the Minisink region, we find the Brodheads and Westbrooks. A part of the original purchase made by one Daniel Brodhead in A. D., 1737, is still owned and occupied by one of his descendants of the seventh generation.

Theodore Brodhead, one of the sixth generation, met with a tragic death from the hands of a tramp. He had been over to New York, and was strongly urged to remain, but he declined on the ground that he had promised his wife to be home that night. Seated upon the veranda of the hotel, he was enjoying the twilight, surrounded by his family, when his brother came to tell him that two men had robbed his store and just gone down the road.

Theodore had noticed them passing hurriedly along, and together the brothers started in pursuit. They came upon the robbers just behind the barn, counting and dividing their spoil. Soon the friends at the house heard pistol shots from that direction. A nephew and some others ran to their assistance, but were only in time to catch the dying form of Theodore, as he staggered toward them and fell dead in their arms.

The name Brodhead must have been given originally on account of their being broad across the forehead. It still seems to be a marked feature among them. Those of them who cultivate their brains, those who think and study deeply, have a firmness of texture about the head which is very noticeable. The men of this family are distinguished for their noble physical development, their firmness of will, their persistence of purpose, their broad views of things, their capacity for taking in new ideas, their great self respect, and their devotion to their wives. No consideration could induce a Brodhead to do a mean thing.

The Westbrook family, with whom the Brodheads at one time intermarried, are more delicately organized, have finer and quicker perceptions, are more spiritual, more indignantly resentful, more impulsively generous, and more ardent as lovers.—

But their anger soon cools, their generosity is less consistent, and their intensity dies out. Their frankness is complete. They really have no concealment. Brave and hopeful in the extreme, they never lose courage. If left on a plank in mid-ocean they'd fully expect to reach the shore. They have no patience with inefficient people. Those plodders who forever are doing a thing, and never getting it done, had better keep out of their way. I believe they respect the story in Genesis more because it represents the Creator as finishing an immense amount of work in six days, and resting absolutely on the seventh.

They will delay a piece of work until it really must be done, and then get it off their hands in such

a little while you wonder they ever stopped to dread it. When they begin a thing it is already half done. They remind one of the old woman's gun that went off so quickly. She said, "it wasn't fifteen minutes after you see the blue smoke arise, no, not half that time, before bang went the gun!"

Both these families are of English origin, although the latter came to this country by way of Holland. One was sent on State business; the other sought on free soil, "Freedom to worship God." Curiously enough the descendants of the one are still politicians and statesmen; the descendants of the other are more inclined to piety and religion. The two families, in combination, have produced some of the most delightful characters, and developed some of the most desirable qualities,

A curious fatality seems to attend the wedding day, yet many survive it, and some there are who wish they had not. One of the saddest and strangest of these coincidences happened while we were at the Water Gap. A bride and groom, within an hour of their nuptials, started on their wedding tour in a buggy. They came to a stream of water at which the young man tried to make the horse drink. The horse, although evidently thirsty, refused. Thinking to facilitate matters, the groom took off the horse's bridle. Still he would not drink. His master concluded to go to a house near by and borrow a bucket. While he was gone the horse took fright. The bridle being off, the young lady had no means of holding the horse. He ran away, upset the carriage, and killed her.

Speaking of this sad event to a lonely wife, whose

absent husband found ever ready excuses for staying away from her side, she said it was far better so. To die while hope, and trust, and love, were fresh, was an enviable lot, in the place of living to see them one by one depart, leaving only the ashes of desolation on the devoted heart. "She has," said this unhappy woman, "escaped the dread time

'When the witchery goes that made her seem lovely to-day:
When love's thought of her loses it coleur de rose,
And every day serves some new fault to disclose.'"

The Delaware Water Gap seems to be the objective point, the goal of many bicycle excursionists. The first one who came after our arrival, was a young man, almost a boy, he looked. He had come all the way from Mount Hope, a distance of fifty-five miles, alone, in a single day. He said he was not tired, and had not been a bit lonesome. The next was a party of eight from New York City. They had mounted their machines at Port Jervis, and were getting on splendidly when one of their number, the heaviest man of the set, carelessly fell. Beyond a sprained finger, he did not think himself hurt, until he had walked some distance. He then discovered that he had injured his knee and skinned his shin. They hired a horse and wagon to bring him and his bicycle the rest of the way. The next day, when a slight inflammation of the patella had set in and his bruises began to feel sore, and he grew lame, he was one of the most forlorn-looking fellows any one could wish to see. The Doctor, out of womanly sympathy, examined his wounds and prescribed for them. She saw he was terribly nervous and apprehensive; and when he confided to her his great fear that erysipe-

las would set in and carry him off, she soothed and reassured him by giving him both a placebo and a prophylactic, and then wisely hastened his departure for his home and his mother.

Standing in a doorway of the new hotel on the hill, a young fellow was begging his father to let him go fishing. The parent was a red-faced, choleric-looking individual, who could hardly spare his cigar from his mouth long enough to answer sternly :

"No, it's no use asking ; and you needn't pout about it, either. You just get yourself wet, and burn your face, and spoil your clothes, all for nothing. You never do catch a fish."

"And then, there is the danger of getting drowned, my son," said a pale, anxious-looking, little lady, who stood beside him.

That quiet remark seemed to settle the matter ; and the father, his brusque manner entirely changed, turned and said : "See here, boy ! you go get the bait ready, and the lines and things, and put on your old clothes, and we'll both go."

The result was a short time afterward we saw the two take a boat and row out to a shady nook, where they cast out their lines and waited for their prey. Toward evening we saw them winding their way up the hill, proudly bearing a string of black bass and eels.

In the grounds across the road was a pair of turkeys. The hen turkey wore drab, and looked as modest and demure as any Quaker. The male was unusually brilliant. He was always on the strut, displaying his fine feathers to the fullest extent. There was one excuse for this, the boys were always

teasing him, and he felt obliged to be always on the defensive. We were really afraid those boys would spoil his disposition. They could hardly let him alone, his vanity was so conspicuous, and so amusing. He won our respect at last. On Sunday afternoon a sudden shower came up. A single shrub, on their plot of ground, afforded shelter for one. Thither he gallantly took the hen, and stood unselfishly beside her, himself in the dripping rain, a credit and an example to his sex.

"How do you account for the prejudice against the Jews?" we asked. "I do not account for it," was the preacher's unexpected answer. "For centuries they were the sole custodians of the Hebrew scriptures out of which the Christian scriptures grew. The Jesus of the Christians was a Jew, and yet Christians everywhere snub the Jews."

We met this season some of the nicest Jews we have ever seen. Among them was a boy with a face of the most characteristic type. He was about twelve years old, and looked as King David might have looked at that tender age.

On Sunday evenings it is the custom of the piously inclined to gather in the amusement room and sing Gospel hymns, Moody and Sanky, and Bliss tunes. One of the ladies played these on the piano in a most charming manner. Nearly all the children in the house patronized these sacred concerts, and foremost among them was this young David. He was indeed a sweet singer in Israel. He had a good voice, and sang with the spirit if not with the understanding. To hear that little circumcised creature roll out with unction the words :

"Hallelujah 'tis done,
I believe on the son,
I'm saved by the blood of the crucified one,"

was a performance at which our parson himself could not help smiling.

Passing through one of the adjoining parlors, we noticed his relatives and other of his race, seated at a table enjoying a quiet game and sipping some innocent beverage, not at all concerned lest this scion of their house should be corrupted and become an apostate.

A baby two years old that had already learned German from his nurse Fredelina, interested us greatly. He could count correctly up to twenty.

The moon was at its full, and in its silvery light the river scenery was most lovely. Another German used to sing in his broken ringing way :

"O de beautiful, de beautiful, de river."

Somebody accounting for the creation of the moon said, Nature somehow found out that lovers would need a softer and a sweeter light, and so she made the moon.

"Come, meet me by moonlight alone,"

we heard a dark-eyed stranger whisper to a fair young girl. But her vigilant mamma heard it too, and put a stop to their meeting anywhere.

Sunday's rain had passed and Monday morning dawned. The dry earth had drunk its fill. Freshness and beauty gleamed on every side. Millions of dew and rain drops were flashing in the early sun, when after a royal breakfast we bade good-bye to our newly-found friends at the Kittatiny and resumed our journey.

Onward and upward was our motto, up and along the banks and braes of the bonny Delaware.

We soon left Monroe county and entered Pike. One of our party first saw the light of day in Pike county, That was in the year 1820. He had spent his youth and early manhood there, and every spot was full of reminiscences.

Passing a building that looked neither like a church nor a school house, but was probably used for both purposes, he told us the following story :

"A Mr. Blank, famous as a great revivalist, was holding a meeting there. At a proper time in his exercises, the minister paused and solemnly invited all those who desired a change of heart to come forward to the altar. The people in that particular district were not noted for religious zeal and fervor. Everybody sat as if glued to his seat.

"Mr. Blank exhorted some more, and again tried to induce them to come forward. It was no use. He then tried a dodge he had never known to fail, and said ;

"'Let all those who wish to go to Heaven arise in their places.'

"Not one arose !

"This angered the speaker perceptibly, and in vehement tones he shouted :

"'Let all those who wish to go to Hell arise.'

"The most prominent man in the place, 'Squire ———, immediately arose and went out. One after another followed till the preacher was left alone with his wrath."

Nothing could ever induce revivalist Blank to try that neighborhood again.

The day beginning to wax warm we began to think of resting, and the hour approaching noon, the judge said it was "time for us to get our names into a dinner-pot somewhere." We bethought ourselves of the widow of Major———, an old acquaintance, whose residence must be somewhere in that vicinity. We had promised a mutual friend not to pass her without calling.

The place was difficult of access, being up a steep ascent, and off the main road; but once there the location was sightly and superb. It had often been hinted, too, that the Major's dinners were sumptuous.

We met a pleasant reception, and were cordially asked to stay. With a little polite pretence of hesitation we accepted. Lexington was the next consideration. The widow said the men-folks would be around soon and attend to him. Meantime Lex's master thought he would himself relieve the warm, weary creature of his harness. This he accomplished, and tied him with a long halter to a fence. The first thing Lex did was to lie down and roll, and smear himself on one side, He got up, shook himself, laid down, and did the same thing on the other side. Then the judge thought he ought to have a little water, and led him down to the brook. On the way he tried to jump over the judge's head.

About this time it was discovered that the men-folks had left for the day, "unbeknownst" to her, the widow said. Then the widow and the judge tried to find some oats for the horse. She said she could keep the run of things in the house, but she never knew where to find anything in the barn.

The late lamented Major used to see to that, and

now the boys took charge. The only thing that could be found for Lexington's delectation and refreshment was a pan of cow feed. For some reason they could not take the horse into the stable, and they set the pan just inside the barn door, so he could take it standing outside. Lex watched all these preparations with evident interest. We were watching them, and him, from the porch. When the judge took his halter from the fence and essayed to lead him to the feed, Lex gave one snort of delight, and vaulted so high into the air that we saw every shoe on his hoofs. The judge said those antics were all in play, but we noticed he still looked a little white about the lips when he said it, and I know, my own heart almost stopped beating. When they had him fastened securely in the doorway, the wind blew the door against him. It was his turn to be scared then. The flies were numerous that day, and as Lex ate his meal he fought them with his nose now on this side now on that, till his dark shiny coat looked like a miller's.

When he had emptied the pan of its contents, the judge looked for a curry comb and brush. The widow searched for them, too, but high up, nor low down, nothing of the kind could be found. One of the ladies sympathizingly offered her own coarse comb and hair brush, but these were declined with thanks. Dirty as Lex was, we had to replace his harness. It was a laughable plight, but we did not feel like laughing.

Having to take off the halter before putting on the bridle, was a serious matter. There were nine chances in ten he would get away from us in the

operation. We all helped, but at least one pair of hands trembled so, even the horse knew somebody was either afraid or had a stroke of paralysis.

The judge is a splendid horseman, but his horsemanship does not extend to playing hostler. We resolved never to relieve Lex of his harness again without being sure there was a man near by to restore it.

At Bushkill we entered upon a road many miles in length, of adamantine hardness, and a smoothness like the drives through Fairmount Park.

The mountain sides that slope down to the road are formed of gravel partly pulverized, and ready to be raked down for mending purposes. A gentleman who recently passed over this route said of it:— "Imagine all the delightful scenery in the vicinity of the lakes of Killarney, your roadway lying under arches of pine and hemlock, maple, willow and chestnut, with gleams of sunshine here and there, and birds incessantly singing in the branches, the river blue, and broad, and beautiful, sweeping along in the near distance, imagine all this, and you will have a faint idea of the drive down the Delaware Valley."

It was surprising to learn how many distinguished men had been born in the county of Pike. It seems statistics show that more successful men have set out from there, more in proportion to the population, than from any other county in the State.

Washington Irving once said: "It is a great advantage to be born by the banks of a flowing river, or at the base of a lofty mountain, on account of the effect sublime scenes have upon the head and heart, upon the intellectual and the moral nature."

Here the river and the mountains are combined ; and both may have contributed toward the elevation of her sons and daughters.

Some of the richest soil and most productive lands are here. One farm the judge showed us with a sigh, saying it might have been his to-day, had not a dear ancestor been too generous hearted for his own good, and unable to say "no" when he ought to. Endorsing for friends resulted, as it often does, in financial ruin.

The doctor, who, the judge says, has a decided opinion on every subject under the sun, said, "No one, who cannot give some collateral as security, should ever presume to ask such a favor of a friend. There ought to be companies for going security, just the same as for insurance." The lawyer said such corporations had been formed, but he seemed unable to tell just where they were to be found.

The mild, low voices of the natives, particularly the males, struck us as something quite unaccountable. In asking a direction we always had to ask them to repeat it.

They were very gracious about doing so. Once when we thanked a man, he replied that he was only too happy to be able to be of any service to us. Whereupon the judge, not to be outdone in politeness, raised his hat, bowed, and thanked him again. The man said something more in his soft, sweet tones. The judge showed a disposition to respond, and that sort of thing might have gone on to this day, and your reporter never returned to tell the tale, had not Lexington put an end to the palaver, and moved on.

Sugar maples are abundant in Pike, and the most

delicious molasses is made from them. One group of trees was pointed out of which the following story was told:

John R———, a shouting methodist, was tempted by the freely running sap to stay away from meeting one Sunday, in order to prepare troughs in which to catch the precious liquid. Some practical joker, knowing he had determined to do this, secreted himself in the top of a tree, and when poor John had fairly got to work, called out, in sepulchral tones:

"John R———, what doest thou?"

Conscience stricken, and terror stricken too, he answered, "Making sap-troughs, good Lord; but I'm going home now!—Dropping his tools, he took to his heels, and made a bee line for the house."

"Dingman's used to be called Dingman's Choice," an old lady told us; but she added, "it would not be my choice if I could get anywhere else."

The place can boast of fine scenery, however, and there are several beautiful waterfalls. It has three hotels, full of summer boarders. Since the place has become a "resort," fanciful names have been given the various points of attraction. Thus we hear of "Daisy Hollow," "Dandelion Hill," "Dickens' Den," "Lover's Leap," etc.

We were calling on the above mentioned lady, when a party of tourists came up and inquired:

"Is that Waldo's Glen?"

"No!" was her answer, with a funny twinkle in her eye, "no, it is my glen."

We met at least one dissatisfied boarder. She said, "My husband and myself are paying thirty dollars per week just for wind and water. These are the

only extras we get here. Otherwise we could live more comfortably on one third of that at home in the city. In a land flowing with milk and honey, and full of berries and trout, we breakfasted this morning on canned fish, and drank insipid coffee without cream!"

We asked if they would not fare better, boarding at some of the farmer's houses.

"Oh! no," she said, "we tried that. They put you in what they call the 'spare room,' it has no closets, the bureau is full of the things they pack away, and even the very nails, behind the door, are hung full of their sunday clothes. They expect you to literally live in your trunk, and at night, when you disrobe, to use a chair for a clothes horse. And besides, and beyond that," she said, "their outbuildings are always in such a wretched unsanitary state, that only the purity of the air saves them from a constant epidemic of diptheria and typhoid."

Milford is a gem of a town. Nature seems to have designed the broad plateau on which it is placed for that especial purpose. It stands on an abrupt bluff above the river, and is hemmed in by rugged hills and mountains on all other sides. The highest point the thermometer had touched this season was 78°. Mid-day seemed warm enough, but midnight was almost cold, and we were glad to draw on extra blankets.—

People come here in the old-fashioned stage coaches. The railroads remain away at a respectful distance. Not one approaches within seven miles in either direction. One of the great charms of Milford is that it is so retired, so secluded from the grand lines

of travel. The gravel roads are a perpetual delight either for walking, or driving, or riding. The day we drove from Dingman's to Milford, there had been a powerful shower, but it did not make mud enough to spatter Lexington's white stockings.

We really began to believe there could be no bad roads in that part of the country ; but Dr. E. showed us some. He insisted upon taking us to see a florist, a patient of his, who had started an establishment, with hot houses, two and a half miles away from town. We all set out together, and went together for a way, till the judge, becoming disgusted, turned back, and at last only the two doctors and the reporter finished the journey alone. On they went, over places which looked as if some highway commissioner had strewn loads of loose, round stones for street paving. Over mire and bog, over hill and dale, where the roads seemed to be nothing but cart-paths. Dr. E. had often been through there nights when it was so dark he couldn't see his hand before him. He said we were all right if the old mare didn't stumble and break her pesky neck, or the buck-board wagon didn't go to pieces like

"The Deacon's wonderful one-hoss shay."

We reached the gardens at last, and were amply repaid for the effort. The flowers were beautiful, and the florist told us we were perfectly welcome, as Dr. E's friends, to help ourselves. We gathered some of the most lovely roses, and pinks, and pansies. We were the envy of everybody as we rode home with our big bunch of posies.

We asked the flower man why he ever settled in such an out-of-the-way place.

The question developed a sad history. He had been taken in by an advertisement. He had bought the land without ever seeing it. He supposed it was very accessible to the town, and after paying out his hard earned money, found it so distant from market, and so poor. His face was very pale and wan. He had worked himself almost to death's door to redeem one little spot from the wilderness. The rascal who cheated him ought to be compelled to live there and work that wild land.

Milford is the most decidedly Frenchy place in the state. A wealthy French family was among its first settlers. A large number of French people from the cities spend their summers there. A Frenchman, Fanchere, is proprietor of one of the best hotels.

Remarking on the stylish appearance of the resident ladies, so unlike that of most inland towns, we were told that had been so for fifty years. A half century ago two stylish ladies married and came there to dwell. Of one of them it used to be said, she was the first lady in Milford who knew how to wear a shawl. The influence of these two, it is said, developed the taste in dress we see to-day.

The day we appointed for a drive to Port Jervis dawned bright and clear. As they say in London, we had been favored with Queen's weather all the way. It often rained at night, and showers came on Sundays, when we did not travel, but they never caught us once, in fifteen days' driving.

The first person whom we met "in Port," as they call it, was a young man whom we had known as a bright boy in New York city, now a successful dentist, and making his mark in the profession, and a

fortune for himself. He with his charming young wife, took us in their carriage to the junction of the three States. There the Delaware river meets the waters of the Neversink. It was at this point a gentleman once asserted on a wager, he could prove to the satisfaction of all present, that he had been in five States that day. It was easy to see how he had been in Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey, but the other two States were not so clear till he explained. He had been married that day. The morning, he said, had found him in a state of single un-blessedness, he was now in a state of double felicity.

We visited the cemetery, and a wag in the company read the placard at the entrance, "All persons are to observe the proprieties of the place, John Conklin excepted." By a little ingenious transposition of words it did say that.

One of the finest and most imposing tombs there bears in gilt letters, upon its front, the name of a man, now a prosperous citizen, who served ten years in the State prison of New Jersey under indictment and conviction for murder in the second degree.

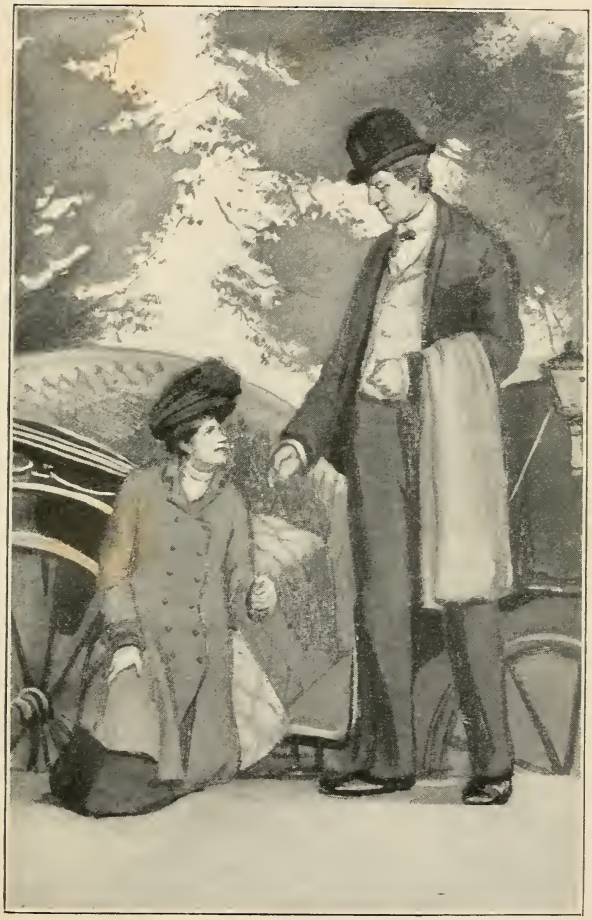
The Erie railroad has built a bridge across the Delaware, in crossing which twenty-five cents toll is charged for a one-horse team. The country people complain bitterly of this. It does seem an unjust imposition, and one that may seriously affect the business of the town.

When we crossed the bridge, and turned our faces toward Milford, we realized that we were

"Homeward bound."

We were once more moving toward the South. We had been going slowly, but steadily, Northward for many days.

As we went into Port in the morning we met an old-fashioned tin peddler starting out in all the glory of new metal. Coming out of town, we met him returning, his whole stock exhausted, and his cart one vast bag of rags. We thought it typical of some lives, and of many journeys; but not of ours, we hoped.



"It is Evident they have been Married Sometime."

[See page 11]

A DRIVE BY THE DELAWARE.

CHAPTER III.

FROM START TO FINISH. (CONCLUDED.)

ONE part of the road between Milford and Dingman's is called "Cave Banks," and below this the water is known as "Death's Eddy." The river is deepest there, and persons drowned at any point above are almost certain to be found at this spot.

The green cool shade through which we returned was delightful. The blue sky had many white fleecy clouds; and we enjoyed watching the shadows they made on the hills across the river in New Jersey.

Many beautiful island farms were between us and that distant shore. Cooling springs issued from the mountain sides, and were seen dripping from the rocks.

There are lovely waterfalls, sometimes from a great height, where no visible stream of water is; and again in the tributaries of the Delaware, there are the most picturesque cascades. Each one has its name, its admirers, and its hosts of pilgrims. Brooks too, go babbling and laughing through the meadows and gladly lose themselves in the ever-flowing, all absorbing, river. There is an ever present odor of pine in the air.

Tangles of clematis, and alder, and sumach border

the road. We wondered why these, especially the sumach, are not used as ornamental shrubs.

We were dreaming along through all this loveliness, when we ran into a small drove of cattle driven by a rustic maiden. It happened just where the passage was narrowest. We were picking our way successfully through, when one cow took it into her head to hook another. The one that was attacked backed into us, and came near upsetting the whole concern and causing a serious accident. Some of us looked scared, and one softly sung,

"O think of the home over there."

The parson said we ought always to be ready, and whether called up in a chariot of fire from some wooden trap of a hotel, or tossed into spirits on the horns of a mad bull, be prepared. The lawyer, evidently with an eye to business, echoed "be prepared; make your wills beforehand. Whatever else you do don't die intestate."

On our way down we again halted for the night at Dingman's. The longevity must be remarkable in this vicinity. We saw a woman of eighty-five who had walked nine miles to the store, bought a twenty-five pound bag of flour and started for home with it on her head. Fortunately a neighbor came along who was going within a mile of her house, and he took her in. The old lady was bright and chatty. She asked one question which struck us as being very quaint. It was this :—

"Did ye ever in your travels drop on Sara Jane Stone?"

When one told her anything very marvelous she would shake her head doubtingly, and say,

"It may be a bee, but it looks mightily like a wasup," (wasp).

Late one evening we called upon a country lady who, by the dim light of a lamp, seemed to be intently reading what looked like a standard magazine. It proved to be John Wanamaker's descriptive catalogue!

About ten miles away from the "Choice" as it is called, is a hermit. He is called Fluto, but his real name is Austin Sheldon. He has been there many years, guarding, what he supposes, is a diamond mine. The recent death of his wife in Connecticut—she steadily refused to go to live with him—leaves him a happy widower, anxious to find a suitable mate. The first qualification for the position is youth. Some degree of beauty would be expected, as a matter of course, and is only a secondary consideration.

A snake called the pilot is numerous here. It is more treacherous than the black-snake and as poisonous as the rattle-snake. It invades the houses. It has even been found in the beds. A lady whom we knew went into her kitchen about twilight, and observing something suspicious on the floor, called her son, who struck it with a heavy stick, and found he had killed a copper-head pilot.

A young girl where we were, was sent to the barn for eggs. She put her hand down where she knew a nest was. She drew her arm back screaming with pain, and found a pilot's fangs in her fingers. She ran to the house with the wound freely bleeding.

There is a superstition that a black ribbon tied above the bite will prevent it from being fatal. The

black ribbon was used in this case, and some other of the usual things done, but it was long before she was well. In fact, she will never recover the use of her hand.

The place seemed as much infested as India, where one can never put down his foot in the dark with any sort of certainty that he will not step on a crawling venomous reptile.

The feminine portion of our party became nervous and could not sleep. When the beautiful morning appeared the parson was heard repeating—

> "O, the transporting rapturous scene
> That rises to my sight;
> Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
> And rivers of delight."

"Must there be serpents to spoil every Paradise?" he asked, and answered himself—"It is the old conflict of the evil and the good; but evil is bound to be subdued. Already it is, like these snakes, banished to a few strongholds. Error still hides only in the old ledges of superstition."

"I remember when that large tree was only a sapling the size of my arm," said the judge. "What changes this place has seen since then!

> "O, where are the friends that to me were so dear?
> Long, long ago; long ago.
> Many of them are heaps of dust; but I loved them so."

"It is all right," said the parson, cheerfully. "Death, as much as birth, is a part of Nature's plan. We have only to accept the inevitable, and have a child-like trust in the supreme goodness and wisdom. All will be right at last; all is right now."

The summer boarder seemed to be ubiquitous.

The places the judge had known in his youth as the homes of the semi-aristocratic Van Aukens, Van Ettens, Flumerfeldts, &c., were now little hostelries. The old buildings are transformed by fanciful roofs, cupolas, piazzas, verandahs, porticos and bay-windows. Gravel walks, grape arbors, gay flowers and rustic bowers adorn the grounds.

"This is all the woman's doings," one old man said to us. "Ye see, she seen a chance to make some money. The children was growed, and mostly out of the way; so there was nothing to hinder. She manages the whole thing. She won't let me have a finger in the pie at all, except she buys my milk and all the garden sass I can raise. She's been at it these three years, and has got bank stock in her own name, she has."

In contrast to this, we saw many other places where the barn was the best house. Every machine for doing work outside that one could desire was bought, while inside the rooms were bare and desolate.

There were few comforts and no luxuries. The woman rocked an old fashioned cradle with one foot, while her hands were making a shirt, a stitch at a time. Not so much as a sewing machine had been provided for her relief. It was too evident that this woman had no money of her own.

The careless ways of some country people are amazing. Sleighs were out rotting in the summer sun, expensive machinery rusting in the rain, weeds actually gone to seed in the gardens, thistles and briers and brush along the fences.

Another thing of which the traveler often has cause to complain is the absence of trees where shade should be.

"If some folks would only try Nehemiah's plan," said the parson.

"Who was Nehemiah, and what was his plan?" we asked. "He was an Israelitish nobleman," answered the parson. "When his nation returned after the captivity, he was the leader in rebuilding Jerusalem. His plan was for each man to make the wall and do the work that lay before his own house. Only let every one plant trees by his own roadside and clear before his own door, and the tourist, with shade and flowers, and fragrance and beauty everywhere, could imagine himself riding through another garden of Eden."

Farmers work too hard, and have neither time nor disposition for the cultivation of the æsthetic. From dawn till dark they are often in the field. They eat their meals while in a state of fatigue, and so contract dyspepsia. By evening time they are too tired for anything but sleep. A physician in Pike county told us he did not know a single farmer nor farmer's wife, who was well and sound. It really seems that things might be different among them. Suppose they should limit themselves to ten hours, working six hours in the early part of the day, resting one or two hours at noon, and ending work by five P.M. Then, after a bath, and an entire change of clothes, they would have at least three hours for social intercourse, for supper, or for riding, before retiring for the night.

If farmers would form an association agreeing to do this, it would be easy, pleasant and profitable for all. They would probably need more help on the farm, or need to cultivate less land. It might increase the price of produce, but not much. Farmers would live

longer and happier lives, be more respected, and have more influence in the community.

"Do country folks have more troubles than others, or is it from lack of diversion they dwell more on them?" we asked of one another. Many of the faces looked prematurely old. The very tones of their voices have a wail of sadness that makes your heart ache. And yet I can never wholly divest myself of the idea that this is only their company manners, and that by themselves they think and talk on more lively subjects.

An intelligent lady in New York city first called my attention to this matter. She had been on a visit to her native place in Vermont. Some one remarked,

"How much you must have enjoyed going back to the scenes of your girl-hood."

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly, "but I have come back feeling as if I had brought all the burdens in the world home with me. Everybody had some distress of mind or body which they poured into my sympathizing ears till my spirits are weighed down to the earth."

A good rule would be, never ventilate your woes save to those who may be supposed to be able to help you out of them. If you are sick, go to the Doctor; if wicked, talk to your minister; if you have been wronged, apply to the Arbitration Board of the Universal Peace Society.

"Far better would it be for us all,
If the troubles that fret and annoy,
Were but hidden away in a privacy coy,
And never prated about to our fellows."

"This is the scene of the pumpkin story," said the judge, as we came to the foot of a steep hill.

"Hansen Bittenbender was a rough old fellow, very easily angered; and when he was mad he would swear awfully. One day he was going to town with a load of pumpkins. Some naughty boys fixed the tailboard of his wagon so when it came to the hill it would be sure to slip and spill the load. Then they concealed themselves just to see the fun and hear him swear. He had reached nearly the top of the hill, when out went the tail-board, and down went the pumpkins. Bittenbender looked back in perfect dismay and uttered not a word. Suddenly the young rogues appeared on the spot, and asked with astonishment:

"Hansen, why don't you swear?"

"It's no use, boy's," was his reply. "I can't do justice to the subject."

On our way home we met with one landlord, a veritable "Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines." He had been an officer in the army, and was an enthusiastic politician. Ascertaining, by accident, some of our distinguished political connections, he said he felt sufficiently repaid by the honor we had conferred on him in staying at his house, and so should decline all pecuniary recompense. We insisted, and he finally yielded so far, that he not only charged us more than his regular price, but when we gave him a large greenback, returned the change in trade dollars, a mistake of his we did not observe till we were miles away.

The effect of this journey on Lexington became very striking. He saw a hotel sign as quickly as we

did. He had acquired a decided leaning towards taverns. And whenever we came to an elegant-looking place with an attractive stable, he invariably paid us the compliment of supposing that a cousin, or some other relative, lived there, and that we were going to stop of course.

His inclination to do this became more and more marked as the day waxed warmer.

At last, his driver, quite provoked, said to him,

"Go on! Go on!"

"That reminds me," said the judge, "of Tuttle's temperance speech. I think I never told you of that."

Always ready to hear the judge's stories, we urged him to tell us about Tuttle.

"He was a Methodist preacher," said the judge, "very popular, and always ready. He dropped into a temperance meeting one day. The secretary of the society was reading a long report of their various successes in their different districts of labor.

"Tuttle had been recognized, and, as soon as the paper was finished, there was a general call, all over the house, for Tuttle.

"Tuttle sprang to his feet and ascended, the platform. He said, 'I have been perfectly delighted as I have listened. I have no speech to offer you, but I have improvised a little song which I wish the whole audience to join me in singing. It is to be sung to the familiar tune of Webb. I will deacon off the lines. The audience will stand.' They arose as one man. 'The first line is this,' said Tuttle,

"'Go on; go on; go on; go on;

"SING:"

"And in his full, rich voice he led the tune. All joined. 'The second is like unto the first,' and he repeated,

"'Go on; go on; etc.'

"They sang that, and so on, the same two words, through the whole tune; and then sat down almost shouting, wild with enthusiasm."

On our return trip from Port Jervis we reached the Water Gap about noon on Saturday. Many of the familiar faces were still there to greet us, although some had left for the seaside.

The first friend that I really missed, however, was my purse. I recollected putting all the keys to all our baggage into it that morning, thirty miles away. It had been dropped, or left behind some how, in the hurry of our departure. Its loss was a great inconvenience, particularly on account of the keys. After a great effort one man was found who had a key that had never been known to fail in unlocking anything, and he kindly helped us out of our dilemma.

The great attraction at the Gap is the walks, yet only the light and strong can indulge in them to any great extent. "Oh, for a horse, or mule," we said. Mules to hire would be of great service here, and would prove profitable to their owners.

We made a call at the elegant new hotel on the hill, the Water Gap House. The view from its roof is simply superb. Mr. L. W. Brodhead, the proprietor, a man of culture and of polished manners, showed us an exquisite collection of local curiosities, fossils, Indian relics, etc. He also showed us a complete chart, of his own construction, giving the history of the Brodhead family, with all of its connections for

the last nine generations. It embraces a list of between two and three thousand names. All this since Captain Daniel Brodhead married Ann Tye in A.D. 1660.

"There were tones in the voice that answered them,
You can hear to-day in a thousand men;
A goodly record for time to show,
Of a syllable spoken so long ago."

Toward evening, as we were sitting on the piazza of the Kittatiny, on the river side, we saw the way in which some showers are made. On the mountain side there first appeared a something that looked like a wet shirt spread out to dry. Gradually it drew to its embrace all the mists around it; and so it grew larger and larger till it covered everything, and even shut out of sight both sky and river, and then the rain began to pour.

On Sunday morning we went to the little village to the Methodist church. The omnibus took everybody who would go. The weather was very warm and the church was not small enough to hold the few people and make them look like a respectable audience. The presiding elder preached. To show his humility, or poverty, or both, he wore a white twine string as a watch chain. He may have done it to emphasize the fact that the church's debt of $1,800 had not been lifted. Only nine dollars salary had been paid the minister in four months, and as for himself he had received nothing.

This was told us before they took up the collection. Then the little choir sang very sweetly,

"O for a closer walk with God."

The subject of the sermon was "The Hope of Salvation." He represented the Almighty Father as being principally occupied, since the Creation, in devising, perfecting and executing a plan for saving the creatures He had made from an everlasting destruction to which He had exposed them. The elder said one practical thing which was gratifying to some temperance advocates who were with us. He said, "The hope of the religious tavern-keeper who sells rum, it shall perish. Some of them are very pious, they go to public service regularly, they insist upon the necessity of keeping up religious organizations, they carefully close the front doors of their bar-rooms on the Sabbath, but their miserable customers know the back-door is always open."

The congregation was composed of a few elderly men, women, and young girls. Not a boy nor a young man was present. This is always a bad sign. Women will go to meeting from a sense of duty ; old men from a sense of fear, or desire for respectability. Young men will go only when they are interested and instructed by the preaching.

"Run, speak to that young man?"

It is the young men that particularly need to be spoken to. Teach them to be good, and to do good, not for any selfish advantage, but because it is right. Teach them to love truth for its own sake.

Twenty minutes to twelve when the preacher said, "I must now bring my subject to a close," every face brightened : for all realized how hot it was here, and evidently hoped the next world had a lower temperature than had been represented.

As we rode back in the stage we heard one person observe, "How thoroughly the belief in a literal Hell has died out even among the so-called Orthodox. I heard a Presbyterian elder joking this morning about Satan shoveling in an extra supply of coal for the reception of a certain man whom he denounced."

Just then some one said to our parson, "I hear you don't believe in future punishment, at all." "O yes, I do. I believe in both a present and a future punishment," he answered. "There is no escape from the consequences of violated law."

Monday morning found us early on our way. We had come up the east side of the mountain and passed through it at the Water Gap. We came back on the west side and passed through at the Wind Gap. We drove down through Cherry Valley. The name has a luscious sound. The trees were numerous, but the fruit was mostly wild. In many places the ground was strewn with wild cherries.

The elevation on our right seemed to pierce the sky, and made the world look like a huge hemisphere. Many miles beyond, when we were out in the high, open country, and had left the mountain range behind, the landscape was round, and the sky covered it like a big blue watch crystal.

Here we saw the perfection of fencing. It consisted of slate posts with galvanized wire bars. The upper bar was full of barbs to prevent mischievous persons climbing over. It is not too costly; it is easily constructed; and while it was a perfect guard, it offered no obstruction to a full view of the field or the garden which it enclosed.

The corn-cribs in this region were peculiar. They

were made of horizontal slats, put together on the principle of an inverted pyramid, and always close to the highway. They seemed unnecessarily exposed to rats and road thieves.

Another domestic arrangement which struck us very queer, was the wood piles in the road. They were generally large and generous ones, and reminded us of a certain father in Rhode Island, who when it became evident that some young man was intending to propose to one of his daughters, always inspected the family wood-pile of his would-be son-in-law and gave, or withheld his consent, according as the pile was large or small ; explaining that was a sure test as to the man being a liberal provider.

Every little way we found spring water running into drinking troughs for animals. We were told it was the rule to deduct three dollars per year from the tax of any person who provided this public convenience.

Our first little adventure on that day was caused by a youth of six summers or so, dragging a splint bottom chair back and forth across the road, to work off his surplus energy, I suppose. Lexington, a horse that laughs at locomotives, express trains and the like, is frightened almost out of his wits by any such thing. Of a boy and a baby wagon he is in perfect terror.

At a little distance further on, was a most comical little cart, hurrying along to get out of our way. It was a home-made four-wheel affair, holding a little bit of a girl, and drawn by her little brother. Just as they reached the top of a knoll the king-bolt came out ; the girl baby tumbled over ; the boy ran on with the forward wheels, unable immediately to check his

momentum. Lexington danced. The fright was mutual, and nobody hurt.

About this time the bright morning became cloudy, and the bird that cries "more wet," a prophet of evil, we regarded it under the circumstances, was calling from the trees.

After crossing the Wind Gap the appearances changed. Neither our rain of Saturday afternoon, nor Sunday, had touched there. The earth was dry and parched.

On reaching Nazareth at noon we gladly stopped to rest and refresh ourselves. This, like Bethlehem, is an old Moravian settlement. The two places are twelve miles apart. The society has a school for girls at the latter place, and one for boys at Nazareth. They certainly train the two sexes at a respectful distance from each other.

After dinner we walked out to see the school buildings, and the Nazareth Hall soldier's monument. The marble shaft bore inscriptions reciting the heroism and virtues of these pious young men who fought, and bled, and died, during "the late unpleasantness with the South." Some of our party are members of the Peace Society, and although they are occasionally guilty of little inconsistencies themselves, they do not like any one else to be so. They therefore descanted upon the discrepancies of these praises, and the teachings of that greater Nazarene who came to proclaim "Peace on earth and good will towards men."

In one direction the heavens showed dark and threatening, and we prudently returned to the hotel. Just as we were safely inside, a powerful wind swept by and a heavy drenching shower followed. At din-

ner we had unexpectedly met an old acquaintance, a lady physician, who had recently married a Moravian minister. She gave us much information that was of interest about that denomination. Like the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, they claim Apostolic Succession, and make much of it. The ministry are zealous workers and are content with small salaries.

A prodigy in the shape of a little four-year-old Moravian amused us greatly. Her special talent was in reading pictures. We opened at random Harper's for July. We pointed to a plate representing F. S. Church's picture of The Witch's Daughter.

Without hesitation she read, "A lady and a bird sitting on the moon ; the bird fell in ; the woman reached down her hand, helped the poor creature out, and put it on her head as a crown."

This is only one of many experiments we made. It led to a discourse on precocious children, in which the doctors agreed, that such smart children rarely prove in adult life to be anything remarkable.

By this time the storm had passed, the air was cooled, and the skies were blue. We resumed our drive. Sheltered and occupied as we had been, we had no idea of the damage that was being done outside. The road was literally strewn with branches, and in some cases large trees lay across the way. One man whom we met said they had a regular "kiklone" at his house.

The mud made the driving so heavy we were forced to stop for the night at Hellertown. There is something in a name after all. The table cloth and napkins were red so the soil could not be seen.

The color could not prevent us from feeling how

dirty they were. The flies were bitter in their persecution. And the food—well, we all declared we were not the least bit hungry. This was remarkable, as being our first experience of a lack of appetite. Our bed was straw! and fine straw at that!! Nobody has a right to set up as a host who cannot afford to make guests comfortable. Some landlords hold a cent for expense so near their eyes, they cannot see a dollar that would be sure to come back to them in profit.

While we were mourning our own miserable prospect for the night, a hand organ under the window played

'No place like home.''

We knew the fact before, it seemed doubly impressed on us then.

The next morning dawned dark and rainy. It was the first of the kind we had seen on our journey. We could not think of spending the day in such a place, so we ordered up the rig, had the carriage closed as far as possible, and with umbrellas, gossamer and waterproof protection, we thankfully shook the mud of Hellertown from off our shoes.

We drove about forty miles that morning to reach our old quarters at Doylestown.

The actual distance was not so great; but some confusion in the directions given, and some faded guide-boards which we could not decipher, were responsible for the extra travel.

Some public occasion had brought a host of folks to the county town of Bucks, and our Hotel was crowded. One professional man, off on a periodical spree, made things disagreeable and disgusting. It seems he was a man of such high position and re-

spectability when sober, that no one had the courage to offend him when he was drunk.

The rain continued to pour all the afternoon, and our only amusement lay in watching the people come and go. Two sons of Wayne MacVeagh, on horseback, rested for an hour on their way to the Water Gap. A traveling carriage containing a man, wife, son and daughter, stopped. The faces of the men were red, and the ladies pale and tired. The men came out of the bar-room with lighted cigars and redder than ever.

Two men, farmers, half tipsy, were quarreling in front.

A fight seemed inevitable, when one proposed they should take another drink together and settle the dispute some other time. They disappeared for quite a while, and when they again emerged, had agreed to ride home together. They had a dilapidated old wagon and a white mule.

The owner sprang into the wagon, and lashed the poor animal almost into a frenzy, yet held him tightly so he could not go. At last the other one tumbled in, and off they started at a furious speed down the hill. We held our very breath, expecting to see the wretches thrown into the gutter with broken limbs or necks.

What could save them?

"A special providence watches over drunkards," some one said.

"They will both go home and whip their wives," said a pretty maiden who knew, and was watching them from the doorway.

A lady who was present said they ought to be served

like a man she had heard of, who went home to his bride tipsy. The young wife waited till he was asleep; then bound him hand and foot, sent for the doctor, and told him her husband had brain-fever and must have his head shaved and blistered.

The doctor refused, but the determined woman told him if he wouldn't do it, she should; and he consented.

The result was the suffering and the mortification effected a radical cure. He never went home in that condition again.

Wednesday morning, the fifteenth of our travels, was clear and bright as heart could wish. From Doylestown we returned by the same way we went out. The turnpike roads over which we came are doubly delightful, consisting as they do of two tracks, one of clay and the other macadamized; so you can take your choice, or change, as you weary, of one to the other. I noticed our driver took first one and then the other, as one eats pie and cheese. He said the horse liked it that way.

We passed some of the most charming picnic grounds. We met acquaintances in the most unexpected places. It seemed as if everybody we knew was off on a pleasure trip. A lame white mule, a rickerty old family carriage, one of the wheels leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees, a merry load of mother, children and baskets, passed us, as intent on a day in the woods, as if pleasuring was the sole object in life. We thought we recognized the drunkard's mule, and guessed it was his family taking their "day out".

We had had our play of two weeks and a day ; we had seen one of the American Switzerlands ; discovered many nice new people ; renewed friendship with many old friends ; mourned at the graves of others ; and driven by the Delaware altogether a distance of three hundred miles.

A part of the pleasure of going away is coming home again. We all rejoiced to see the old familiar streets and piles of brick and marble. Even Lexington struck into a livelier trot, while the parson sang snatches from Beulah Land :

> " I've reached the land of corn and wine,
> And all its riches freely mine."

DRIVE TO LONGWOOD MEETING IN 1883.

CHAPTER IV.

THE thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Progressive Friends at Longwood, was advertised to take place June 7th, 8th, and 9th.

At six o'clock, A. M., on the 7th inst., we seated ourselves in our little one-horse carriage and set out for that renowned meeting place. The city seemed still asleep, although the sun had been up for more than an hour. We passed rapidly over the cobble stones, as the streets were quite unobstructed. The milk-men seemed to be the only ones at work. These, as a class, looked like innocent folks, and not as one would imagine those engaged in retailing fraud upon an unsuspecting community would look.

When we were outside the city limits, and had reached the first toll-gate, we wanted to inquire about what distance we had already traversed, and the gate-man answered gravely, "Wall, I should say about six-te-seven miles." He probably meant six or seven miles.

By this time we had reached the open country. The fragrance of the air was delightful; the birds were singing their sweetest songs; the locust trees, a little past their freshest bloom, were scattering their petals like snow flakes; among them rose leaves

mingled. The road was being mended with freshly cut turf, and our path was thus literally strewn with daisies and with roses.

Our course was toward the west; so we had the sun behind us and the breeze in the right direction. Nothing could have been more delightful than the early drive through that most charming Chester county.

Many of the houses we passed were large and elegant, but were too densely shaded for either health or comfort. Besides this, the shutters were nearly all closed; thus almost excluding the delicious air and the light of day. "Why should sensible people do such a thing? They say it is to keep out the flies. It is no wonder flies cannot live in such darkness; the only marvel is that human beings can," said the lady Doctor.

As we went along we met numbers of Italians with bundles and stores. At a little way-side inn, a hundred or more were clamoring for breakfast. A little further on we saw a man and wife preparing their own meal under a tree by the roadside. The man had built a fire, and the woman was making coffee and roasting potatoes. The judge thought that tramp must be quite the envy of the wifeless, hungry ones, at the public house.

By this time the day was growing warm, and the horse showed signs of fatigue. The poetry of the proceeding was fast vanishing, and the excursion began to be an exertion. We had been told that the Willistown Inn was a good place at which to stop for refreshment "for both man and beast." We went off the direct road for a mile or less to reach it.

It proved a delusion. The present occupant seemed surprised that everybody didn't know the hotel had been given up long ago.

We crept back to the main road sadder, wiser, and more hungry than we had been before. Then, owing to somebody's stupidity in giving directions, and our own carelessness combined, we got lost and went out of our way several miles. At last we came to the smooth straight State road, and arrived at Longwood just before noon. Meeting was not yet out. We hitched our tired horse in the shade of a friendly tree and went in. We soon recognized some familiar faces, and were introduced to some of the Longwood friends. We received several cordial invitations to lunch on the lawn, but as they could offer no attentions to our horse, we declined them all.

The Red Lion, one mile away, was the only place that held out any promise of the accommodations we desired. Thither we went; and when our eyes beheld it, we felt like Paul when he met the brethren, and saw the three taverns, "we thanked God and took courage."

We returned to the afternoon meeting greatly refreshed. This was our first experience with this set of radicals. Almost the first expression we heard was, "I hate the very name of religion." This was from an elderly man who afterwards appeared to us a very good man; but it was rather shocking to one who had been taught from her youth up, that religion was the one important thing in the world. We must think his expression came from a misconception of the subject on which he spoke and that he confounded it with fanaticism, bigotry or hypocrisy.

However that may be, we believe in the largest liberty.

"If we our own opinions have, let others have theirs too."

Miss Eastman, from Boston, in a little speech partly apologized for this rashness of statement. She said they had been so disgusted with the assurance of those who professed to know all about God and future life, that they were in danger of too great reaction, and going too far toward Agnosticism.

One man seemed to think that religion meant the Orthodox theory of Hell and eternal punishment. He gave his own experience of the effect of such teaching. When a boy of fourteen he was driven almost to insanity, and the doctor who was consulted, although himself a Methodist, merely prescribed total abstinence from Methodist meetings.

Mr. Hinckly, of Providence, R. I., read an essay in which he gave from Theodore Parker, a very fine illustration of the power of conscience, that inner check on the outer man. Mr. Hinckly's paper was listened to with a great deal of interest, until an approaching thunder storm divided the attention of the audience. The clouds were very black and threatening; the wind blew almost a gale, and those who came with teams, as nearly all did, were anxious about their safety. We unhitched our horse, leaving the buggy to the mercy of the wind and water, and took him to a sheltered spot in the rear of the building.

He was half frantic from fright, and his master compassionately stayed by his side out in the dripping rain and sympathetically held the halter. A friend

perceiving the situation, opened the side door, and placing the music stool there for the judge's accommodation, persuaded him to be seated, and thus partially sheltered he held and soothed the animal till the storm abated.

By this time we had been made acquainted with many of the friends, several of whom kindly urged us to make their house our home during our stay; but we were wet, and it was necessary to go back to the hotel for a change of raiment. We therefore felt obliged to decline their hospitality.

As we drove up to the door of the Red Lion there came a flash of lightning followed directly by a peal of thunder that was really terrific. The tempest continued for another hour prostrating telegraph poles and breaking down trees. After a while the fury had spent itself, only the rain continued to drip more and more softly, till long after sunset the sky became faintly golden, the clouds gradually dispersed and the stars came out.

Our hotel was a very old house, over a hundred years, we were told. It had very large rooms with low ceilings, and few and small windows. It was kept darkened, and realized the idea of the term "stuffy." Although plumped down into such a magnificent country, and built so long ago, when land must have been cheap and plenty, it was, on three sides, exactly on a line of the road, while on the fourth side, the stables brought up the rear. Our host we thought a morose sort of man till we asked about a portrait that hung on the parlor wall, and he told us with tearful eyes that it was that of his dear wife who was taken from him one year ago without

a moment's warning. Our sympathy with his sad bereavement touched his heart, and from that moment his manner changed to one of confidence and cordiality.

The road that passed on the north side of the house was called the Street road. The reason for the name we could not discover, but we found out it was originally laid out by Penn himself, and given to the country to be used for all time, for no other purpose but for that of a public highway. The farmers, however, who seem never to have quite all the land they want, have encroached upon it till in many instances the space is much less than thirty feet between their fences.

After breakfast on Friday morning we started out to see some of the notable places there about. We drove first to Kennett Square, and then inquired for Bayard Taylor's old residence. Our landlord had described it as a place in the woods where nobody but a fool would live. It is quite a little distance from the village, and we stopped at a small house to inquire. A Frenchman came out and asked if we spoke French, "parlez vous Francaise?" "Oui, Oui," the Judge told him, and gave him one of the few French phrases he has at command, "Ill est temps de salle couch." (It is time to go to bed). That did not help matters along much ; but we finally reached the desired spot. On the handsome but very odd brick building we read the inscription, "Bayard, Mary Taylor, 1859. The property had just been bought by a Philadelphia physician whose name we could not learn. The place is very secluded, and he undoubtedly wished to hide away from all sight and sound of

woe. As we drove out through the deep woods the gorgeous flowers of a tulip tree came within our reach, and we plucked one for Hannah Thurston's sake.

We now wished to find our way back to Longwood; but the houses were a distance from the road, and looked as if the folks were all away, and we met no one. At last a Quaker gentleman driving leisurely along, hove in sight. "We shall find out now," we confidently exclaimed. When we asked him, he took up his reins again in a puzzled way, and said, "thee'll have to excuse me, friends, I'm a stranger in these parts. Howsomever, I advise thee to take the right hand road. I've generally observed it is always best to keep to the right in all things."

On arriving again at the meeting house, we found more people whom we knew, had come by trains from the city, and a half hour passed in pleasant greetings. The first thing that came up before the meeting was the necrological report and resolutions in regard to the recently departed. Two persons read reports on the death of Isaac Mendenhall. One was written and read by a woman, the other by a man. Each had written without knowing the other was to write, and the difference was very interesting though not at all contradictory. Both agreed in this, that instead of repining that such a valuable life had been taken from our midst, we ought rather to be grateful that so much goodness had ever entered into our lives.

Some phases of the temperance question were then discussed. Mr. Ames took the ground that neither license or prohibition could do the work; that only education could make man desire something better

than carousal. Mr. Mills, the chairman, in a few well chosen sentences took substantially the same ground. He showed that the highest ideal of our Saxon ancestors was the feasting on roasted boar, and the excess of fighting, dancing and drinking. Their Valahalla was one perpetual everlasting bout. Their educated descendants eat and drink very much less, and insist on far better quality. They are no longer great gluttons: and sometime will become ashamed to be gluttons of any size whatever. Some have thought the time is coming when we will be as much ashamed of eating meat as our ancestors were of the cannibalism of their forefathers. It seems as if we ought to hasten the day of deliverance from the rule of rum, not only by the slow process of education, but by compulsion, by prohibition, as well.

Fearing another showery evening we left Longwood at noon: and after dinner at the Red Lion, took our departure for West Chester, the Athens of Pennsylvania, and county seat of Chester. The elegance of this little place was a complete surprise. On every hand were evidences of culture, taste, and wealth; and yet, as it was in the Happy Valley of Rassales, discontentment dwelt there also. One young lady told us it was altogether too far away from Philadelphia privileges and amusements to be even tolerable. One thing that delighted our eyes was the terraced and turfed lawns which swept down to the very side-walk with no barriers of fence or wall, to make the passer-by feel himself shut out, a stranger and an alien. "Restrain all kinds of cattle, but tear down the walls and fences and let the good go free," said the lady doctor.

The Mansion House had been recommended to us as a pleasant haven for the night. It still remains true as in the days of Dr. Johnson, "there is no place in which you are so sure of a hearty welcome as at an inn." The host himself came out and assisted us to alight. Then he gave us the best rooms his house afforded; sent a servant with ice water, and left us to rest, and dress ourselves for the nice supper which was soon announced. At the Red Lion we had met some people, a Mr. and Mrs. B———, from an adjoining county, who had come about the same distance as ourselves, but from a different direction. They were intelligent and progressive, and we were much interested in their conversation. We met them again in the afternoon at the meeting at Longwood; they saw us next morning at Kennett Square, and here again, at the West Chester hotel, we came together without expectation. They laughed heartily at our following them around. They were keeping their wedding holiday. Twenty-six years ago they had been married in that very house. One could easily see by their happy faces and quiet tender ways that the match had been made in Heaven.

Invoking blessings on the heads of the next persons who should come to occupy our pleasant quarters, as was always the custom of our parson, and leaving our rooms in perfect order, as Bishop Janes had once exhorted our young parson to do, so that even the servant who came to make the beds should realize that a man of the Lord had slept there, at five o'clock in the morning, we started on our homeward way.

A dense fog that was almost like rain, obscured

every object. The trees at a little distance looked like ghosts of trees. The moisture seemed to make the fragrance of the woods and that of the sweet scented flowers more intense. It seemed as if nature had made a decoction for our especial benefit. We had missed our morning coffee, but we drank this in with great satisfaction, singing the while :

"When the mists have cleared away."

We met the traditional milk-maid at this early hour with a pail on either arm. "How poetical!" we exclaimed, but when she drew nearer, we discovered she was black though comely.

Such a display of spider's webs. We passed miles of them by the roadside. Between the rails of the fences were suspended the usual vertical web made in the ordinary geometrical manner with lines radiating from the center. It will be remembered it was this kind that saved the life of Mahommed while he was concealed in the cave. There was still another kind of web along our road. It was spread horizontally and made almost square, with fine close meshes. It seemed like what the Spiritualists call a materialization. There must have been hundreds and even thousands, of these little square shawls fit for fairies. When at last the sun came out, this silver sheen grew golden, and vanished with the heavy dew.

At ten o'clock we were home again,

"The dearest spot on earth to me is home, sweet home."

Longwood has had its day ; its history is already a thing of the past, unless new lights arise to take the places of the dear departed.

TO LONGWOOD MEETING IN 1884.

CHAPTER V.

RAILROADS spoil the romance of travel. In one hour and a half we made the journey which, with our horse Lex and the phaeton, took the best part of the day last year. On the train were crowds of colored people, many of them dressed in the brilliant colors which become their complexion so well. They were bound to see the commencement at Lincoln University. A dapper little black gentleman, with subscription book and pencil, approached us and asked our names for the annual publication of the Alumnæ Association.

We made some inquiries about the institution. Among them we asked if women were admitted to its classes. "No, indeed!" he scornfully answered. "President would not preside over a school of mixed sexes. His school is males—200 males!" "Very well," we replied; "our money goes for no school where co-education is not the rule. A school that is too good for girls is too bad for us."

Rosedale station was reached in due time, and there we found a plenty of carriages waiting for the city guests. The day was cool and breezy, with just enough of haze to make the shade of trees unnecessary. The plain, Quaker-like structure at Longwood is made perfectly beautiful by its ample surroundings

and magnificient trees. Thirty years ago, we are informed, the meeting-house stood bare and desolate, when Alfred Love, then a youth, who went up there with his mother to worship and to talk about the wrongs of slavery, started the project of planting, not a vineyard, but a grove. To-day the grove is the pride, and one of the great attractions of the place.

The convention was wooed to silence by the sounds of sweet music. The platform was otherwise vacant. C. D. B. Mills, who had for some years occupied the chair, was absent. Mr. Hinckley of Providence, R. I., and Mrs. M. Beatty of Kennett, were elected clerks and took their places. Three reporters, two men and one maiden, seated themselves at the little square table. A few old drab-dressed people with tottering steps, were helped to prominent and comfortable positions.

The number of these latter grows less each year. Many have passed over to resume youth and activity on the other side. A long roll of great names that were wont to bring here and to utter, the highest truth they knew, are heard no more on earth. Lucretia Mott, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Channing, Bellows and many others who shed lustre on the meeting at Longwood, have now "gone to that bourne whence," it used to be said, "no traveler returns".

On this occasion the new presiding officer made a very brief inaugural. The spirit of truth was announced as the one leader we were to recognize; two or three general subjects were given out for testimonies and discussions in the subsequent sessions; the musicians who had gone out for a stroll during

the organization of the meeting and its preliminary deliberations, were sent for. They came in and gave us a concluding song, and the first session of the thirty-third annual meeting was over.

Out "under the leafy green-wood trees" the tables were soon spread with a delicious repast. Everybody was expected to draw near and partake. No one seemed to wait for a second invitation, and no one was heard to declare he had "no occasion," while mingled with the friendly milky bowl,

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

At two o'clock we reassembled to the sound of music. The improvised choir sang "The Bridge of London." Exactly how that came to be selected for a deliberative body of Progressive Friends and Free Religionists, we could not tell. Their next song, given as a rest to the audience about the middle of the afternoon, and when the subject of religion had been given for the next day's consideration, "The promised land to-morrow," seemed more appropriate. The theme for testimony and for talk the first afternoon was Education.

Miss Eastman, of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Sewall, of Indiana, made the opening addresses. Physically, Miss Eastman is immense, and her intellect seems in proportion to her physique. Mrs. Sewall also was equally mistress of herself and her subject. Her flow of ideas was simply wonderful, and the language in which they were clothed was exquisite and tasteful to a degree. Each of these ladies seemed to know all about education from beginning to end. They understood its practical side, as well as its theoretical, ideal and philosophical sides. When they were

through the subject seemed quite exhausted. Nevertheless, several men contrived to talk it over for another hour.

The only thing we can now recall of this portion was a story to illustrate moral teaching. A boy who had discovered how to renovate a cancelled postage stamp, used it on a letter to his aunt, and afterward boasted to his father of his ingenuity. The gentleman ordered his child to take from his little purse three cents, and go to the post-office and buy a stamp. This done, he told him to throw the new stamp into the fire. "Now my son," said the father, "you and the United States Government are even."

After this Miss Turner, of Philadelphia, sang "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Then we drove away "to our respective places of abode" to rest for the night. Happily for us, our destination was Pine Lawn. The fates had been doubly kind to us. The great Miss Eastman was our associate guest. Our good fortune did not even stop here. The same team that took us to the house was sent on to the next station to meet more distinguished guests from town. It came back with our Philadelphia Street Commissioner Eastabrook and his family.

While the carriage was gone to meet the train we had ingloriously retired to take a nap and refresh ourselves after the fatigues of the day but Miss Eastman remained outside, gayly roaming over the grounds like a "Child amid the flowers at play." A small tempest had been brewing for some time, and these later guests arrived in a dripping rain. Supper had

been waiting long, and now, with keen appetites and cheerful hearts, we gathered in one grateful circle around the table. Afterward lamps were brought into the drawing room and a wood fire was kindled on the hearth " to take away the dampness of the air," our thoughtful host said.

One of the ladies of the party told the Street Commissioner she was glad of an opportunity to tell him that he held the only office she had ever coveted. He politely replied he could heartily wish she held it, only he could not afflict any one willingly. He added that she was probably unaware "how uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," and surely had not noticed how dreadfully the newspapers abused him. She replied that she had never desired the office for its ease, but to be able to show how streets should be kept, and that cleanliness in great cities was a possibility. He advised her to try her hand on a small village first, and to be quite unhampered, if she could, by a great corporation and city council.

For the benefit of those who had not heard the addresses of the women from abroad, we reviewed them that evening.

Miss Eastman had strongly advocated some industrial training of the hands in connection with the education of the mind. She paid a grateful tribute to Froebel for the kintergarten system, which he introduced. It had been very suggestive and helpful in schools for more mature pupils. There were some kinds of handicraft which girls should learn as well as boys. Every young woman should know how to drive a nail without splitting the board. On the other side of sex there was no reason why a boy should not learn

to sew. He should at least be able to patch his own trousers and darn his own stockings. If the male portion of the family was regularly expected to do this, how much more time the mothers, wives and sisters would have for the cultivation of their own intelligence.

Mrs. Sewall had dwelt particularly on the power of politeness between teacher and pupil. The old days when the rod was ruler of the school had passed away forever. Some people seemed to feel perfectly helpless without it ; but its banishment marked a new era in civilization a step higher in human progress.

She gave a graphic and glowing account of her recent visit to the schools of New Orleans. These schools, it appears, are now being taught mostly by ladies, who, before the war, belonged to the wealthy and cultured classes. Respect toward these teachers, as ladies, and deference toward them as aristocracy, makes compliance with their commands easy.

Friday morning dawned bright and clear.

"It was the time when lillies blow,
And clouds float highest in the air."

At four o'clock, when awakened by the "early birds," we looked out. The farmers were already "up and at it," doing their day's work before meeting time. Ten A. M. found us all at Longwood again. The subject was Religion. Hinckley, of Newburgh, was the first speaker, but his discourse was rather on Deity, and sounded like extracts from an old sermon. Mr. Reynolds, of Concord, followed him, and although he remembered the theme, and really talked about it, he too failed to arouse his hearers to anything like enthusiasm, or even to command close attention. When

at last the question was thrown open for ten minute speeches the people seemed to become interested.

The origin and signification of the word itself evoked some learned discussion.

Felix Adler, of New York, is accustomed to define Religion as the desire of the individual life to connect itself with the Universal life ; but that seems to us a better definition for prayer or aspiration. Some one called it the tie that binds us to the highest.

The "Parson," however, hit the nail on the head by quoting the definition of St. James—"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world!" Most people find it easier to do the visiting than to keep themselves unspotted from the world.

The music furnished to us, although often beautiful and very artistically rendered, seemed quite foreign to the occasion ; but just at the close of the second prosy discourse, and when many drowsy heads were nodding, the selection seemed comically appropriate. It was "He giveth his beloved sleep." The singers sang it very softly too, as if afraid of awaking the audience.

A fair-haired man, whose name we failed to hear, but with good voice, earnest manner and commanding presence, began by saying, "Let us get down to bed-rock. What do we actually know? The ancients had a god for everything. The Trinitarians have one monstrous body with three enormous heads. The Unitarians have a one headed God. Now Nature is the oldest one we have, and the only one we know anything about or have ever seen, unless it be proved

that Moses saw the posterior part of one once upon a time."

A good elderly Quaker on the platform, seemed to think things were going not exactly to his liking. He arose, at the same time prefacing that he had nothing much to say. He contrived to give us words, set to the traditional tone, for ten minutes, till the chairman called time up.

Thorn, of North Carolina, sprang to his feet and said, "On the Temple of Isis was this inscription, 'I am that which was, which is, and ever will be.'" He declared that everybody is better than anybody, and wiser than anybody, and thought by massing our goodness and combining our wisdom, we might by searching find out God. He concluded by remarking that we were mostly cowards, and that few of us would dare to say what none will choose to hear.

The "Judge," who was called to the floor, quoted the inscription on the portals of the Wagner Free Institute of Science—"Cave Deus Adest," "Be cautious; God is here," yet the man who founded the institution, and had such a sense of the omnipresence of Deity has been branded an atheist.

An old gentleman named Harvey, whom some called a crank, whatever that may mean in such a place, said the men who gave us the two essays were ministers for many years, and ought to be well acquainted with God and Religion, but had really told us very little.

Mr. Edward M. Davis said, it often is seen that some things appear harsh and unpleasant to our ears, which if set to music or delivered in a different manner would be quite acceptable. He spoke

too low, and Miss Anthony called out, in her ringing voice : "You can speak louder, Mr. Davis ; you are not a woman."

Mr. Davis, responded good naturedly that he had been taken for one. He had just received a letter directed "Mrs. Edward M. Davis." He said he took it as a compliment to his well known sympathy with the injustices to the sex. Mr. Davis closed his speech by giving his creed, which he said was not original with himself, Justinian, the Roman, having promulgated it hundreds of years ago :

> "How pleasant it is at the end of the day
> No follies to have to repent ;
> But reflect on the past, and be able to say
> That the time has been properly spent."

A banquet, fit for the gods, waited our presence in the cool sunshine. Then followed quiet walks and talks with old friends and introductions to new ones.

Promptly at 2 o'clock Clerk Hinckley, who looks for all the world like Gen. Logan seen through the smaller end of the telescope, called the meeting to order.

The Rev. Mr. Bell took the platform on Prison Reform. He began by reading long and tedious extracts from some published works on the subject. When at last he laid these aside, and talked to us face to face about the object of imprisonment, and Sir Walter Crofton's system, he became interesting and instructive. When he had concluded, an old man arose to speak. He was evidently very unpopular, for his neighbors immediately began to go out one by one. We went also. The last words we heard from him were sadly said :

"I move the people when I speak ;
For when I get up, away they sneak."

Towards night the clouds gathered thick and fast. They were very black and big, but only filled with wind, the weatherwise ones said.

After an early supper five of us who had been invited to Kennett Square, to a reception given in honor of Miss Anthony and Mrs. Sewall, set out in one carriage, and with a single horse, for the village. The combined weight of the load must have been about eight or nine hundred, and we trembled when we observed how far from strong our vehicle was, and how dashing and spirited the young horse that drew it. Fortunately we soon met a carriage which had been sent after us, and we divided our load the better to conquer the distance.

The entertainment provided for our delectation was of such a delightful character that 10 o'clock came all too soon.

We drove home through pitch darkness, obliged to trust to the superior instinct of the horses to find the way. Darkness may endure for a night, but the morning is sure to dawn.

That Saturday from sunrise to sunset was one of the most perfect of days. The sky was bright and clear. The temperature exactly right.

"Here hath been dawning another blue (bright) day,
Think wilt thou let it slip useless away?"

Woman Suffrage and Temperance were the twin topics for this last day. Miss Antnony spoke first. With her really Venus-like figure she has a most saintly face. In spite of persecution and slander she has preserved the sweetest spirit. Leaning affection-

ately on her arm as she approached the speaker's desk, was a young lady who was introduced to us as the daughter of the Providence friend that lately bequeathed to Susan B. Anthony the legacy of $24,000 to be used for herself and the cause.

In her speech Miss Anthony said: "The time is past for women to talk much about suffrage. This is the time to work. We must do as men do when they determine to carry a measure. We must lobby. This will take money. Very well! Women are entitled to that too."

She told how Lucretia Mott once said to her, "I am going to give thee $50 to carry on the work." Then turning to James Mott, she said, "Out of that corner of thy pocket-book where thee puts my pay for keeping the house, mending thy clothes, etc., please hand Susan the money." Every married woman has the same fund to draw from if she will only claim it. Mrs. Sewall followed in a brilliant off-hand speech, I think she never fails in carrying her audience with her. The choir sang, to a most lugubrious tune. "This world is growing brighter."

We were fore-ordained to have the whole galaxy of feminine wit and talent on that auspicious occasion. Miss Eastman, with her smiling face and powerful frame, came forward. What a pity, for the good of the race, that these superior women are not mothers. Facts show that much more depends, intellectually, upon who is the mother of a child than upon who is the father. Great men are often the progenitors of feeble-minded children; strong-minded women never. Miss Eastman said woman's position in the government reminded her of a little story. It occurred in

their own family. A little girl who was staying at the house was refused some indulgence which she craved. She sat in sullen silence for awhile, then raising her eyes to the person who had refused her, she said, with a vengeful look, "I like my Aunt Jones." "Ah! so do I," was the reply. "I love Mrs. Snodgrass, too," proceeded the little girl. "Yes she is nice," answered the lady. "I left you out," said the spiteful child. "We are simply 'left out,' ignored in the lists and arrangements," said Miss Eastman. And then in a most masterly manner she went on to show how much better it would be for all concerned if women were not "left out."

Mr. Thorn followed with a quotation from Andrew Jackson's maxim, "Hurt no one, and render to every one his due." But even old Jackson—"Hickory" they called him, on account of his strength and firmness—even he did not apply this rule to one-half the community.

The Judge, as was quite proper, summed up the evidence of the morning and closed the debate. Although he professes not to know one card from another, he very aptly used cards as an illustration. He characterized the three ladies each as a queen in her own right. Miss Anthony was Queen of Clubs, and gave us blows and knock-down arguments. He might have added she was Queen of Spades also, and could work as well. Mrs. Sewall was Queen of Hearts, and ruled by sweet persuasiveness. And, finally, Miss Eastman was the Queen of Diamonds, clear-cut, sharp and incisive.

Then we had James G. Clark's song of "The Beautiful Hills," and it was noon again.

Outside the clang of plate and knife and fork began. There were tables at which one could stand, tables at which one could sit ; table cloths spread on the grass, and even carriages were turned into dining rooms. The stranger was welcome to any and to all. Food seemed as free as air or water.

> "The turnpike road to people's hearts I find
> Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind."

There was only one place where we were expected, or even allowed to pay for anything, and that was at the ice cream stand. We were astonished to see that the committee had permitted cigars and cigarettes to be sold there. Tobacco is the twin abomination of rum, and we should as soon sell or use one as the other. The narcotic in its reaction calls for the stimulant as naturally as pie calls for cheese.

In the cemetery across the road we sought out Bayard Taylor's grave. The monument bears two signs which "the parson" told us were of Egyptian origin, one meaning "born" and the other "died."

On Saturday, and particularly in the afternoon, much the larger number of people were in attendance. Many swarthy men, with sun-burnt necks and faces, showed the farmer element preponderated. Several sat inside with their hats on, and one prudent man retained his whip in his hand through all the meeting. There were many more people than could get into the meeting house. Many of the young men and maidens seemed glad of an excuse to stay outside, and make love to each other in either shade or sunshine. On this day there was an assemblage of the prettiest and gayest bonnets seen this season. Many of the girls

who wore them were pretty, too ; and all seemed glad and happy.

The afternoon session, the last of the meeting, opened with the invitation, "Abide with Me." We felt no objection, especially since the "lines had fallen to us in such pleasant places."

The report of the Committee on Necrology was called for. Of six persons who had been prominent in last year's meeting and had departed, loving memorials were read.

These memorials had been prepared by different parties, but all agreed in this—the expression of a belief that the life which had ceased here was continued beyond the grave. We were pleased to note that the bereaved families had made no difference in their dress, and that their whole expression and manner indicated a real, living faith in the doctrine of the continuity of life. Alice Carey's hymn on the death of her sister was sung as a solo, and afterward the question of Temperance was discussed. Miss Anthony was entirely at home here. The only way to effect that desired reform was through woman suffrage. "Look," she said, "at St. John's audiences and followers. Their number ought to move the nation, but four-fifths of them are women ! They have no vote ! They do not count." They are 'left out.'"

The "Judge" took the floor, agreeing with Miss Anthony in the main, accepting woman suffrage, both as a justice and as a political necessity ; but he wished all to recognize the fact that "Prohibition does not prohibit." Even when the Temperance party have added to their power by the ballot in the hands of women, it will be necessary to declare intoxicating

"Now and then it was a Bright Young Girl."

[See page 9]

liquors contraband. Put it beyond the pale of protection by law; make the collection of its debts impossible; allow no insurance to be paid on its buildings for manufacture or for sale. *Contraband* is the term by which we must label all these things that make such havoc in our land to-day. Last year, when Massachusetts took half a million dollars revenue for strong drink, the Queen of Madagascar wrote in her proclamation: "I cannot consent, as your Queen, to take a single cent of revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects."

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER VI.

"The best laid plans of men and mice gang oft aglee."

THE party who took "the drive up the Delaware" had planned to drive Lex and his new mate, Oscar, all the way to New Hampshire, We were to have occupied two or three weeks in the journey, and were anticipating a delightful time, when poor Lex met with a serious accident which disabled him from traveling for a month. The consequence was, the horses were sent to grass and we came on the cars.

When we left the city the thermometer was standing among the nineties in the shade. The people whom we left behind laughed at our load of wraps, our overcoat and blanket shawls. They said we might possibly need those things about next November. Long before sundown of that same day we put on the first installment of extra clothing.

At Bethlehem Junction, where we had to wait more than half an hour for the little narrow-gauge train which was to bring us farther up, we gladly put on all the wraps we had along, and before we reached our hotel we wished for our furs. The temperature was then down to forty. The northwest wind blew and moaned and whistled and rattled. We had entered upon the remnant of a three days' storm, but the

skies were now clearing and the natives promised us settled weather soon.

A cozy room, with windows looking in four directions and commanding a most magnificent landscape, awaited our reception. In the evening we saw only land from our windows, but in the morning a mirage made a grand river that wound in and out among the hills and through the valleys. The average August temperature is about that of May in New York. The air is clear and bracing, the water pure and sparkling. There is little temptation for any other stimulation, and yet, they say, stronger beverages may be obtained by those who persist in retaining their coarser appetites. This portion of the population feel forced to "affect a virtue though they have it not," and so keep their indulgencies from the light of day, at least from public observation.

Bethlehem is externally about the cleanest place in the whole world. The quiet and repose is like that of a perpetual Sunday elsewhere, and yet there is nothing of the straight-laced and Puritanic atmosphere. In all these weeks we have seen nothing of the "I am holier than thou" spirit; nothing of pride or display in dress or purse.

This place is the centre of the most delightful drives, and parties are made up for the Tally Ho, or the omnibus, or straw ride, from the guests of one house or of half a dozen boarding houses or hotels. The general longing seems to be—"Out of doors somewhere, anywhere," just to have some excuse for drinking in this delicious air, and bathing in this glorious sunshine.

This village has one broad street with three miles

of board walk. Looking down this long avenue one has the best possible view of the presidential range of mountains. During the last days of August, Mount Washington was crowned with snow which could be plainly seen at this distance of twenty-two miles.

Our first excursion was to the Franconia mountains, and included Echo lake, the Profile house, the Flume and Pool. The day dawned bright and clear. A congenial party of three from Maine were to accompany us. A large double carriage was provided for our pleasure, and a pair of handsome black horses, which the Judge had volunteered to drive, stood champing their bits. The whole household stood watching from the piazzas.

"Take your waterproofs along!" some one called out.

"What for, I'd like to know?" we asked, glancing up at the bright blue sky.

"You may need them," answered the wiseacre.

The road was smooth, although of course, hilly. The birds sang gaily; the choke-cherries hung temptingly near in deceitfully luscious-looking clusters; the delicious odor of the pine woods drew forth the following Latin verse which your learned readers can translate at their leasure:

"Inpine taris
Inoaks noneis,
Inmud eelsare
Inclay noneare."

Our first halt was made at Echo lake where we were invited to seat ourselves in a miniature steamboat, sail out to the middle of this dainty bit of water-scenery and listen to the reverberations of the whistle

as it was echoed and re-echoed from the sides of the lofty mountains.

Next we came to the Profile house—a veritable palace in the wilderness! It is built in a cliff-enwalled basin more than 1,900 feet above the level of the sea. It has rooms for 500 guests. It has its own post office, telegraph lines, etc., and makes its own gas. Beyond the Profile house we begin to look for the Profile itself, the marvel that gives name and fame to the whole region. We all exclaimed at once as the impressive phenomenon bursted upon our sight. The Judge brought his fiery steeds to a standstill so suddenly as almost to take them off their feet. The likeness to the human face is perfect. Twelve hundred feet above the base of Mount Cannon, three projecting granite ledges extending still upwards forty feet form the massive features! No wonder ancient Indian tribes worshiped it as a god.

The lovely lake below with its dainty boats, embowered coves, and delicious trout, would in any other place, have attracted our admiring attention; but in that grand presence we had eyes only for "the old man of the mountain."

A drive of five miles further brought us to another great natural wonder, the Flume. Leaving our carriage at the Hotel de Flume, we ascended broad inclines of granite "over whose shining slope," in the language of the guide book, "the water slips in thin crystal sheets." We dipped our ungloved hands in the little hollows where the water gathered deepest, and drank a fluid clear as crystal and of undoubted purity.

The famous Flume is a trench seven hundred feet

long and on an average fifteen feet wide, between parallel perpendicular cliffs sixty feet high. A simple mountain brook has, in the course of ages, thus cut and eaten its way through these stone ledges. Returning to the hotel down one hill and up a much longer one, we partook with sharpened appetites of a dinner that would otherwise have been far from satisfactory.

After dinner all our party except the Judge went to see another of nature's freaks, this one called the Pool. A little path through fragrant woods led to it. The Pemigewasset river, only just starting out in life, illustrates the folly and impetuousity of youth by leaping down in a brilliant cascade, making a pool a hundred feet broad, and then running away in a succession of rapids.

An old man in a rude boat rows you out under the cascade, and as you gaze upwards at the black cliffs which tower at such a height above, you can almost imagine yourself in the bottomless pit, save that the water is so transparent and there is no smoke from the torment.

By this time clouds were gathering fast, and knowing it was high time we should start back on our fourteen mile drive towards Bethlehem, we had hurried to the hotel.

We had been homeward bound a half hour or more when the rain descended. Then we were glad we had our rubber wraps along. The "member from Maine," quickly adjusted the curtains of the carriage and we came on comfortably and cosily as could be.

It is amazing how many hotels set themselves up in this region and successfully, too, making a little

world by themselves, with only some unique view as their special stock in trade, and a grand centre for drives and walks as a general attraction. In this list we may mention the Forrest hills, the Sunset, the Twin mountain and many others.

In plain sight from our bay window in Bethlehem, and yet five miles away by the road, is the bright little village of Littleton. Its early name was Chiswick, but in an unlucky moment it was changed to the less mellifluous and unromantic one. Otherwise it might now have become one of fashion's summer capitals. Its vast panorama of mountains includes the principal peaks of two great ranges.

Littleton is the great business centre of northern New Hampshire. Bethlehem visitors are obliged to bank at Littleton ; this necessity makes a delightful excuse for a very delightful drive.

There is one very curious thing that all housekeepers must notice, namely, the absence of any display of provisions. In all the weeks of our stay we have seen nothing but one fish cart belonging to a Littleton company, and one morning early some pails of fresh milk. When last Sunday they gave us roast turkey for dinner, we ventured to inquire whence it came, and was informed it had been frozen in the ice house since last January.

The U. S. Hay-fever Convention held its annual meeting the first of September. It was a sort of experience meeting or hay fever love feast. Most of the members talked through their noses, probably from long habit, as they all declared themselves exempt from any symptoms in Bethlehem.

The Judge made one of the most happy offhand

speeches. It was in some parts very amusing. It seriously advocated the use of the Turkish bath, combined with electrical treatment.

President Fay advised the young ladies present to accept hay fever husbands so they could come to these lovely mountains every summer.

"A baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure." There has only been one in this house all the season, but she is a darling. She is a plump, rosy little creature only two years old, yet puts to blush the older maidens when in her dignified baby way she says so sweetly "mother!" while the grown girls of uncertain age simper "mamma."

With the party from Maine we climbed Mount Agassiz. The view was so extensive the Parson thought it might be the "exceeding high mountain" on which Satan took the son of Mary when he showed him all the kingdoms of the world. We were only 2,042 feet high at Agassiz. We longed to ascend the highest peak, Mount Washington, towering 6,293 feet above the sea level.

To Sylvester Marsh is due the honor of projecting the marvelous railroad that carries passengers from the base to the summit. It is said when the plan was laid before the legislature they suggested he should extend it to the moon! It really seems as if he might have done that almost as easily as overcome the obstacles he has in this steep ascent. Often the incline is like the roof of a house, but the funny little engine tugs away pushing the car steadily upwards. The principle on which it works is that of the "pinion and rack," a distinguished Philadelphia machinist explained to us.

It requires great faith in iron not to have your hair stand on end as you are made to mount the slender trestle work of "Jacob's ladder."

"This really seems like tempting Providence." I heard a man with a pale face say.

One of our party, an octogenarian from Philadelphia, was about the calmest man among us. I think he fancied himself being borne to Heaven like Elijah in a chariot of fire.

At the base of the mountain we observed beautiful maples, elms, oaks and poplars, all in their gorgeous autumnal colors. Suddenly these disappeared, and spruces, firs and pines monopolized the region. These gradually decreased in size till only a very stunted growth with lateral spreading branches appeared. They seemed to know that their only chance of life lay in hugging closely to the bare rocks. Even the telegraph poles to the signal station, high up on the sides, are little more than four feet high. It was already winter weather at the Tip Top house.

Looking out from the observatory the reporter exclaimed: "It is one vast sea of land!"

"Yes, and in a state of storm at that," answered the judge. "See the wave on wave, the billow beyond billow.

"Tints of divine painting in mingled splendor lie" all along the sides and tops of these glorious heights.

In descending to the lower world we felt that we had been nearer Heaven than we might hope to be again while still encumbered with this mortal coil.

A RIDE BY RAIL ALONG THE RIVER.

CHAPTER VII.

OPENING THE NEW KITTATINNY HOUSE, DELAWARE WATER GAP.

THE invitations were for dinner at two o'clock, June 28th. The train was advertised to leave Broad Street station at 8:20 A. M. At Trenton we changed cars to the Belvidere railroad.

A few grumblers who were on board said "Delaware Water Gap can never be a first-class resort till, like Kaaterskill, it has through trains and parlor cars of its own."

The conductor at one end of the car, and a handsome blue-eyed brakeman at the other, called out simultaneously, "Asylum, all out for the insane asylum!"

Nobody moved. We did not wish to go to the Insane Asylum. Some of us mildly protested against such a general order. We had started for a grand dinner and a genuine frolic and had no notion of being thus summarily stopped in our mad career after pleasure.

Again the command was repeated: "All out for Asylum; the Insane Asylum."

Then one meek looking lady, in deep cheap mourning, languidly arose and went out, and our train

moved on. The sight of a person in deep mourning is always saddening ; and about the cheap black which poor folks wear, there is something indescribably pitiful.

The parson was with us ; and remarked on the incongruity of a Christian wearing black for the dead.

"Would they array themselves in sackcloth and ashes for a friend who had sailed for Europe?" he asked ; "yet how much nearer and more delightful may be the Heaven to which they believe their beloved have departed."

The judge who was present, not particularly relishing pious and funereal talk, suddenly changed the subject by remarking, "Why did they not name that station after the founder of that institution, Miss Dix? It would have been an honor well deserved."

"Yes," said the doctor, who happened to be along, it would have been easy to call the place Dixie, and then when I give you a certificate to the Asylum you can sing :

"For Dixie's land I take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie."

"They have queer names in this part of the country," observed the lawyer, as the handsome brakeman called out.

"Will Bertha."

"Will Bertha do what? Will she make her will, I suppose."

Washington crossing the Delaware was next announced ; and the judge had to tell of the tipsy man who got it, "Crossington washing the Delaware."

Our route lay mostly on the east bank of the river with the canal along side, and we stopped at almost

every little flag station all the way. The smaller the place the larger the name. Some of them were so small they had two names, thus Byrum or Point Pleasant, Stockton or Centre Bridge.

At one place the only passenger that appeared to be in waiting was a kitten. The judge, who was inclined to be facetious, asked if we had ever seen an animal called acatamost; and we innocently said "No," he pointed to that kitten!

One place was called Tumble, and we congratulated them on their originality. Their post office will hardly be likely ever to be in danger of being confounded with places of the same cognomen in the different states and counties.

We were so busy watching the small craft on the river, its low barren isles, and its island farms, the canal boats with their loads of freight and families, the mules plodding along on that one-sided affair, the tow-path, that we had paid little attention to our fellow travelers outside our own immediate party. Suddenly we became painfully aware that we were the subject of discussion. The lady doctor looked anxiously at her dusty dress, the parson fastened another button in his clerically-cut coat, the judge ran his fingers coaxingly through his gray locks; the lawyer and the reporter were the only ones that seemed invulnerable to the stares and the whispers of those people.

After a while we found out, they had mistaken our parson for the celebrated Brooklyn divine, Henry Ward Beecher, whom he so greatly resembles in outward appearance.

Easton and Belvidere are among the few places that look attractive from the railroad. The country about

was fine, too. The ripe uncut harvests were the color of old gold.

At a place called Manunka Chunk our car was cut off from the train and we were told that it would be taken by the next New York train up the Delaware & Lackawanna road. We were shifted about from pillar to post, and finally put into a hole in the hill. There was not a lamp in the car, nor a single ray outside. We wondered the children did not scream from nervous fright. Everybody was as still as death till after some minutes when we were again restored to the day, the parson was heard quoting, "They who sat in darkness saw great light."

We intend to take a lantern, or at least a candle along, the next time I go over that route. All that maneuvering must have been meant either to amuse the adults, or to scare the little ones ; for when at last the train came, we were told to change cars again. This made three changes in four hours' travel. It was noon when we reached the Gap. Carriages and omnibuses were waiting decked with the national flag like the 4th of July.

The teams speedily took the joyous guests through the little village, up over the high hill, and down into the little nest of a valley just big enough to hold this big hotel that is perched still two hundred feet above railroad and river.

"William A. Brodhead & Sons" is still the firm's name, although the honored father passed from mortal view several years ago. The two sons, large, fine-looking men, met us cordially as we alighted from the carriages.

Crowds of people already occupied the broad piazzas,

and we thought with dismay of the great number of loaves and fishes it would take to feed so large a multitude. Presently, to the great relief of our hungry apprehensions, parties by pairs and by dozens, began wending their way up among the quiet recesses of the mountains. Each little company was bearing significant boxes and baskets, evidently containing "noon-day exercises." These people were from the country towns around about the Gap, who had come to gratify their curiosity about the reconstructed hotel, see the city guests, and then have a private picnic of their own.

We took courage and waited patiently till two o'clock. Then Coggswell's orchestra struck up a grand march, the doors were thrown open, and our host led the way to the spacious dining room.

After a sumptuous repast we found strength to examine the improvements and the new building. The elegant elevator made the ascension to the top stories easy.

The day was perfectly clear, and the views from some of the upper windows were charming. The scenery, combining as it does, both mountain and river, leaves nothing to be desired.

Polite attendants, electric bells, airy verandas, easy seats, downy pillows and spring beds, go far to make up for the absence of one's own special home comforts. There was one omission, one thing lacking for which we found it hard to forgive the architects—there were no closets and no wardrobes. So far as we saw there was absolutely no provision in the new part made for hanging up things. We tried to utilize the gas fixture, but it had a sharp point that made holes in coats

and dresses. Like the Irishman in the story, we had to hang our hats up on the floor. Meanwhile the parson, the dear philosopher that he is, consoled us by saying, "If we could have everything perfect here we should never want to go to Heaven."

In the evening a grand hop was had. Ladies and gentlemen in full dress came down from the Gap house and the smaller hotels and boarding houses. Till nearly midnight the music of the waltz, the polka, the lanciers and the quadrille, sounded merrily through the halls. Those who, like the judge and the parson, do not dance, thought something more intellectual should have been provided for their entertainment. Recitations, extempore speeches, even games, would have been more to the taste of some. There was ample room and opportunity for all to have been suited if only there had been some one to kindly take the lead and arrange matters.

Sunday morning the singing of the birds, and the romping of the children, who had been excluded from the evening ball, aroused us from our dreams.

We had accepted a pressing invitation to attend the Presbyterian service at the village, but owing to some misunderstanding about the time of starting, we had the chagrin of seeing out of our chamber windows, just as we were putting the finishing touches to our toilet, the omnibus with its load of church goers, drive off without us.

Then we concluded to go up into the mountain to pray, and so started for Child's arbor. The attempt was an ignominious failure. At the first steep ascent the judge, who is somewhat corpulent, gave out, and declared himself getting dizzy; the parson remem-

bered that he had a treatise on ancient polemics which he was anxious to peruse ; the doctor had a case on hand and wanted to read up on diseases of the ear ; the lawyer was non est ; and your reporter was weary. So our whole party, looking and feeling not a little ashamed of themselves, were soon back at the hotel.

At evening when the sun was down and the sky was gorgeous with glowing colors, in the cool of the day, we walked to the Gap house to see some friends. We were told that "divine service" was to be held in the parlors, and we were urged to remain. A hundred people or more, "which mostly were women, of course," were assembled together when the young priest entered with measured pace. His fine proportions were draped in white flowing robes. "That is the paraphernalia of Isis, the goddess of linen," whispered the old-time parson with the new-time ideas.

A piano was forced to do duty in place of the solemn organ. A lady presided, and several persons too timid to let their voices out were clustered about to aid in the chants and responses.

"Episcopalians should be good singers," said the judge ; "these are not." Some colored waiters, dressed in their Sunday suits, were looking wistfully in. The proprietor, Mr. Luke Brodhead, kindly invited them to seats in the impromptu sanctuary.

By their aid the music was somewhat improved. The short sermon, which was, as one lady expressed it, "long enough, such as it was," and then fearing that she had been too severe, she added, "It was good enough what there was of it."

The subject was faith.

Our parson's criticism on it was, "He makes faith

a matter of the imagination, a mere mental conception of an unseen reality ; whereas faith should be the result of conviction founded on evidence."

On returning toward the Kittatinny we found that, depending upon the young moon, they had neglected to light the lamps which usually mark the way. The deep shadows of the trees shut out the faint natural light ; the numerous paths to our unfamiliar eyes looked all alike ; and for a while we were " babes lost in the woods." Fortunately the judge had prudently brought along a strong hickory cane, and he wisely advised that we should not attempt to walk by faith, such as we had just heard preached ; but that we should carefully feel our way along, make sure of the ground on which we stood, and so by the aid of his strong stick reach the desired haven in safety ; and this we accordingly did.

There is a sense of newness, if one may so speak, about the Kittatinny contrasted with the Water Gap House, which one feels, as travelers tell us they do between the old countries and America. We miss the finishing touches which art, and taste, and mature experience are sometime to give to the newer place.

At the hotel Kaaterskill the grand old Hudson river is only a silver ribbon stretched over the distant valley ; while at the Kittatinny the Delaware is a living presence, an ever present factor in the great sum of its attractions.

The mountains just now are literally crowned with laurel in the most exquisite tints of bud and bloom. Huge bouquets of daisies, of laurel, and of delicate ferns, adorned the parlors and tables.

We could not sing,

"I know a place where the wild thyme grows."

but we found a profusion of laurel blossoms. It was in the basket of a little maiden at the depot whence we took the 6:30 Monday morning train to Philadelphia. She sold the flowers at ten cents a bunch. We bought one and bore it proudly home. Nobody in town knows that we did not pluck it from the highest peak of Mount Minsi.

At that early hour on Monday morning the sun was shining brightly and there was not a hint of a cloud on the mountain's brow; but six miles away we encountered a fog that was almost like rain.

By the time we reached Assanpink river the sunlight gleamed out faintly. The judge, who was acquainted with this part of the country told us this was an Indian name and meant the willow stream. He said General Washington marched from this point to Princeton early in the morning; and that during the battle of Trenton the Assanpink ran red with blood.

The reporter, who gets history a little mixed sometimes, and who took this all in as one continuous story, replied that if George was called at 5 o'clock in the morning before he had his nap out, and had to eat a cold breakfast, and go through such a fog as we had, it was no wonder he felt mad enough to fight.

We had only one little excitement on the way back, and that was occasioned by the forward door of our car getting fast so it could not be opened from our side. The conductor and brakman both happened to be inside. We were going at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; the engine blew a loud whistle, and the brakeman attempted to go forward, but was stopped by the unyielding latch. The conductor tried

his keys but without effect. They essayed to raise the window at the end but that was fast too. If only somebody would come from the other cars, but nobody came. Finally they succeeded in taking out the closet window at that end, and the brakeman crawled through to the platform. From the outside, the door was easily opened, and everybody breathed freely once more.

Without further incident and no accident, we at 10 A. M., found ourselves safely landed back again at Broad street station, and like John Gilpin,

> "Nor stopped till where we had got up,
> We did again get down."

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE party that three years ago took the drive up the Delaware, namely, the old-time parson with the new-time ideas, the lawyer, the judge, the lady doctor, and your reporter, resolved on a much longer trip, even as far as the White Mountains this time.

Instead of the one horse, Lexington, they resolved to take also his handsome mate, Oscar Wilde. The old phaeton, with its annex attached for the baggage, and a new brace here and there to insure strength, with a few touches of paint and a gilding of varnish, would still do very well for the journey. It was easy to get into, and unlike marriage, the parson said, it was also easy to get out of. "How funny," said the parson, "I can tie a knot with my tongue which you cannot untie with your teeth, no matter how much you want to." The phaeton was perfectly comfortable, although it had a trick of seeming too small when we first got into it; but as soon as the "judge" had settled his magnificent proportions into their own proper niche, there was plenty of room for all.

In consequence of being detained in town longer than we expected it became necessary to get over the first few hundred miles as soon as possible. We therefore determined to go by sea as far as Boston, making that, instead of Philadelphia, our real point of departure for the drive.

The morning we went to the wharf to engage passage and state rooms on the Norman, we saw an appalling sight. A great crowd was fishing out from the river a black man who had fallen overboard from an incoming vessel and was drowned. As they hauled the dead body into the patrol wagon that was waiting to take it to the morgue, the brawny arms, in rigor mortis, with clutched hands, stood up straight, and the whole scene gave our party a shock which, added to the next day's newspapers account of the capsizing of the yacht from Philadelphia and the agonizing death of five of the pleasure seekers off Long Island, gave us such an unreasonable horror of the water voyage, that we concluded to send the horses on the boat but go ourselves by rail.

Accordingly, early on the morning of August 3rd, the team was brought to the door, and our traveling traps snugly strapped on behind the carriage. Meanwhile the restive horses were stamping and pawing the ground, anxious to be off. How little they knew where! Even we with the superior intelligence, could little guess what adventures, what pleasures, what possible perils, awaited us on the miles and miles of unknown road that stretched before us. What might, or might not, happen before we all should again stand on our own familiar street! Even its hateful cobble-stones seemed precious to us just then. The parson was evidently breathing a silent prayer when the judge gathered up the reins, his man sprang in beside him, and away they went toward the steamship's pier.

It was within an hour of sailing time, and such confusion! Tons of iron pipe were rattling by, and

loads of merchandise were noisily dumped on the dock. Large plates of steel were being thrown from wagons with a noise like thunder. The horses behaved lovely. The groom led them on board as easily as if they were a couple of dogs. There they were backed into padded stalls, just big enough to hold them so when the vessel lurched there should be no room for them to be thrown down. Boxes of dry goods wedged them in front. A bale of hay was put for the horses comfort and delectation on top the boxes. The steward promised, for a consideration, to water them each day, and so they were left to his care, to the fortunes of the ship, and to the mercy of the winds and waves.

Plucking a flower from some seemingly inaccessible height, or spearing the head of a rival lover, used to be the test of gallantry and courage. Our modern gentlemen exhibit these qualities telegraphing or telephoning ahead, providing comfortable quarters and attending to the baggage. Our gentleman telegraphed to the Tremont in Boston, so that on the evening of our arrival there, the evening of the 4th of August, way-worn and weary from a car-ride of about 300 miles, we found our rooms in readiness, and were welcomed as to a home.

As often happens in traveling by rail, we have gotten over the ground too rapidly ; and must now go back to note a few reflections by the way. There was not much pleasure in looking out from a flying steam car on fields and towns that lay scorching in the August sunshine, so we turned our attention to studies of human nature beside us.

The good that men do sometimes comes home to

them in a very gracious way. The first person who recognized us on the train was a man whom the judge had saved years ago from ruin and disgrace by helping him to help himself. Now, in mature life, he is a man whom other men admire, and all delight to honor. His grateful greeting was like a benediction.

When two married people cease to be polite to each other they advertise the fact that their honey-moon is over. There was such a couple in the car that day. Two persons who had been all the world to each other, sat as remotely apart as they could get, and were chilly and silent with nothing to say, save when something came up about which they could differ. When one wanted more ventilators open, the other was about to ask they might all be closed. They had three bright, pretty children with them, and any indulgence which one parent granted, the other was sure to oppose.

He looked at her in a cynical way that plainly said,

> "You have cold grey eyes and a homely nose,
> And every day serves some new fault to disclose."

The resentful toss of her head seemed to retort,

> "My pulses no longer delightfully beat
> At the thought of your coming, at the sound of your feet."

In the transfer coach which took us from the Jersey City ferry to the New York depot at 42nd street, this interesting family accompanied us.

When the A. T. Stewart, marble residence was pointed out the youngest boy asked,

"Who is A. T. Stewart, mamma?" making us of the older generations feel quite like antediluvians.

A large brick building bore the sign in large gilt letters, "Apartment House for Bachelors."

"Why do old bachelors have to live by themselves?" again queried the small boy of his mother.

"They are so spoiled and selfish, my dear, nobody can live with them in any sort of comfort," said that lady with a glance at her husband, that said as plainly as any words could, "he was an old bachelor when I married him."

Among many other things, two names struck these youngsters as very funny. On one door was "Dr. Early," and on the next was "Mr. Late, Undertaker." The eldest boy suggested that these were probably silent partners, and that by going early and late they were doing a thriving business.

Seats in the Pullman car had fortunately been secured for us in advance, as there was a great rush of travelers in our direction. After some hours of discomfort the lady doctor exclaimed, "No earthly person was ever such shape as these parlor cars would lead one to suppose. If, in some future age, the antiquarian shall, delving, disinter one, how he will wonder what manner of men and women we were. The man who constructed them, must himself have been a hunch-back.

When the colored waiters, with stiffly starched white aprons, came through distributing bottles and glasses of liquors, the parson visibly frowned. "Formerly," he said, "when improvident people who took no flask in their pockets, traveled, they were obliged to abstain between stations. Now the tempter goes along and is omnipresent."

"Shall we take a little of Paul's prescription for

Timothy," asked the judge, "for our stomach's sake?"

"No sir," quickly answered the lady doctor, remembering the lessons in physiology, "for our stomach's sake we will refrain."

Some one has called railway traveling a sort of staccato method of getting over a space; the towns making a succession of dots on the memory as you whisk through them.

The impression left by the dear little Yankee towns, is one of thrift and neatness, a glint of green blinds against walls of white, planted on grassy grounds, garnished with glowing beds of flowers.

The New England conductor is so domestic in his habits he will not go so far over the road that he cannot get home to dinner. Therefore at stated intervals and places the set of passengers is handed over to a new conductor.

"No wonder," said the judge, "these men are as 'smiling as a basket of chips.' They haven't a chance to get tired and cross like our Pennsylvania railroad men who go hundreds of miles without stopping, or once seeing their families."

The judge is a very domestic man himself, so this was to him the greatest conceivable misery.

When we arrived in Boston a military procession was waiting at the station, and led the way up Tremont street. Of course our party modestly claimed them as our especial escort.

At breakfast the next morning the waiters were all in swallow-tail coats and white neck-ties. A little girl amused us greatly by asking if they were going to a wedding or party. In the evening the same lit-

tle innocent, meeting in the corridor a gentleman dressed for a hop, mistook him for one of the waiters, and asked some service from him.

Watching from the window, waiting for the telephone to announce the arrival of the Norman with Lex and Oscar on board, we passed the time in criticising the people who were passing.

How few well dressed persons you see anywhere!

"I never saw one so perfectly clothed but that some fault did wrestle with the best grace he bore."

Yonder is a modest gray street dress spoiled of its virtue by a red velvet panel and silk cord, and, yes! around the neck is a band and bow of pink ribbon! The hat is black straw trimmed with white, which would have well become the simple gray dress—but, combined with all this, is simply grotesque.

There goes a white dress this damp, cool morning, partly concealed by a long woolen ulster.

A dress cannot be too plain for the street. It can easily be too guady. A dash of color may be used with fine effect, if only it be applied with taste and judgment.

A dress that is lovely at home may be hideous outside. One that is exquisite in the carriage, may be vulgar on the pavement.

To be appropriately dressed is to be well dressed.

A walk on Boston Common was proposed. The pond was empty—the waters all drawn off. Having been previously impressed by the seemingly large body of water, we were astonished to see how great a display had been made by a very shallow depth.

Some of the trees were very conspicuously labeled "Ulmus Americano." We had supposed the average

Bostonian was sufficiently up in Latin to know what this meant; but it was very kindly translated, probably for the benefit of benighted Philadelphians who sometimes stray, as we had done, into these classic shades, American Elm. "Why didn't they say so in the first place?" a rustic near us asked.

It was too early for the lovers to be out in force; the tramps were. They reclined half dozing on the benches in every conceivable stage of dilapidation and discouragement.

"If I were a millionaire," said the doctor, who of all our little company is least supposed to be overweighted with philanthropic sentiments: "if I were a millionaire I would devote my life to the salvation of tramps. I would organize a society with branches in every part of the country, and appoint agents everywhere who would, without money and without price, help people to help themselves. There is work enough and respectability enough, and comforts enough, for all, if only the weak and unfortunate were stimulated and helped in the right direction."

One poor fellow on the Common with a face that was really young and handsome, with a fine figure, wore a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other, and no stocking on either. He was out at both knees and elbows; and yet he smelled of rum and tobacco. "How do they manage to get these things when it is evident they have not the means to supply themselves with the essentials of life?"

The judge thought there would be no way of saving a man who was so far gone in misery and filthy habits.

The doctor thought it could be done.

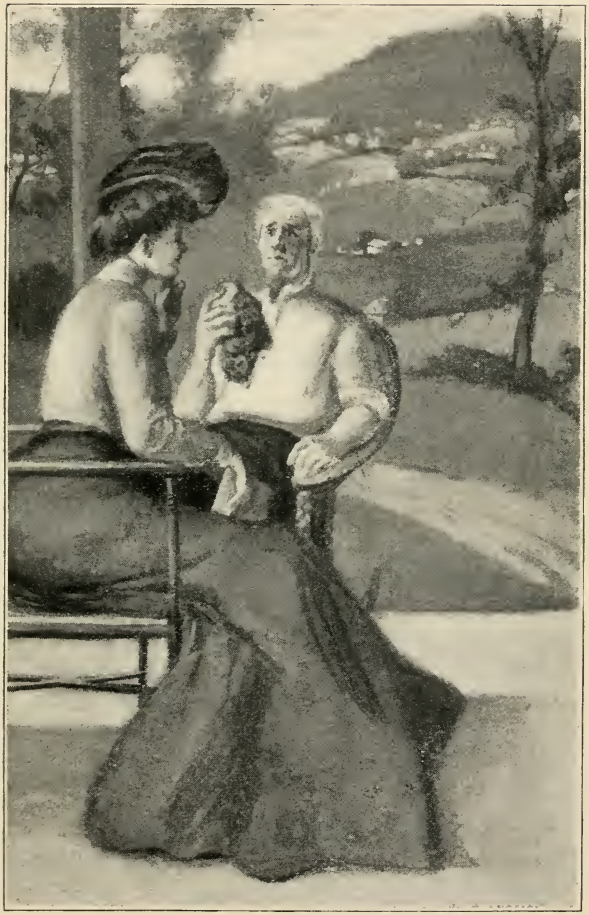
"How?"

"I would obtain an enactment of the legislature," said she, "which would authorize us to take such a man away from himself and cure him. It would perhaps be necessary to use arbitrary measures at first; but he would soon understand that disinterested benevolence was working for his good, and then he would become interested and assist in his own reformation."

We all wished the doctor might come into the possession of the millions soon; for the fields are certainly white and ready for the harvest.

Our hotel, overlooking as it did, an ancient burial ground, led to a talk on cremation, and this to a discussion of the old dogma of a literal resurrection. The Pope's recent encyclical was read wherein he emphatically condemns the custom of cremation, as making it more difficult to believe, what he calls, the true doctrine of the church.

The conflict between science and so-called religion we likened to the fight between the bull and the locomotive, of which a bystander said he was pleased with the bull's pluck, but must condemn his discretion. The Pope's bull against the comet in 1812 did not stop the comet.



LOOKING OUT FOR A SECOND WIFE. "THE LORD ONLY KNOWS WHO SHE IS TO BE," HE SAID, "BUT I MUST HAVE ONE."

[See page 10]

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was the middle of the afternoon, Friday, August 6th, when we were ready to leave Boston.

The judge had strenuously objected to over-weighting the phaeton by any baggage with which we could possibly dispense; so, greatly to the doctor's dismay, many little conveniences, medicines, instruments, and plasters, in case of accident, were left to be forwarded to Bethlehem by express.

We traveled almost as lightly as Grant is said to have done in his campaigns, with only a tooth-brush and a box of cigars.

As none of our party smoked it was agreed to leave out the cigars and substitute a little pure liquor, in case of sickness, or that the water did not agree, you know. Accordingly a Russia leather flask was filled with the precious liquid and carefully placed at the very bottom of the bag. Of this more anon.

The hotel men and stable men and everybody else seemed to have a personal interest in our getting safely out of Boston; but each separate man had a different direction to give, until we were so perfectly confused we did not know what to do. The streets are so crooked, and the crowd of vehicles was so great, that it did seem almost impossible to get through with a prancing, snorting pair of horses without a grand

smash-up. We could not help feeling a little nervous; but it is wonderful how often difficulties vanish as you approach them.

We managed to get on the track behind a Charlestown car, and so were safely guided over the famous bridge and into the more quiet town.

Bunker Hill monument soon appeared on our right.

"Here Warren fell!" exclaimed the judge, and then told the rest of the story.

"Did he?" said the traveler; "did it hurt him?"

"Hurt him!" said the first speaker; "it killed him!"

"Well, I should think it would," said the traveler, stupidly regarding the great height of the monument.

Harvard college next claimed our attention. Its high situation seemed typical of its standard of scholarship. The beauty of the buildings and the elegance of their surroundings, made the exclusion of womankind from its privileges seem all the more cruel.

A talk on co-education followed the view of this institution, but as our whole party was in its favor the discussion did not prove exciting.

From Charlestown to Medford, celebrated for its rum, we were guided by the horse-car track. This was a narrow gauge road that looked as if it was intended for a line of wheelbarrows, or Liliputian coaches; but when the cars came along we were surprised to see them of the usual size and well loaded, too.

Passing through Winchester and Woburn, guideboards pointed the way to Tewksbury. That suggested Ben. Butler's reign in Massachusetts. We found the prejudice against him very strong in some

quarters, while others were loud in his praises. The horrors of the Tewksbury almshouse were pronounced by many a tale of fiction made up for political purposes. One enthusiastic person declared he'd like to see Butler president of these United States ; but the majority were in favor of consigning him to the sustaining qualities of the "sour apple tree," originally dedicated to Jeff Davis.

We had driven about twenty miles that bright, cool afternoon when near sunset we reached the pretty little town of Billerica. The natives pronounce it Bill-ricker, accent on the first syllable, and as if they had something else beside the word in their mouth.

Hotel Stearns seemed inviting and there was a nice looking stable in the rear. There we stopped for the night. At one side was a lovely lawn of luxuriant grass. The judge led out the horses one at a time, and holding them by a long halter, allowed them to eat, and roll, and rest, and enjoy themselves. Lex took it very quietly, but Oscar Wilde kicked up his heels and pranced and played like a young colt.

In this modest wayside inn we were surprised to find souvenirs of travel in Italy, choice books, bric-a-brac and pictures. We spent some delightful hours in examining copies of Raphael's, Fra Angelico's, and Corregio's masterpieces.

"Through all that land of art and song,
Where love holds sway supreme,
We roamed and quaffed life's richest draught,
And lived as in a dream."

At seven o'clock next morning we left Billerica in a fog that was almost like rain. We sang

"When the mists have rolled in splendor,
From the glory of the hills."

But "the sunshine warm and tender" refused to "fall in kisses on the rills." The day was gray, decidedly gray. We even saw "Three gray geese in a green field a grazing. Gray were the geese and green was the grazing."

In little more than an hour we reached Lowell. When we saw the carts which sprinkle the streets covered with flaming advertisements of Hood's sarsaparilla we recalled the Irishman who exclaimed:

"'Tis no wonder Lowell is such a healthy city, when even its streets are sprinkled with medicine."

Benjamin F. Butler's handsome residence was pointed out to us, and also the Butler school which he founded in 1862, while he still had hopes of being the presidential candidate.

We passed an array of beneficent institutions, but we likewise passed many rum shops, and we could not help but observe, "How much we do for charity, and how little to prevent its necessity? We license men to manufacture paupers and criminals, and then we generously erect, and religiously support, places in which to take care of paupers and criminals."

On approaching Lowell we had left old Concord, Mass., some distance to the right. The great intellectual lights of Concord have departed; but their memories are still fresh and green.

It is said that one day when Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson were walking together, doubtless in sweet converse on some lofty theme, a Millerite crank met them, and excitedly informed them the world was coming to an end. Parker, with a sly twinkle in his eye, remarked that made no difference to him, as he lived in Boston. Emerson, with a more

serious air, answered, it would make no difference to him if the world did come to an end as he could live without it.

At Lowell we crossed the Merrimac river, and were reminded of the New England bard who, with native modesty, exclaimed,

"Sweet Merrimac, thy gentle stream,
Is fit for better poet's theme."

The old stage route from Lowell, Mass., to Littleton, New Hampshire, is called the Mammoth road, probably from its great extent. Along this the farm houses were scattered, often a considerable distance apart; and we met very few teams. This left us quite dependent on the guide boards. At almost every town we found one telling us how far it was to Nashua, N. H., and as the distance remained always nine miles, and we did not propose to go there at all, it became very amusing.

Soon after crossing the state line we began to see houses and barns joined together under one roof and the wood shed between. The reason for this, we were told, is that the snows in winter are very deep; and often it is impossible to get from the house to the barn except through the inside. Often the bank of snow will reach a depth of a dozen or fifteen feet, and sometimes a tunnel is made through which the cattle are taken out to water.

The country grew rapidly rocky and rough. The big boulders by the roadside seemed to astonish Oscar very much. At every one he would gracefully shy. The judge said it was pure affectation; but I think he was actually afraid of them.

After entering New Hampshire we found a great

scarcity of water in consequence of the protracted drought. Watering troughs were plenty, but they were mostly empty. We were thirsty as well as the horses. Observing a pump at a farm house, we drove into the lane intending to help ourselves. Lo! and behold! the pump handle was tied up. Just then a woman appeared at the door and said "he tied it up, and might not like it if we should untie it!" Some milk cans were floating in a tub, and we asked if she would let us have a little milk to drink. She said she didn't know what he'd say. The poor woman looked perplexed and distressed, but we were bound to have a drink at some rate. We produced some pieces of silver, and she filled some glasses, gratefully saying that he didn't get as much for a whole quart as we were giving for a cupful. The poor horses wouldn't take milk, and we couldn't get water, so they had to go thirsty. Some of us thought this was carrying prohibition a little too far.

About noon we reached Londonderry, a very small place in Rockingham county. There we found a comfortable looking tavern. The dinner we had there is one of the most pleasant memories of our drive. We saw the landlord gather the sweet corn, and the cucumbers fresh from the garden, while his wife prepared the meal. It was a repast fit for the gods. We were just hungry enough to appreciate it. There was a very young lady, "sole daughter of their house and heart," who, in the intervals of assisting her mother and waiting on us, gave us some really delightful music on the piano.

We were curious to know if prohibition really did prohibit in New Hampshire, and so questioned the

landlord. He said they were very watchful in that town, and nobody thought of keeping an open bar. He finally admitted that he had a little of the real "lacrymachristy" in a medicine closet for the accommodation of travelers.

Nearly opposite was a grocery store run by a young lady in the absence of her father, and the illness of her brother. She was a pretty girl of about twenty. The judge first discovered her. He called the doctor's attention to her as an interesting specimen of a live Yankee woman who had what they call there "faculty."

A well filled graveyard in the vicinity led to a talk with her on the diseases which had carried so many off.

Miss Wallace, that was the fair storekeeper's name, informed us that dysentery and typhoid fever in autumn and pulmonary troubles in the winter, were what they suffered from mostly.

The rigor of the climate was responsible for the lung difficulties ; but the doctor was not long in discovering and revealing the fact that bad drainage was the cause of the other diseases. It seemed really wicked that a place so evidently designed by nature to be free from all malarious influences, should be so polluted.

As an illustration of how the spheres of life touch each other we will relate the following personal matter.

When we complimented our host on his success, and told him he "knew how to keep a hotel," he replied that he was new to the business, having only come from merchandising, or manufacturing, I forget which, in Woonsocket, R. I., last year.

Until the mention of that name we had thought ourselves many miles away from any one who ever knew us, or anybody that belonged to us. "Do you know our brother, Dr. A. M. Payne, of Woonsocket?" we asked. Fondly pointing to their daughter, the parents replied, almost with tears in their eyes, "We owe her to his skill, and the blessing of Heaven."

With sincere gratitude and respect, and many good wishes on all sides, we said good-bye, and at two o'clock that Saturday afternoon we resumed our drive along the old Mammoth road.

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER X.

THE mountains now began to appear, looking like blue hills, they were so far away.

The distance between the farm houses increased. As we were passing through a long strip of woods we espied two men, one on either side of the road. The doctor is a little nervous, and has a constitutional fear of highway robbers. In apprehension of some such emergency she had secreted a loaded pistol in a little hand-bag that was securely strapped on the dash-board. Some of the party being prominent members of the Universal Peace Society, would have objected to any such preparation until the necessity had presented itself. When we came up to the place where the men were, the doctor's lively imagination already seeing them spring for the horses' heads and demanding our "money or our life," the judge deliberately stopped to inquire the way. Both men were so drunk that neither could tell. They made comical efforts at articulation, but the liquor had been too much for them.

The judge, of course for the information of the officers of the law, wanted to ask, "Where did you get it?" It was no use. They couldn't tell.

A retired stage-driver whom we subsequently met, told us many interesting experiences which he had had in going over this Mammoth road.

One cold day near sunset, when he had a great load of passengers, one of the wheels became hot. He could think of nothing to do but mount one of the horses and ride to a point five miles off for some wagon grease. He was about to start on this errand, leaving his passengers waiting in the road, when one of the women asked if "hair-ile" wouldn't do, and remarked that she had some bear's grease in her satchel. "That's just as good as anything," responded the stage-driver gratefully; and by the help of the "hair-ile" they soon went on their way rejoicing.

One time after the famous ice storm of 1837 he drove over this road in a sleigh. The weight of ice had bent the trees on the opposite sides of the road till they formed an archway over it. In sunlight the way was perfectly gorgeous, and even by moonlight you seemed, he said, to be driving through a world made up of brilliant gems.

At half-past four o'clock we reached Manchester, the queen city of New Hampshire. It has 40,000 inhabitants. The town is situated on the Merrimac river, which, besides being its chief ornament, furnishes the power to operate the large cotton and woolen factories.

There was no closing the stores at 3, nor at 5 o'clock that Saturday afternoon; for most of the customers were working people, operatives, and this was their shopping time. They did not stop to dress up, but promenaded the streets and filled the stores wearing their mill clothes.

The next morning at church time there had been a great metamorphosis. They had "put on their

Sunday clothes and trimmed their caps anew." The women and girls wended their way to the churches; but the masculine portion, we were sorry to observe, stood on the corners of the streets or hung about the beer saloons. That sweet Sunday afternoon these same pious, church-going girls were out walking in the pretty parks, or "buggy riding" with these same impious youths. We thought of the scripture, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

The town has a large foreign element. Side by side one sees the squalor of the old world and the thrift of the new.

In Manchester there were two first-class hotels to choose between. We went to the Windsor. In the absence of the landlord, attending to the summer hotel at Campobello, New Brunswick, the landlady took charge. She was a matronly, kind-hearted woman, fond of good living, and pleased with public life. Like the virtuous woman in Proverbs, "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." While making generous provisions, she avoided waste. In the one item of eggs she had learned to save many dollars each month. "A woman's eyes in the kitchen are worth a great deal," she said. The average quantity of eggs which her man cook had formerly used was twenty-five dozen per day. In a single breakfast order she one morning noticed that six eggs were thrown out as bad. Mrs. Baker, that is the lady's name, looked astonished. She realized that no profit was left on that breakfast. She went to the best egg dealer in town and studied up the subject. She found there was a sure way to tell the bad from the good.

"How?" we asked, ourselves interested in the matter.

"It is very easy," Mrs. Baker replied.

"All that you have to do is to 'candle them,' that is take them into a dark room and hold them one by one up to the gas light."

That Sunday morning we had the traditional New England breakfast of baked beans and brown bread. We had also fresh eggs and the most delicious coffee.

Our rooms were large and light, and prettily furnished; yet there was one misery—they smelled of tobacco. The white woolen blankets looked clean, the lounge seemed soft, and might have been comfortable, "but, oh, the smell of that not 'jasmine flower;'" that stale tobacco! Our only relief was to get out into the open air.

We took seats, in the horse cars on those narrow-gauge tracks and rode all through and around this semi-rural city. We passed immense factories, breweries and churches. We crossed and re-crossed the Merrimac river and by the Amoskeag distilleries. We passed tenement houses where whole families lived in a single room. We went through Elm street, and under an arch of elm trees, and saw elegant mansions and aristocratic Queen Anne cottages. The rum-makers and the rum-sellers dwelt in marble halls in lordly style; but the poorest of the poor places was where the rum-drinkers lived.

Within this semi-rural city are apple orchards and vineyards, vegetable gardens and corn fields. The beautiful Massabesic lake, not far away, supplies the drinking water. If all other drinks were banished

what a paradise this place would become. The one cause of poverty would be banished too.

The narrow base on which the cars run gave to them a wriggling motion, which at last became tiresome. We were glad to get out and walk. The clear bracing air made that early August day seem like September to us.

The only preaching we heard was in the public squares. It was mingled with the singing of the birds and the murmuring of the gentle breezes. The only church which we really cared to see was the First Methodist, founded in the last century by a relative of our parson; this relative was John Brodhead, afterwards elected, by the legislature of the State, governor of New Hampshire.

The Windsor hotel was surrounded by drinking saloons. Until midnight on Saturday, and all day on Sunday and Sunday night they were in full blast. That was their weekly harvest. Men came there with six days' earnings in their pockets, and went away drunk, and often penniless. One of the first sights we saw that bright, summer morning from our window, was a well-dressed, middle-aged man already gouty, limping on his gold-headed cane, coming laboriously out of the depths of a larger beer saloon after taking his early dram. "The Burgundy rose" had not only affected his toes, but it had likewise painted his nose red, and tainted his breath. How strange it is that men will sacrifice not only health and wealth, but also their good looks, to the demon rum!

The parson took it upon himself to try and find out how it was that prohibition did not prohibit

in Manchester. The only satisfaction he could get was, that the officers, although sworn to execute the law, failed to do their duty. When the evil became too conspicuous the only thing the officer did was to gently admonish the rumseller to be more quiet and not allow such boisterous manifestations on his premises.

The fact was the new law seemed to be in advance of public opinion, and so was not enforced.

The lady doctor maintained the trouble came from the fact that only the male half of public opinion had the legal power to carry out its own convictions.

The summer patrons of the Windsor were composed mostly of commercial travelers, and they were made up, if one could believe the testimony of his nose, they must have been made up of the materials which give to barrooms their principal odors.

We met there a curious case of hypochondria in which the patient imagined he could not sleep. The trouble had been induced by excessive use of nicotine. There were reasons why active medicines should not be administered. It was decided that a placebo should be given him in such a way as to act on the imagination.

A nice little vial filled with a liquid was given to the patient, and he was told that ten drops would put him into a quiet sleep which would last all night.

Lest the attendant nurse should give one drop too much or too little, the patient insisted upon measuring out the precious remedy himself. His faith had become enlisted on the right side, and the result proved successful. He slept sweetly for many hours.

The placebo consisted of a small quantity of cold tea flavored with salt.

The judge is especially fond of his horses. In this journey his principal anxiety was that they should be well cared for. It was strange how necessary his vigilance was. To simply give orders for their proper care, amounted to nothing.

"See here Mike," said the judge, "if you don't give these horses four quarts of oats apiece they will tell me when I come back."

"All right, sir," answered the hostler.

After a while the judge returned to the stable. The horses hearing his step, whinnied.

The Irishmen turned pale and confessed at once. He had divided four quarts between the two, thinking nobody would ever know the difference.

It is an actual fact that some hostlers rob the poor dumb animals, and sell the feed which should be given them. We do not approve of capital punishment as a general thing ; but in such a case, we should say hanging is the proper punishment.

We had a little talk with Mrs. Baker on the custom of "tipping" servants, and when we found that her views coincided with our own, of course we concluded she was a very sensible woman.

"There are many objections to the practice," she said. "It demoralizes the very best of them. I pay my help a fair price for the service I expect them to render to my guests. If your fee induces them to show you any special favor, it must be at the expense of some other person who has equal claim on my hospitality. Therefore injustice is done."

Monday morning, August 8, proved a fine one for

traveling. We were all in better trim for having observed the day of rest. We went by a lovely road through Suncook village, and across Suncook river, a tributary of the Merrimac, to Concord, the capital. The distance was eighteen miles, and, as one of the party observed, the country through which we passed was thickly settled in a thin way. We did not go through Hooksett; it lay at our left, forming with its river, and strange rocks, and surrounding hills, a most charming landscape.

A delightful picnic grove was near in which happy people gathered for a holiday. Young men and maidens, the lovers and their ladies, were dancing under the leafy greenwood trees, and making music in the sunshine.

The houses had a prosperous, thrifty look. One of them was Governor Head's residence.

The first place on our list for which we were to inquire the way was Suncook.

"Yer most to it capen," replied the native to whom we had applied for information. And sure enough, almost at the same instant we began to hear its ten thousands spindles which the Merry Merrimac was turning.

Our horse, Lex, is afraid of everything which looks or sounds like work. He pricked up his ears and pranced, and showed that he was much annoyed by this hum of industry.

Here we rested for awhile at a hotel which was new, and already shabby. It was five stories high, and all up stairs.

We wondered that where land was so plenty, and

must be comparatively cheap, they should preempt so much ethereal space.

It had been a frequent remark with us, as we came along, that they gave more length of land to a mile of road than we had met with elsewhere. We had thought it was because land was so cheap.

Blackberry bushes were in full bloom sending out the most refreshingly delicate fragrance. What an exquisite little flower this is! It seemed sweeter and fairer than the wild clematis that grew near and mingled with it. Other flowers which we had never before seen so early in the season, decked the way, reminding us of Whittier's verse:

"Along the rivers' summer walk
The withered tufts of aster nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk,
The gay plume of the golden rod."

CHAPTER XI.

IN this part of the country they have a way of advertising which struck us as queer. Pasted on gateposts, or trees, or fences, were placards announcing "A pig for sale," or "Cochin China chickens, inquire within." On a meeting house, were our Philadelphia Forepaugh's show bills. This latter our parson regarded as a sacrilege, for which, as a fellow townsman, he could barely help feeling some degree of responsibility.

We were within sight of the capitol a whole half hour before we reached it.

The Merrimac grew more like the Delaware. In some parts of "the old Granite state" there were patches of sand that made it seem as if a portion of New Jersey had been transported thither.

The elm trees, the maples, and especially the white birches, which ornamented and shaded the road, were not exotics we well knew. A little Jersey girl who saw white birches for the first time exclaimed, "Why, mamma! the farmers here whitewash their trees to the very tops."

Concord is a beautiful place, built on ground that rises gradually from the river. It has two principal

parallel streets. The capitol is built of the celebrated Concord granite and occupies a whole square. The number of inhabitants is about thirteen thousand, mostly retired or living on political preferment. There are very few manufactories, many newspapers, and almost no colored people.

The Phœnix hotel was the one that was honored by our patronage. We had often heard of Adam's ale, but opposite the Phœnix was Adam's ale house! It must have dispensed some beverage stronger than water; for we saw men go in sober and come away reeling. Hidden away behind the billiard room was an open bar, even in our own hotel, and almost under the shadow of the capitol. Again we had talks about prohibition. Our parson was thoroughly aroused, and waxed eloquent, as he always does when he is indignant over some great wrong. His favorite theory is that rum should be declared contraband and given no quarter. "Banish it; burn it, as you would infected rags which endanger the health and lives of the people," he said. "Suppose," said he, "liquor bills could not be collected by law, and that no insurance could be obtained on buildings used for its manufacture or sale."

Even our lawyer, who always sees plausible arguments on both sides of a question, and has even been accused of sitting on the fence, agreed that to make rum contraband was the only effectual remedy for the evil.

In resuming our drive we followed a street-car route six miles long. It led us through the great granite quarries and all the way to Penacook.

A part of the distance the cars were propelled by

dummy engines. These were worse than cable cars to scare horses. If the judge had been a less skillful horseman, or the harness proved less faithful to its attachments, we should have ended our drive then and there.

Although granite is so abundant in New Hampshire, little is used in the construction of the buildings.

Before the war, southerners used to say they sold only what they could not use ; while the northerners used only what they could not sell. There seems to be some foundation for the saying.

The judge had still another criticism for the Yankees, although, in a general way, he greatly admired them. He says he can never forgive them for starving their horses and working their women to death.

At Penacook these things interested us: A hotel over one hundred years old, an iron bridge built in Canton, Ohio, and a funeral. The mourners looked very sorrowful as they emerged from a plain little house and walked behind the coffin of the dead to the graveyard near by. It is sad to part from those we love—sad enough at any time ; but more so,

> " When the days are sweetest,
> And the world is wholly fair."

The afternoon was hot and dry, and as we drove along Boscawen plain, the sand would have done credit to the Jersey coast.

We stopped at a country inn to rest a while and take a sip of buttermilk and home-made beer. This halt was the immediate cause of a bad accident to Lexington.

When the judge took up the reins, suddenly turning toward the hotel steps, he gave the whip a flourish, thinking the horses were much too tired to become excited by it. The sudden turn or the furious spring, gave to Lex's left hind leg a wrench which almost entirely disabled it.

This was "a pretty how d'ye do;" and we nearly nine miles from Franklin Falls where we were to stay all night.

Lex, poor fellow! seemed really human in his misery, and the courage with which he struggled on. We would gladly have carried him if we could.

It was nearly sundown when we drove slowly in front of Youngs' hotel, a sadder, if not a wiser party. Here we were more than a hundred miles from our destination, and one horse going on three legs!

The horsemen at Franklin Falls pronounced Lex's trouble to be a curb. We knew what that meant, for he had one in his right hind leg which disabled him for many weeks last spring. That curb was treated at the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania, and cost us fifty dollars besides the loss of time.

There was one consolation in the present predicament. Only blooded horses ever have a curb, and they never have it twice in the same leg. Some advised us to ship Lex by rail, but the nearest station was three miles away. Some advised us to sell him, even if we could get no more than two or three hundred dollars for him.

Poor, dear, Lex! must we leave him to die among strangers?

A family council was held, in which we resolved

not to leave him. We would "flourish alike or perish together."

"Why people don't die of inanition, or loss of appetite in certain hotels and boarding houses, and never know what is the matter with them, I don't see," said the lady doctor; "and how some people can eat the food they set before themselves and their unfortunate guests, passes understanding."

Whenever we came to a place where we were treated to colored table cloths and napkins, we began to be suspicious at once. The color was used to conceal the great need of washing. The almost invariable accompaniments were sticky dishes, swarms of flies, food badly flavored, burned, or otherwise spoiled in cooking.

At Franklin Falls a fish, which had spent the night in the ice-chest on top of a watermelon, was served up for breakfast. Of course both fish and watermelon were ruined.

The doctor pushed back her plate disgusted. "The shabby, the shiftless, and the slovens are responsible for half the sickness in this world," she said.

"And the bad habits of our immediate progenitors, and our own transgressions of natural laws account for the rest of the miseries of mankind," responded the old-time parson with the new-time ideas.

Franklin Falls is the most up and down place that ever was made. It is a queer agglomeration of mammoth new buildings, factories, etc., almost along the river level; and the little, old, white New England houses perched on the high hill: with as crowded and dirty alleys as if land was scarce as well as high.

One of our party had inherited something of the spirit of chivalry, and often went wandering about

like a knight-errant in search of adventures and hoping to relieve some misery. This one of our party had found in this forlorn inn an old lady of eighty, who was suffering from a worse accident than our poor Lex.

She had arrived in a stage coach a few days before, hale and hearty for one to be at that interesting age. She was in the act of alighting from the coach, the landlord politely assisting her by the hand, when the horses suddenly moved, throwing the old lady's weight entirely upon the one limb. The bones of the fore-arm snapped off like pipe-stems.

The old lady was chatty and cheerful. She said it might have been a great deal worse. "Just suppose," said she, "my hip-bone might have been put out of joint or broken! then I should have been a cripple the rest of my days."

The room in which she lay contained a cracked mirror, black striped furniture, and a bed that looked anything but comfortable. Add to this she was far from home and among strangers. "It might have been worse," she reiterated, as we gave her our sympathy and what help we could.

The old lady's philosophy and courage under the condition in which she found herself, made us a little ashamed of our blueness.

One of the stablemen had recommended for Lexington a preparation called Vita-Lotion. The next morning he seemed a little less lame.

We determined to change the plan of our route somewhat and instead of continuing over the Mammoth road, we went to Tilton three miles away, and thence kept near the line of railroad in case we should be obliged to give up driving.

Tilton, named for its owner, was the most exquisite family village ever seen. There were grassy velvet-like lawns, ornamental shrubbery, flower beds and statuary of dolphins, mermaids and Venuses.

Evidently manufacturing pays. The residence of E. C. Tilton is one of the most magnificent in the country. The fresco of one room alone cost eight thousand dollars.

Lex proved himself a horse of wonderful stamina. The judge declared he was worth more with only three legs than an ordinary horse with four.

That day proved one of the hottest of the season. A good part of the way elms, maples and butternut trees, gave us grateful shade ; but there were often long distances without a tree or shrub of any sort. If the supervisors of public roads had the good sense to let the nice young saplings, or sprouts grow, instead of cutting all down indiscriminately and burning them as useless brush, how soon we might journey through one continuous avenue of beautiful and protecting trees.

All the houses had their door yards ornamented with flowers ; but they were mostly in tubs or on stone heaps. We wondered at this when they have all out-doors in which to grow, until we were informed that the rocks kept the flowers at a higher temperature, and the tubs were easily taken indoors on a frosty night.

We found Sanford's Lake House a very attractive spot, gay with boating parties and city boarders.

We passed along the western side of grand old Lake Winnipiseogee, and there the one of us who belongs to the old school of medicine, quoted the following caricature on Homœopathy :

"Take a little rum,
(The less you take the better,)
Put it in the lakes
Of Wenner and of Wetter,

"Take a spoonful out,
(Mind you don't get groggy !)
Put it into Lake Winnipiseogee.

"Stir the mixture well,
Lest it prove inferior,
Put a half drop into Lake Superior.

"Every other day take a drop in water,
You'll be better soon,
Or at least you oughter."

It was more than an hour before noon when we reached Laconia, the country-seat of the town of the same name.

At the Eagle hotel we rested during the heat of the day, and enjoyed a very good dinner.

A lady who was waiting for a train on the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad, entertained us by singing, "The Flowers That Bloom in Spring," "Love Sometime Comes to All," and several other of the Mikado and Little Tycoon songs. She had a splendid physique and a lovely voice ; but was suffering from Bronchitis.

Our lady doctor, though having a holy horror of being taken for one of those peripatetic physicians that go about from place to place, could not refrain from giving the stranger a prescription and some good advice which the singer evidently needed and graciously took.

Our tall horses, nearly seventeen hands high, were a great curiosity in this part of New Hampshire.

"They have run their one breed of horses up and down these hills for so many generations, its no wonder their legs are short! They have been driven in," said the judge. It amused him greatly to hear the Yankees speak of "short posted" horses, and "low studded" houses.

We had now reached the hilly country sure enough. Whenever we were on the ascent, we could trace our road both ahead and behind us for several miles in plain sight, looking high and hot in the glow of that afternoon. We drove very slowly and carefully, both on account of the heat and to favor Lex. We came to several fine stone watering troughs. At these we every time stopped and bathed Lex's limb either with the Vita-Lotion or with water.

Some farmers were working out their road tax, and we blessed them for having raked off all the little stones and making the way so much smoother and easier for his tired feet.

As for Oscar, his star was in the ascendent all the way to Bethlehem. He seemed to enjoy every moment of the journey. He never seemed weary. The moment his harness was removed he would kick and play like a boy let out of school.

This was our day in the lake country—Great Bay Lake on our left and Lake Meredith on our right, with lesser lakes all around us.

Late in the afternoon we passed through a long woods, or forest, where black bears had been seen; but only the gentle rustle of a pair of fat partridges, the crawling of one little snake, and the dead carcass of a larger one, disturbed our equilibrium.

Just as we emerged from the depths of these woods we came to a little graveyard on the top of a high rocky hill. The parson wondered if the believers in a literal resurrection had no fears that Gabriel would overlook some of these out-of-the-way places.

Several times as the sun disappeared behind the mountains, we thought it was sunset; but it was really sunset when between seven and eight o'clock we came in sight of Ashland, in Grafton county, and drove up to the door of the Squam Lake hotel, near which a lawn party, gay with Chinese lanterns, was in progress.

We were now one hundred and twenty miles from Boston. All the way we had felt as if we were driving over the map of New England. Places which until now had been a mere lesson in geography, a name, and to us an abstraction, stood boldly forth and stared us in the face as fixed facts.

One of the greatest delights of a long drive is the feeling that all outdoors is waiting on your pleasure. The sensation is something like that of flying or sailing through a wide space.

At Ashland, as elsewhere, the judge's first concern was for the comfort and welfare of the horses. What was his disgust to find there were no oats to be had. He found some relief in reiterating his firm conviction that the Yankees starve their horses, and work their wives to death.

"Statistics show," said he, "that the average is two and a half (2½) wives apiece. They kill them off so fast."

The loveliness of that night, the moonlight on the

lake and mountains was "a thing of beauty," the memory of which must be "a joy forever."

Away up here in Ashland, we found a Hallet & Cumston piano, the very facsimile of the one given to your reporter as a birthday present in her girlhood.

It seemed like unexpectedly meeting an old friend. Very soon the old tunes, "The Spanish Retreat," "The Agawam Quickstep," "Thou Hast Learned to Love Another," and "Do They Miss Me at Home?" rang out on the clear night air.

"A Negro Woman Hoeing Corn while a Lazy Boy stood looking on."

[See page 9]

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Squam Lake hotel advertised itself as an attractive place for summer boarders. So it was, in some respects, but not in all ! It was full of little pitfalls, constantly surprising the unwary by a step to go up or down.

"If I were a man," said the lady doctor, "and had a wife I wanted to get rid of, or make into a chronic invalid, I would build my house with just such vexations and wearing inequalities of surface. Forty times a day the woman who does the housework must undergo this extra muscular strain."

The bath-room arrangements were comically remote from the rooms ; through the upper hall, down a long flight of stairs, through lower hall, parlor, entry, dining-room, kitchen, another little entry, and up a flight of stairs into a loft over the woodshed ! Under these circumstances a sponge bath in a wash bowl was preferable. Life seemed too short for the more serious and complete ablution.

The principal business of Ashland is the manufacture of gloves and stockings. The number of inhabitants is about two thousand, mostly Americans. It has absolutely no drinking saloons ; but the hotel sells a little on the sly.

Waiting on the piazza while our breakfast of fresh trout was being prepared, we had a little talk with the landlord on temperance.

"Somehow," said he, "rum drinking is getting unpopular. Business men will not employ men who drink even if they do so themselves. This place has no paupers," he added; "only one man is worth one hundred thousand; several are worth from ten to twenty thousand, and nearly everybody has one or two thousand dollars ahead."

You would have thought to have heard him talk, that he was the champion prohibitionist of the town; and yet the judge had found out that he was secretly violating the law. In justice to the judge, it should be stated that he had no intention of playing the spy; but it happened in this way:

The reader will remember that the Russia leather flask, dedicated to purely medicinal purposes, was carefully placed in the bottom of the traveling bag. The bag was strapped on the rack, or what we called the annex behind the carriage. Some superfluous things belonging to the harness had been thoughtlessly laid on the top of the bag and acted as a sort of hammer as the the carriage jolted along wherever the road was at all rough. The consequence was that the glass bottle was smashed into a thousand pieces.

When at the close of that hot day we reached Ashland, the judge handed in the satchel with the remark that if he ever needed a little medicine it was then and there; but alas for human hopes! The moment the bag was opened a sorry spectacle presented itself.

The smell of the spilled spirit told of its untimely departure; but the worst of it all was the stains from that false Russia leather. The color had deserted the leather and was decorating our night robes and extra linen in a most fantastic way. Besides this the bits of broken glass were thoroughly mixed with the contents of that bag.

With disappointed and somewhat disconsolate face the judge was taking the remnants of that wrecked bottle out to throw over the back fence when he met the proprietor. The sympathy of the latter was at once enlisted, and he did all in his power to soothe the disappointment and to remedy the accident.

The morning sun was under a cloud and cooler breezes were softly blowing, when we started for Plymouth, six miles away. The Pemigewasset House, named for the river which flows through this place, is the great attraction to summer travelers.

The old town hall where Daniel Webster made his maiden speech, and tried his first case, afterward became a wheelwright shop. Senator Blair has recently bought the building and fitted it up for a public library.

Everywhere throughout New Hampshire we heard stories of the great statesman. Daniel had a brother Ezekiel, who was quite unlike him, but when he grew up became a good honest lawyer.

One time when they were young, their father gave them on a Training day, ten dollars apiece. At night he inquired:

"Daniel, what have you done with your money?"

"Spent it, father."

"Ezekiel, what have you done with yours?"

"Gave ten cents for ginger bread, and lent nine dollars and ninety cents to brother Daniel."

On another occasion the father returning from an absence asked :

"Ezekiel, what have you been doing to-day?"

"Nothing, father."

"Daniel, what have you been doing?"

"Helping Ezekiel, father," said Daniel with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"The real reason," said the parson, "why Franklin Pierce, a third-rate lawyer in Concord, was made President of these United States, and Daniel Webster was never even nominated, was because one was known to possess moral principle, and the other was known to lack it. It was observed of Van Buren that he was a northern man with southern principles; and the same was true of Daniel Webster. His political principles were positively southern.

"Daniel Webster was a man of mighty brain," said the judge. "While he lived he was a power in the land."

The parson assented to this, but added, "with the same powers we serve or curse our kind."

Inquiring the way from Plymouth to West Campton we were told "not to turn the bridge over the river, but turn the road up the stream."

We told the judge this must be another Pennsylvania Dutchman strayed into the northern clime. When asked the way to a certain place the Dutchman said, "the first house you come to is my son's barn shingled *mit* rye straw and when you get there, my poy can tell you the way so petter as I can."

Campton seemed to be a difficult name for us to

remember. We could only do it by associating it with the negro song, "The Campton races are five miles long."

Evidently there had been no rain for weeks along the valley of the Pemigewasset. The wind, what little there was of it, came from the southeast and as our course lay directly northwest, it blew squarely on our back and carried the dust with us.

The lady doctor regarded with great vexation the rapidly accumulating layers of dirt over her black silk traveling dress, and hoped she might never again be so nearly buried alive.

The summer city boarder has been a missionary or herald of civilization. Everywhere in and around farm-houses we saw evidences of the taste and care for comfort which their coming had inspired. There were pretty rustic arbors, green lawns, shady walks, inviting nooks, and seats and swings. Hammocks were no longer hung in the glaring sun, but were covered by comfortable canopies. We saw some patent arrangements of these things which would be considered treasures and adornments anywhere.

A little meeting house covered with some kind of a red wash, reminded our parson of a colored preacher who gave out a notice of a meeting of trustees "to take into consideration what color dis yer meeting house shall be white-washed."

Pelican cottage with an inscription giving the date of its erection as 1813, attracted our attention.

The parson quoted from the 102d psalm: "I am like a pelican of the wilderness;" "Mine enemies reproach me all the day;" "I have eaten ashes like bread."

For ashes we suggested the substitution of the word dust to make the scripture applicable to our case that day.

When we reached West Campton at half past eleven o'clock A. M. we had driven only fifteen miles; but as Sanborn House looked so inviting, and both the horses and ourselves were tired, we concluded to stop till the following day if we could obtain accommodations.

About one hundred people were visible on the piazzas and grounds. The probability of getting quarters seemed distressingly doubtful. The guests there were the most obliging set we ever met. One gentleman ran after the host to inform him of the unexpected arrival. Another called the hostler; while some of the ladies made room for us in the coolest spot on the veranda.

Very fortunately for us a party had left that morning; and one that had been waiting at a cottage outside, generously offered to wait one day more in order that we might be entertained. On door-mat and wall were the cheerful words, "Welcome to Campton."

At the old-fashioned hour of twelve the dinner was served. It was a splendid dinner, and such splendid appetites as we had! Nowhere did we ever see quite such perfect pies. Even a dyspeptic might enjoy these with impunity.

The little company at Sanborn's comprised many artists and other cultured and intelligent persons. They made us feel at home at once. We fraternized directly.

There was one lady from New Orleans whom we

cannot soon forget. Her history was a complete romance. She was orphaned in childhood, educated in a convent, married at sixteen to her guardian, a widow with three children at twenty-three; now again a wife and mother; this time a happy one. Her descriptions of southern life, her wonderful power of imitating negro characters, astonished and delighted us.

For more than an hour that evening sitting out on the piazza in the lovely light of the full moon, with an occasional flash of lightning from a passing cloud, in turn about the southern lady and the judge, amused the whole crowd with their delightful stories.

Then another one of our party was called upon for recitations. Several good conundrums followed.

Some one asked if we knew the difference between a Boston owl and an ordinary owl?

The ordinary owl says "te whit te who."

The Boston owl says "te whit te whom," properly using the objective case.

Ques. How is a chemist unlike an alchemist?

Ans. The chemist is an analyzer (Ann Eliza) the alchemist is a charlatan (Charlotte Ann.)

After many a hearty laugh, and with many good wishes we said adieu to our newly made friends and retired to our rooms somewhat early, as we were to resume our drive at six o'clock next morning. The last sound we heard that night was a banjo serenade and a song in our corridor, "Good night, Sallie White."

Between Sanborn's house and the mountain hotels within a radius of fifty miles there was telephonic

communication, so we were enabled to send word of our coming and engage quarters in advance.

What a marvel to be able to converse in audible tones with a person miles and miles away, across streams and over mountains!

I think it was in this vicinity that the countryman tried to telephone for the first time. He was some distance from home and thought to have a little talk with his wife Sally. Just then it happened that lightning struck the machine and knocked him heels over head. Picking himself up and rubbing his ears, he exclaimed: "That is just like Sally every time! It is a word and blow with her and generally the blow comes first."

The stablemen at West Campton had taken a great interest in Lex's case. A generous fee from the judge had undoubtedly stimulated their exertions. The consequence was they had done their work so well that when they took off the bandage in the morning his leg looked as if a strip of the hide had been peeled off. The flesh seemed perfectly bare. This was indeed heroic treatment but it cured him! There was no more limping after that. When after a few days the wound made by the vitae lotion healed, the horse was entirely well. In a week or two more the hair grew and covered up every trace of the trouble.

We left Sanborn's house after a very early breakfast. The lightning of the previous night had cooled the air considerably, but the road was still dry and sandy.

How gratefully travelers remember the shady places made so either by the design of man or the

bounty of nature left to her own devices. Along such places we always drove slowly to enjoy the comfort and beauty.

For a long distance our way lay near the railway track and many times we were obliged to cross and re-cross it, greatly to the disturbance of the doctor's nerves.

The judge tried to comfort her, saying it was only a single track and a one-horse concern anyhow.

The doctor maintained that it would be just as disastrous to be run over by one car and a locomotive as by a dozen.

"Speaking of railroads," said the parson, "how easy it would be to prevent a great proportion of the accidents by never allowing them to cross the road or street on the level."

"And how easy it would be while they were about it," said the doctor, "to have the matter just right by an enactment that the railroads should always lay four tracks instead of one or two ; and that the freight trains should never go on the passenger tracks."

On the way to Woodstock two wonders constantly presented themselves. One was the shabbiness of some places, and the other the exquisite neatness and thriftiness of some others.

The judge said when a Yankee undertook to be shiftless he beat all creation, because it was his nature to excel in whatever he undertook to do.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE of our party would not admit that a native New Englander could be shiftless under any circumstances. And it is a fact, whenever we had a chance to investigate, we found that the lazy and unthrifty had a foreign origin of some kind.

We passed one very old-fashioned place which seemed to have taken no note of the progress of mankind. A spinning wheel stood on the porch ; a roll of wool lay beside it ; and an old woman walked back and forth making the yarn just as our grandmothers did an age ago.

The wind had veered around to the northwest. Clouds were forming on the mountains, and lights and shadows were chasing each other. Gradually a haze gathered like a piece of gauze thrown over a picture.

We were to pass through Franconia Notch. As we looked ahead we saw mountain rising above mountain with meadows between.

The signs of a storm were increasing when your reporter modestly suggested that we should go on faster ; but the judge declined to do so, saying, "good horsemanship requires that you make your time on the smooth road, and spare the horses on the hills and rough places."

The road was certainly anything but smooth and level just there.

"What a splendid bridge!" exclaimed the parson, just as we had crossed a frail structure which trembled under our weight, and threatened to plunge us down the precipice that yawned below.

"Why do you call it that?" asked the doctor, pale with fright.

"Do you not know the proverb, 'Speak well of the bridge that carries you safely over?'" he replied.

At Woodstock we suddenly found wet, even muddy roads. Forming a distinct line, the dry dust ended and the mud began. Rain had been pouring all night they told us. A shower was just then falling which made it necessary to drop the curtains and don our waterproofs.

At Woodstock, a tabernacle constructed by stretching canvas over an iron frame, afforded a convenient place of worship to the summer boarders. It was a remarkably complete arrangement, with a roof and doors and windows.

In another and poorer part of the town, near a little wooden church, was a graveyard, on the stones of which we read, as we slowly passed, the names of several dead ministers. Our parson grimly remarked, "I should think preachers would starve to death in such a poverty stricken place."

"It is a curious fact," said the judge, "that in a region where, from the presence of weasels or other vermin, it is difficult to grow plenty of chickens, there the poor people are almost sure to be deprived of the consolations of the gospel. Somehow preachers object to going where there are no chickens; or if they do

go, they are almost sure to droop and die as these have done."

As we went on the mountains which had seemed to shut us in like a wall, and to terminate our road at their base, these mountains opened as it were, diagonally, and graciously allowed us to pass through, while they respectfully stood gazing down at us on either hand.

At half past eleven o'clock on the 12th of August, we arrived at the Flume House. We were chilly and tired. We warmed ourselves at the open fire; then at an altitude of 1,431 feet, we took a delightful and refreshing nap.

"Twelve and two shows what the weather will do."

When we awoke the clouds had almost disappeared. The heights which had looked blue or gray in the storm, now in the flood of golden sunshine, were lovely in a living green.

Numbers of people in wagons and carriages of every description, and on the tops of tally-ho or stage-coach, were continually arriving or departing. The house had a hundred or more extra guests to dinner that day; yet there was an elegant abundance for all.

The waiters, as we afterwards learned, were school teachers acting in this capacity during vacation. They were in a uniform of white—dress, cap and apron. They were very quick and attentive. The one especially assigned to us was tall, graceful, and particularly dignified.

When we were going away the judge whispered to the doctor, "Shall we give her some money?" "Do as you think best," the doctor quietly answered; "but

I should as soon think of offering a fee to Queen Victoria."

We thought it was only daylight; the stars were still visible in the sky Friday morning, when we looked out and saw the sun just coming up over the top of Mount Liberty.

This mountain, by the way, represents the profile of George Washington lying in state. The likeness is really very striking.

This Flume House possesses a little colored factotum, Remus, whether named for one of the twins that founded Rome, or for Uncle Remus of the "Bre'er Rabbitt" stories, we do not know. There he was, black but comely, and a character.

He was the one to take toll at the gate-way leading to that wonderful natural curiosity, the Flume. This toll-gate was the first we had seen in all the journey. The roads had been not only remarkably good but free in all New Hampshire; and so far as we went, in Massachusetts also.

Passing through the gate going southeasterly down a very steep hill about three-fourths of a mile long, we came to the chalet, a tourist's rest, and a place of sale for alpen-stocks, birch beer and souvenirs.

In descending this long steep hill the mountain wagons put on the brakes, ordinary carriages have their wheels locked or tied, and so slide down. We preferred to walk.

Just beyond the chalet we step upon a smoothly polished rock, 699 feet long and very broad. Over this rocky floor flows a thin sheet of water called the cascade. The irregularities of the surface afford dry stepping places over which you pass to the rustic

bridges, board walks, and stairs up which you climb through the famous Flume.

Imagine two granite ledges from 69 to 79 feet high, forming two perpendicular parallel walls about ten or twenty feet apart, and extending, as a trench, about 799 feet.

Through this trench the water comes down, sometimes as a merry little brook, but more frequently in dashing waterfalls and in seething torrents.

This innocent little mountain brook has eaten its way through all this 700 feet in length and 70 in height; eaten its way through the solid granite!

A man in the crowd of visitors of that Friday, a stranger, who looked like a minister, left his own party and attached himself to ours.

"How long," said he to the parson, "how long do you suppose this chasm has been forming?"

Our parson gave us a little wink as he answered:

"It could not be more than six thousand years, you know?"

The face wore an anxious look, as he again asked: "At what rate is it forming now?"

"Well, the geologists say," said our parson, who always likes to have good authority for his heresies, "at a rate which would count into the millions of years for the whole job already done."

"That is what puzzles me," said the minister," "why the work should move on so slowly now and so rapidly formerly. Could there have been any mistake in Moses' chronology?"

Afterwards, in recalling the conversation, our parson with the new time ideas, quoted Renan as saying,

"The great problem of the present age is to pre-

serve the religious spirit, whilst getting rid of the superstitions and absurdities, alike opposed to science and to common sense, that now deform religion."

"There is in these latter times," said the judge, "a spirit of investigation, or as some prefer to call it, a want of veneration abroad, which pulls to pieces the idols of the past; and woe to the idols if they are found to be only veneered instead of made of solid truth."

Between the narrow walls in the upper part of the Flume there was formerly a huge boulder caught and held suspended probably for centuries; but in the great slide of 1883 this, together with an immense amount of debris, was washed down. The debris spread through the forest, covering acres below the gorge.

The boulder was left behind in the flood and rests near the cascade, where it is fenced, not to keep it in, but to keep relic hunters out.

The slide of three years ago left a large mark on Flume mountain, which at the distance of the Flume House veranda, gives the outline of a woman and child in the pose of Raphael's Madonna.

A party of sportsmen, who had climbed the mountain a day or two before our visit, tied an old napkin to a limb of a dead tree. It is hardly likely they guessed the effect they were producing. At the hotel it is seen as a white pearl resting on the brow of the Madonna.

To reach the other great natural curiosity, the pool, we pass through damp woods that smell of fern and toadstools, and over slippery fallen logs, for a half mile or more. The pool is a freak of the Pemigewasset river. It has made a deep excavation in the granite rock that

looks as if it might have been hewn by human hands.

An odd old man, a sort of aquatic Diogenes, stays there, and takes visitors around in an ark-like boat which he propels about the dark water with one paddle and a rope. By imposing a tribute on all who com into his net he has accumulated about twelve thousand dollars.

On the evening of Friday, "Clouds lay cradled near the setting sun," and in spite of the gorgeous coloring, "We dismally thought of the morrow."

That night our parson was sick. A hearty dinner followed by a big supper, (parsons are proverbially fond of good living) and the big supper followed by copious draughts of ice water at bedtime, produced the inevitable indigestion, flatulence, distention, heart-burn, etc. After some hours of restless tossing and groanings, not loud but deep, the doctor, tired and sleepy, was called up at midnight. In that kind of colic hot water was needed. There was none to be had. How the doctor wished for the little alcohol lamp discarded at Boston as "the feather that might break the camel's back." The outraged stomach rejected all medicines. Something must be done, but what? As a last resort chloroform was applied externally. This gave relief, but produced a blister which left its mark for days.

When the parson was better, he told the story of a man in a similar case to whom the doctor had said :

"Deacon, I hope you are not afraid to die."

"No," replied the deacon, "but I'm ashamed to face my maker after such imprudence."

"Knickerbockers ought to be an indictable offense,"

said a young lady, disappointed that her brothers could not accompany her in the dance on account of their grotesque appearance. Their striped caps made them look like escaped convicts, and their checked blouses and knee breeches made them look like harlequins.

This style of masculine dress seems designed to complete the work of separating the sexes in their amusements. That work was long ago begun by billiards, rum and tobacco.

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE morning of Saturday, August the 14th, was dark with heavy clouds. It was still very early when the rain began to pour.

"Rain before seven, it will clear before eleven," quoted the judge, in his usual hopeful mood.

Sure enough, soon the sun looked softly out from between the clouds, and, although the rain was still falling, it did not seem half so wet while the sun was shining. However, the clouds closed in again and it was as dismal as it well could be when the horses were harnessed and we started, soon after eight o'clock, for Bethlehem, sixteen miles away.

The first third of the way reminded us of the Wissahicon drive. The road is smooth and hard and through a forest with water on one hand. Near the roadside at our left we met another caprice of the Pemigewasset. This time it is a basin, as they call the huge granite bowl fifteen feet deep. A white cascade falling from above makes a miniature green-hued maelstrom below.

Of the "Old Man of the Mountain" we had heard from childhood, with little idea of what it was like. When we came in its vicinity and looked up we did not need to be told, "That is it." "Oh see! see the face!" we exclaimed all together.

The profile is no delusion. The forehead, as the guide-book observes, is full where phrenologists locate the reasoning faculties, and heavily projecting in the region of comparison and observation. The nose is finely cut and straight; the thin lips are parted, as if about to speak. The chin is prominent and curved. The wisdom of ages seems stamped upon the brow.

This marvelons effect is produced by three ledges of rock which project from the side of Mount Cannon twelve hundred feet from its base. These ledges are about forty feet high. One of the three forms the forehead, another the nose and upper lip, while the third completes the vast human profile.

The trees in this vicinity are virgin forest; yet strangely enough you rarely see one over a hundred years old. A gentleman from Boston, who professed to have made a study of the subject, told us as another curious fact, that when one of these trees fall, a different kind of tree springs up in its place. Thus where an oak is growing to-day a maple or a beech tree grew a century or so ago.

The Profile House is in the wildest part of the Franconia Notch. Between Mount Cannon and Eagle Cliff there is just room enough for the house and its outbuildings.

"Franconia Notch and Crawford Notch are both great manufacturing places," remarked the doctor, who had recently been reviewing physical geography.

"Your remark surprises me," said the judge, "I did not suppose there was a factory of any kind in either of these places."

"Oh, yes there is," replied the doctor. "There

are immense cloud and fog factories. They condense the moisture and make up the storms for a large part of New England." Then she added, "Although these regions are the birth-places of the mists, there is no undue moisture or dampness in the atmosphere. 'Taking cold,' as it is called, is almost a thing unknown in this vicinity."

The lake near the Profile House and the paths about it are charming. The soil is made up of disintegrated granite, and so the walks are never muddy. This is fortunate; for April weather lasts all summer here. Only tickle these hills with a cloud and a dash of rollicking rain results.

As we emerged from the thick woods a grand scene burst upon our sight. As the clouds became lighter and more fleecy their effect on the distant mountains was that of smoke from fires. You could imagine that you were seeing a dozen Mount Vesuvii at once. On some of the tops the storm still raged; on some it was a clear and sunshiny day; while on some others still, the light and shadows were chasing each other as if in play.

We had been enjoying clear weather for some time when suddenly we rode into the storm again. The rain fell in bucketsful. We could hardly see the horses' heads or the way to drive. We were obliged to stop, to stand still, and take it as it came. Fortunately the carriage curtains were still closed, and it was only the work of an instant to draw up the leather apron, or we should have been perfectly drenched.

This proved to be a clear-up shower. The wind arose, and the clouds gathered themselves up and

rolled out of sight. In bright noonday sunshine we came upon Bethlehem. Like Mount Zion it is beautiful for situation, the joy of New Hampshire, the Mecca of hay-fever patients in August.

The altitude is only nine feet greater than that of the Flume House; but you feel as if you were let out into a large place, and as if you had reached the highest level that is attainable. You are in the center; and can look out upon all the world around you. It is not a very big world. The distant mountains form a circle and meet the descending horizon.

The town of Littleton, the largest business place in the northern part of the state, is three miles from Bethlehem. It lies towards the west, spreads out in plain sight, and gives a center and something of emphasis to the landscape in that direction.

Mount Washington, the monarch of these mountains, looms up in the east, and is the cynosure of all eyes.

Illustrating the difference between carriage and railroad travel, the judge told of the old woman who had her first ride in the cars.

"What did I see when I rid in that steam wagon? I didn't see nothing but a hay-stack and that was going 'tother way!'"

We felt that we had seen about all there was to see; and that we knew more of New Hampshire now than the natives do themselves.

At Bethlehem we were to remain for four or five weeks during the hay-fever time. We found, as the good do when they go to Heaven, a place prepared for us, and were very pleasantly received.

One who had shared our experience has remarked, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by men, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern."

> "Who'er has traveled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found,
> His warmest welcome at an inn."

From Bethlehem we drove, or rode, in different directions from ten to twenty miles each day. Sometimes we chose the old coaching roads, the highway of travel, where we met numerous other parties "on pleasure bent;" but more frequently we sought the by-ways, and sometimes followed out roads that came to an untimely end.

A favorite drive of ours was along the Ammonoosuc. A tangle of green vines and bushes separated the road and river; but through the openings we caught bright glimpses, and always we heard the music of its murmur.

Echo farm is one of the most attractive drives. It is is also a marvel in its way. A young man at the tower with a single bugle call, or a breath through his winding horn, would "Set the wild echoes flying." The responses which came back through the distant forest were so real that the doctor could hardly believe that some human beings were not concealed there ready to answer back.

The tones from the brass instruments, or those from the vocal chords, were equally imitated.

Our saddles had been sent to Bethlehem by express, and often we rode on horseback. Both horses were well trained for this purpose; but Oscar was the one who understood all the fancy steps and

antics. A single hint from the whip or spur, would make him dance, or prance, walk Spanish, or march with stately tread, keeping perfect time to invisible music. He evidently enjoyed the admiration which he excited. Often when we were passing a hotel, particularly if the piazza happened to be full of people, he would not wait for any suggestions from us ; and when, as frequently occurred, they applauded, he was so proud he could scarcely contain himself.

At such times Lex, with the judge on his back, (who, by the way, rides like the fabled Centaur, as if he were a part of the horse), would keep steadily at his work whether of trot or canter, looking meanwhile as if he despised such frivolous actions.

The lady doctor rode Oscar. The judge said they evidently formed a mutual admiration society, and were proud of each other.

The judge's abundant gray hair rather gave him away as to age ; but as regarded the lady doctor, the silver threads did not show much.

The slender figure, the closely fitting habit, and the jaunty riding cap, quite concealed her matronly maturity, and led to a funny mistake on the part of the strangers.

One day our reporter was waiting in the parlor of the Sinclair House, when an equestrian party passed in sight from the windows, and one lady remarked to another in praise of the riding.

The answer was, "O, that is nothing ! You ought to see the General and his daughter ride." She then proceeded to describe our party, and Lex and Oscar's pranks. She said there were several reports : One was that the gray-haired gentleman was a General in

the army, and that the horse had been trained there. At all events the horse now belonged to the daughter, and no one else was allowed to ride him.

On the night of the 23rd of August there was a very remarkable aurora-borealis. It consisted of a double arch from east to west in which all the colors of the prism appeared. Great clouds lay both to the north and south of these arches, and from underneath the clouds streamed forth the peculiar northern lights. Everybody predicted a change of weather; but the temperature of May continued, as it usually does in that region, through all the month of August.

One of the attractive places in Bethlehem is the Indian encampment on Strawberry hill. The special ware exhibited for sale is baskets of every variety and color. Often the baskets are made fragrant with the sweet grass which these people know where to find and how to prepare.

The Indian will never make a good citizen till he is made over entirely. One of our party thought the old-fashioned religious conversion might do something for him.

The male Indian is naturally lazy. Here is a typical one at the encampment. He wears a shiny black coat, a shabby and battered high hat, a paper collar. He smokes and cultivates all the manly vices of civilization. True to his savage instincts, he still makes a slave of his squaw. She tends the pappoose, does the tent work, and makes the baskets; while he, with idle fingers, sits tilted back in an easy position, and does not condescend to move out of his chair until we show an unmistakable determination to buy something.

In our, as we may say, enforced stay at Bethlehem, we were so fortunate as to meet many congenial spirits. We became almost like the members of one family. The names of some are household words to us now, and are mentioned in our prayers with those of our own brothers and sisters. Of course now and then a discordant element appeared among us; but all was for the most part harmony, and kindly feeling one towards another. Many in our little company of fifty or less, at the Centennial House, felt obliged to stay indoors after night-fall; and so we made mutual efforts to be agreeable and to entertain each other. Our parson did not much relish games of any kind except blindman's buff; and the judge was getting too stout for that; so the more intellectual pastime of music, reading, recitations and story telling became popular. We even had one regular lecture from the judge. He called it "A talk on the origin of a few familiar things." One Sunday night our parson with "the new time ideas" actually preached us a sermon on the text, "Do good to all men as ye have opportunity." This he did in such a way as made a deep impression on all. A little boy of ten years was one of the most attentive listeners. At the close of the sermon this little boy's mother was requested to sing a hymn. She could do it very nicely; but did not feel just in the mood to do it then. I shall never forget the earnest manner of the little fellow, as with a look of astonishment he turned to his mother and said, "Why mamma! Has not the parson just told us how we ought to do good whenever we have a chance." This appeal was irresistible.

We had at least one poet among us, and he was in love with New England. The following are some of the beautiful lines in which he addressed her:

NEW ENGLAND.

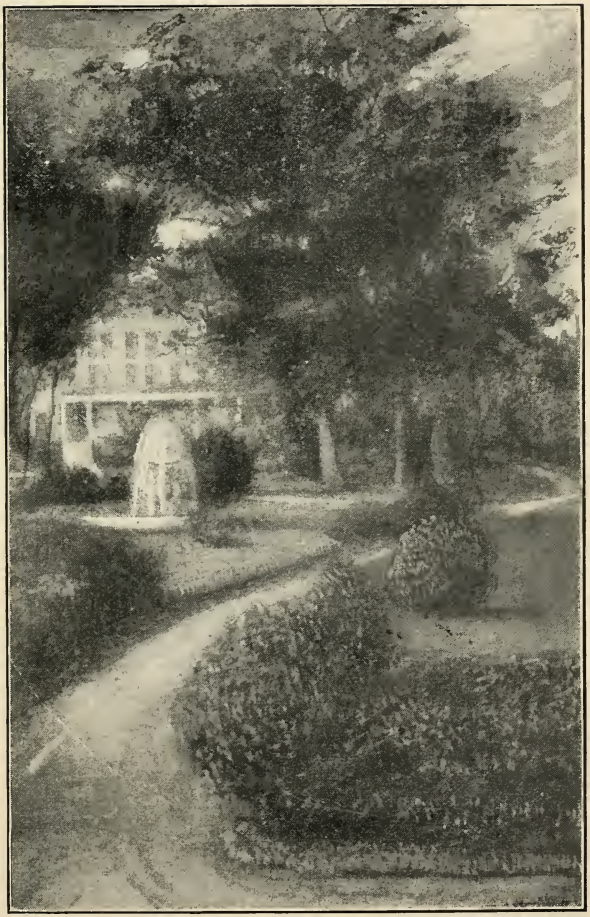
New England! Oh, New England!
There is quiet in thy hills;
New England! Oh, New England!
There is music in thy rills;
In the verdure of the valleys,
In the rippling of the streams,
There is rest for weary pilgrims
And a home for happy dreams.

New England! Oh, New England!
There is storm among thy hills;
New England! Oh, New England!
There are torrents in thy rills;
And a voice of warning surges
From thy mountains to the sea,
But its echo ever rises
In a single murmur—Free!

New England! Oh, New England!
From thy firm and rock-bound shore,
New England! Oh, New England!
Comes a loud and solemn roar;
'Tis the echo of the ocean
To the rock upon thy coast,
Like the bugle call of Freedom,
As he marshals up his host.

New England! Oh, New England,
From thy cradle of the land,
New England! Oh, New England!
From thy strong and pilgrim band,
There are freemen calling freemen,
And the sound of Freedom's blast
Is the signal for his soldiers
When the skies are overcast.

(Our poet modestly signed only his initials.)—C. S. W.



"There was one Opulent Establishment in the Village. It Belonged to the man who made the Beer and Doctored the Whiskey."

[See page 14]

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

CHAPTER XV.

(About this time the question "Is Marriage a Failure?" was agitating the literary world. Our lady doctor expressed herself so decidedly upon the subject that she was requested to write a little essay and furnish entertainment for a stormy evening.

This she consented to do; and so one night to a parlor audience, presented the following paper which seemed to be heartily appreciated.)

ANSWER. No! Wedlock may be a failure; but marriage never.

What is marriage?

Before we are prepared to discuss the question of its failure, we must have a closer conception as to what constitutes marriage.

The truly ideal marriage is a union of man and woman, so perfect, they may be truly said to be "one flesh," and one mind.

In the beautiful allegory of Eve in Eden, the twain *being one flesh* is clearly taught. In the progress of the race, in the evolution of ideas, we have come to include the one mind also.

The ideal wife of to-day is not only a lovely Eve of flesh and blood, but she is beside that, a magnificent Minerva springing full fledged from the brain of her Jupiter, and predestined to set the world astir, and lift it to a higher plane, by her John Wards and Robert Elsmeres.

Man is no longer sole prince of Intellect, but doth share his realm of Reason with his companion, woman. Henceforth, side by side, step by step, the ideal couple walk together.

> "Bearing each the other's crosses,
> Wearing each the other's crown."

I think it was Theodore Parker who compared marriage to a sum in fractions. Some, he said, were only an eighth, or a quarter married, while many others were half married, and a few were wholly so.

These last are like "mixed streams of meeting rivers, whose blended waters are no more distinguished, but roll into the sea one common flood."

Marriage is a law of nature. We meet its prototype even in the simplest forms of creation. Its object is the perpetuation of the species, and ultimate happiness of the race.

In our present state of existence food is neccessary to our existence, and a beneficent Providence has ordained that appetite shall wait upon necessity, and give us pleasure in our feeding; so marriage is for a pure and holy purpose; and love is the desire which leads to it.

Thus it has been said, "Love makes the world go round."

There are numberless persons to-day who will confess, "I am far happier married; not for all the wealth of the Orient would I be unmarried." And as to the multiplication—the replenishing the earth—how else should we be here to-night?

Whatever unborn generations may say, we *must* declare the object has been accomplished. It is a success.

Many make the mistake of confounding wedlock with marriage. Now wedlock is the legal union of two persons who publicly pledge themselves for various reasons, to remain in more or less willing community and combination.

In mere wedlock, I grant you, although it may become a heaven, there is usually a locally constructed hell.

I have seen pairs tied together at which I felt like exclaiming, "O horror! horror!! After this alliance, let tigers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep; and every creature couple with its foe."

How many such have, when too late, cried out in bitterness of soul.

> "O for a curse upon the cunning priest,
> Who conjured us together in a yoke that galls us so!"

Many a man leads to the hymeneal altar the woman who is to be his torment and his ruin. Many a woman goes to the altar, like the lamb to the slaughter, with the man, who is to be, to all intents and purposes, her murderer!

I who speak to you, have stood by and seen and heard, the death blows dealt; and I was powerless to prevent.

I know of many cases where the husband has been the direct cause of the wife's death. Yet the law could take no hold on him. There are wounds which leave no external mark; yet a physician may discover them.

Words, and even looks, can stab as fatally as knives.

I have seen those who "abroad were too kind, while

at home 'twas steadfast hate, and one eternal tempest of debate."

Who among you has not known several families where the master was an object of terror? where mirth was silenced, and all cheerfulness vanished, and callers suddenly remembered a previous engagement, when the gentleman of the house appeared?

Some men think variety the spice of life, and having by winning wiles secured a wife, seek then "fresh fields and pastures new"; but know young man, that

> "In the calm of truth-tied love there is a joy
> Which novelty's stormy raptures never yield."

I have known some one who after a few years, or months, of married life, imagined they had compassed the sphere of the one by their side; and I have found them utter strangers to each other.

What! two immortal souls, with infinite possibilities entirely fathom and exhaust each other!!

It cannot be. There has been no union yet of two souls who think they have done this.

Yes, we admit what Peter Pindar says,

> "Wedlock is a saucy, sad, familiar state,
> Where folks are very apt to scold and hate."

We insist however on the distinction between mere wedlock and marriage.

True marriage is the nurse of all that is good. "In her arms sweet virtue smiles, appearing, as in truth she is, Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again."

Love is eternal, and in true marriage, grows.

What is this which the poet Moore says to his love in his old age?

"Although my heart in earlier youth,
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it hath gained in truth,
Much more than it hath lost in fire;
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled on my brow;
And though I seemed to love thee more,
Yet, oh! I love thee better now."

I once found in a medical book belonging to a very unromantic friend of mine, and written on the fly-leaf, the following little poem addressed to the wedded one.

"We are growing old together;
When we drop the body's veil,
The one will wait the other
Within the silent pale.

"Into the grand forever
Together we will glide;
No power in the ages
Our being will divide.

"We shall grow young toge'her,
What poet ever sung
The raptures of Immortals
Who love forever young!"

As the years go by there is a gracious trust, a delicious confidence, an ever-abiding tenderness, gradually and constantly developing. There is an increasing charm of intellect, a loveliness of life and heart, a beauty of spirit, far more enchanting than the spring-time radiance of the merely physical beauty, which may have faded from the face with the first spell of sickness. "For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building (called character or self, the real person, the ego,) a

building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"; (the highest place of the soul).

We grant you that all, even in a true marriage, do not attain to this lofty ideal; but

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, it might have been."

But alas! dangers beset us on every hand. Eternal vigilance is the price of love as well as of liberty.

> "A word unkind or wrongly taken!
> Then ruder words will soon rush in
> To spread the breach that words begin."

There is always danger—

> "When eyes forget the gentle ray
> They wore in courtship's smiling day;
> When voices lose the tone that shed
> A tenderness round all they said;
> Then fast declining one by one, the sweetnesses of love are gone."

Remember love is dainty and divine. It keeps at the modest distance which itself lends enchantment. Love anticipates desire; it is obliging, and does and says sweet things.

O, maiden married, beware! The lover in the husband may be lost. "Cultivate the graces that did his heart allure. These, with thy wifely virtues, will his constancy ensure."

Honest marriage is said to be like a banqueting hall built in a garden where the delicious breaths of violets dwell. And so the garden is to be tended, the violets cultivated, and all coarser perfumes kept out.

I have seen a young man out a courting, whose kid gloves and moustache seemed both to have been

laid in lavender ; for his breath was sweet as new mown hay. But after some time of connubial felicity,

> "With vulgar smells he saluted her nose
> From gin, tobacco and onions."

But if it is important that woman retains the affection her charms have won, how much more important for the man to preserve her love and respect! How important to his happiness, to the happiness of their children—to everybody's happiness.

If any man has been wicked enough to deceive a trusting, guileless girl into thinking him an angel, let him not be weak enough to undeceive her. Let him struggle to maintain the character he has assumed.

In that way only may the offspring be great and good. It is a fact not generally known, that it matters not so much what the father of a child really is, as it matters what the mother of that child thinks he is. If she adores him, her babe will be endowed with the grand qualities which her love and imagination attribute to him.

Some pessimist has said, or sung, that one of the surest phases of love, is love grown cold ; but let us refuse to believe it.

In true marriage lovers have souls ever ardent and pure. Their affections are forever free from decline.

The husband of the good wife, the Bible tells us, is "known in the gates when he sitteth with the elders of the land"—the city fathers. "She is not afraid of the snow ; for her household (including her husband, of course) is clothed in scarlet," (red flannel, I suppose).

I met with one such case recently. A gentleman

was thrown from his carriage, and taken up insensible. As his clothing was being removed we could not but mark how immaculate was his linen—how perfect in all its appointments. Even if we had not known him, we could not have failed to recognize the fact that the patient was a married man.

Suppose some of the bachelors of our acquaintance had met with such an accident! Think of the possible revelations!

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious as are the concealed comforts of a man locked up in woman's love."

One scents the air of blessing as one comes near his dwelling place.

A good wife is man's "guardian angel o'er his life presiding, doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."

In his house "She is a light shining within, when all without is night."

If the man who has a good wife is known in the gates, no less is the woman who has a good husband. To such we would say, quoting Shakespeare, "Down on your knees and thank heaven, fasting for a good man's love."

Do you know, a woman who is conscious of the exclusive possession of a true man's devotion, never grows old? She has found the fountain of youth. The hair may turn gray, but it is a crown of glory. Even the wrinkles of age become but the lines of an added beauty. Happiness, conjugal happiness, keeps the heart always young.

The waves of affliction may have rolled over her;

for "into all lives some rain must fall;" but he has "kissed off every tear as soon as shed."

Her clothing, according to scripture, is "silk and purple."

To such a husband as hers, Mrs. Hemans said,

"I bless thee for kind looks and words,
Showered on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new!

"For the voice which ne'er to mine replied,
But in kindly tones of cheer;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here.

"I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman knew."

Just contrast this with the other side, where,

"The hour of wedlock ends the female reign!
And we give all we have to buy a chain;
Hire men to be our lords, who were our slaves;
And bribe our lovers to be perjured knaves.
O how they swear to heaven and the bride,
They will be kind to her and none beside;
And to themselves, the while in secret swear,
They will be kind to everyone but her!

Or take this one, where the young wife begins to realize that theirs is only a fractional marriage, and she mournfully says,

"How sad it will be love when we two become
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you,
And our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do.
How strange it will seem when the witchery goes
When your dream of me loses its coleur de rose,
When every day serves some new faults to disclose;
Ah me how sad it will be!"

And still we say it need not be.

Whatever else you forget in wedded life, never forget your manners. Always be polite to each other.

Would you snap and snarl at a stranger? How much less at your husband, or your wife. Carefully observe all the rules of good breeding. An appropriate present to a bridal pair is a book on etiquette.

As soon as one finds himself neglecting the little courtesies of life toward his companion, it is high time to take an account of stock—a failure is threatened in that marriage relation.

Be lovers all your lives, is the advice we give. In politics you may sometimes safely differ, but in religion never! Have one faith, and be sure you spend your vacations together. Enjoy your recreations and your pleasures in common.

The golden rule is quite as valuable here as elsewhere.

Would the husband enjoy hearing his wife rave over some handsome man? How then expect her to relish his little joke about having quite lost his heart over some fresher face, or prettier form!

Before entering upon gallantries with other women, let him ask himself, "how should I like my beloved to receive such attentions from another man?"

Not long ago I heard a gentleman say to his wife, "My dear, I know you are all right; but it would be such a mortification to me to have that coxcomb Jones think he could flirt with you; I could never get over it." Yet that same man had often publicly flirted with other ladies. It did not seem to occur to him that his wife might have similar feelings on the same subject. It was very evident he did not do as he would be done by!

Marriage will be less and less likely to become a failure, as men become more unselfish, more pure, more true, more truly monogamic.

Did you ever think of it, what is the reason a married man's opinion carries with it more weight than that of a single man? Why is the former broader and more comprehensive in his views; more honest in his policy; more charitable, and more humane?

The man rightly married is also known in the gates for a less material and even more potent reason than that suggested in the Bible. He has the advantage of two heads, which are always better than one. Before going out to meet the elders he has wisely consulted with his wife, and so has the judgment of a double intellect.

What wonder he outstrips his single brother in honor and in preferment!

It is not that men and women are so like each other, but so unlike, that we insist upon a fair representation of both.

Behold a miracle—a marvel of nature—that two halves so diverse should make one perfect person. It is this very diversity which constitutes the basis of companionship, and is an essential part of matrimony.

The individual differences are uniting differences.

"And the lord God said, 'it is not good for man to be alone.'"

In the ancient story, Adam's Eve was made specially for him. Undoubtedly there is a Jill for every Jack, a wife for every man. It is his business to discover her—to find the woman who, above all others, has the disposition and temperament so completely adapted to his own, that a union already exists be-

tween them so entire that it may properly be said, "they are not twain but one flesh."

There is such sympathy of soul, "thought meeting thought, and will anticipating will."

The motto which Lucretia Mott gave to the newly married couple was this, "In the true marriage relation the independence of the husband and wife is equal, their dependence mutual, and their obligations reciprocal."

Having adopted this sentiment, let the husband and wife love so perfectly that each prefers the other's comfort and satisfaction to his own, and then there can be no domestic strife ; then there is eternal harmony ; happiness is secure ; heaven has begun on earth ; we dwell in paradise. Then marriage is not, and cannot be, a failure. Then marriage is a grand success.

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER XVI

ONE of the most delightful story-tellers among us was an octogenarian, who for years had been warden of a Philadelphia prison.

The judge, always interested in the study of human nature, especially of criminal human nature, asked him the effect of the pardon system in his experience.

"It is evil and only evil," replied the old gentleman. "No sooner does the convict enter his cell than he begins to concoct plans to get pardoned and escape just punishment. If his plans succeed he is soon back again ; thus showing that he has no intention of reforming, but only of how he may get clear of the consequences of his crime."

Our parson said, "It is just the same with the sinner against Divine law. The moral effect of the pardon system is the same in both cases. If you believe that somebody has paid your debts in advance for sin, the temptation is to do nothing toward your own reformation, but on the contrary, to live up to the doctrine of total depravity."

When Dr. Edward T., the octogenarian above alluded to was a very young man attending Friends' meeting, there was one well-meaning, sincere woman who afforded some persons a great deal of amusement.

She would quote so at random from either sacred or profane writers.

A precocious boy about Edward's own age wrote some lines on the death of a man prominent in the community. The lines began, "Fully ripe like the ear of the reaper." The verses were anonymously published in a Friend's Monthly, and naturally fell into the hands of this "omnum gatherum."

The next First-day when Edward and another boy were sitting in the meeting with the young writer between them, the old lady arose and in the peculiar, pious drawl recited,

> "Fully ripe like the ear of the reaper,
> He met the pale messenger's sword,
> O, sweet is the sleep of the sleeper,
> Who rests in the name of the Lord."

and so on, repeating the whole poem.

This was enough to excite them; but when she added, "These words of a pious author," and went on to make the poem the text of her preachment, their excitement became too great. They could no longer maintain the serious deportment expected of Quaker boys.

As a remarkable instance of Dr. T.'s tenacious memory, we must relate one more of his many well-told stories:

"A young minister on a journey stopped at the residence of an old minister to remain over the Sabbath. The elder divine asked the younger one if he was in the habit of writing his sermons.

"The answer was in the affirmative. The old gentleman remarked that it would be wise to learn extempore speaking, as he was liable to be called

upon when no manuscript was at hand. The young man replied that he was already able to preach from any text in the Bible without previous preparation.

"After some friendly banter on both sides the young man finally agreed to preach upon any text which the other should hand him after he was on his feet to speak.

"This was on the condition that the old gentleman would follow him in the afternoon from a text given under like circumstances. The old minister himself conducted the preliminary services in the morning, and then as the young one arose handed him a paper on which was written 'Numbers xxii, 28, And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass.'

"Without any apparent embarassment the young man immediately proceeded to give the scripture narrative.

"The children of Israel with their usual push and perseverance had pitched their tents in the plains of Moab.

"Now the whole land of Moab was sore afraid because the Israelites were many.

"The son of Zipper was king of the Moabites at that time. At first the king knew not what to do, but at last bethought him of one Balaam who had a great reputation for both blessing and cursing.

"He sent messengers after Balaam forthwith, saying 'for I wot that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed.'

"Balaam consulted with the Lord over night about the message, and then he rose up in the morning and told the princes of Moab to go home, for the Lord had refused to give him leave to go with them.

"But the king of Moab would not take no for an answer. He sent yet again princes more and more honorable than they, promising to promote Balaam unto very great honor if he would only curse Israel.

"At last the Lord gave Balaam permission to saddle his ass, and set out with the princes of Moab.

"But an angel of the Lord stood in the way, an obstacle to his progress in that direction.

"The ass, with the instinct of his kind for the supernatural, saw the angel, and stood still; but Balaam, much blinder than the ass in these respects, saw nothing in the way.

"Several times the angel appeared to the ass, and when she refused to go forward Balaam beat her with a staff.

"At last the Lord opened the mouth of the ass and spake unto Balaam.

"The two then had an interesting little conversation together, when after mutual explanations they came to an understanding, 'The Lord opened the eyes of Balaam and he saw an angel.' The sight affected him more powerfully than it did the ass; for Balaam bowed his head and fell flat on his face.

"Then the angel took Balaam to task for smiting his ass. Balaam confessed his sin, but excused himself, claiming utter ignorance of the presence of the angel.

"Balaam and the King of Moab were finally permitted to meet.

"Together they went through some ceremonies of enchantment and divination, offering a bullock and a ram on seven separate altars. Balaam steadily re-

fused to say anything except the words which the Lord put into his mouth.

"He wisely preferred to obey his Divine Master to obtaining favors from an earthly king.

"Followed by a great retinue of people and princes, the king, the son of Zipper, took Balaam to a high eminence, from which he could view the hosts of Israel, still hoping to exact the coveted curse.

"But Balaam only blessed them, exclaiming:

"'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel.

"'As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as trees of lignaloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters.

"'And the king's anger was kindled against Balaam because instead of cursing the enemies of the Moabites he had blessed them.'

"As lessons from the text the young man said we could see how our perverse ways were sometimes hedged in; and also how we should respect the most humble instrument or creature which brought us instruction from the Lord.

"Afternoon came. It was the old minister's turn. He arose in the pulpit and at the same time received a paper directing his attention to Numbers xxii, 30; 'Am not I thine ass?'

"The old man started out pretty well with an eloquent tribute to the instructive and edifying discourse of the morning.

"'My own text,' said he 'is selected from the same interesting history.'

"Then he cleared his throat, and read the text

again. 'Am not I thine ass?' but after repeating it several times in confusion and much mortification, he entirely broke down with the exclamation, 'I believe I am, brother, I believe I am!' "

Our parson, who for forty years has made a study of the Bible, and can quote more scripture accurately than almost any other man, said it was really surprising that a layman of his age could repeat such a story so well.

The way they speed the parting guest at Bethlehem, with the tooting of horns and ringing of bells, is an amazement to those not accustomed to such noisy demonstrations.

A sweet little cherub, only a little more than two years old, with large liquid eyes and golden hair, his name Theodore, which being translated is gift of God, whenever this dear little fellow heard any unusual noise he would exclaim, "Party going off, mamma."

The Cherry Valley road is a shady and almost circuitous one through quiet woodland scenes.

The first time we drove around there, being unfamiliar with it, we wished to inquire the way, but the houses were few and far between. On the top of a hill and coming towards us, was a picturesque couple walking. The young man wore a red hat and knee breeches. The young lady was gay with scarlet ribbons. Of them we asked the way. "Just keep to the right," they said; "you will soon come in sight of the Prospect House and Bethlehem."

We ventured to ask if they were walking all the way round. "Oh, yes," the young lady answered. "It is only five miles! we think nothing of walking

twice that distance. The air is wonderfully invigorating."

The air was delightfully clear that morning, and when we reached Prospect House we could see the trains moving up and down the side of Mount Washington twenty-two miles away.

In this part of Grafton county the wind often attains a very great velocity. Sometimes it measures one hundred and fifty miles per hour on top the mountain, while at its base there is almost a perfect calm.

It is a curious fact that the west-northwest winds have the greatest velocity at the summit, while the southerly winds have the greatest at the foot and through the valleys.

After a violent storm, it may be for many hours, there comes lulls in the wind. At first these lulls are only for an instant; gradually they increase in length, till at last the gale ceases and the storm is over.

We were invited to a hop at Maplewood. It happened to be just at the close of one of these big storms that we went. The distance was two miles. The night was dark, with not one star to be seen, save what looked like stars, the carriage lamps, which would occasionally flit along the road. Nine of us, including the driver, were packed into one of the mountain wagons like sardines in a box.

The driver was a regular Jehu, and the way he put those "short-posted" horses over that length of road was a caution.

Our parson said it was "a tempting of Providence," and that he might at any moment run into another

team and be smashed up generally and irrevocably. But what woman was ever kept from a ball through fear of damage or danger? The ladies were in the majority in that load, and would not turn back in spite of wind and weather.

The judge danced attendance. It was plain to be seen though, through all the disguise of his native gallantry, that he did not enjoy it.

Arrived at the elegant hotel, a splendid scene of light and warmth, of music and of handsome forms and dresses, burst on our delighted eyes.

The judge declined all solicitations to join in the merry dance, saying as Henry Ward Beecher once did under similar circumstances, "I have never danced since my father used to get after me with a switch."

The ball-room was so charming that we dreaded to leave it and go out again into the storm and darkness!

"Oh night, and storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong, yet lovely in your strength, as is the light of a dark eye in woman," quoted our poet from his corner; and as most of us had dark eyes to begin with, and all looked dark in that presence, everybody felt complimented and comparatively comfortable. Nevertheless we were all thankful when our wagon reached the Centennial, and our feet rested squarely on the boards of its side piazza.

Some one told of a countryman who for the first time crossed over from Camden, and wished to express his great satisfaction at being once more on land, but made a little mistake in the Latin, and said he was "real glad to be on vice versa again."

CHAPTER XVII.

IT is expected in Bethlehem that "the strangers within her gates" will encourage and really support her numerous churches. We often felt it our duty to attend when every inclination would have kept us away.

On one of these Sunday mornings we heard a discourse in the real old style, a sort of "Brother Watkins' farewell."

On another occasion we had a contrast to that. It was the new style of preaching, much after the Mother Hubbard pattern, who went to the cupboard.

At one of these services Dr. McCosh of Princeton sat in the congregation. A more restless man than he seemed, was never seen. We had heard of a chair designed for a boy to sit on in church. The advantages claimed for the invention was that it could be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. We wished we could present one to this venerable doctor of divinity.

We thought that his evident uneasiness arose from the unedifying character of the exercises; but one day we went to hear him. It was the warmest day of the season. There was a double attraction. The Brown University Glee club was present, and there

was a great crowd of people. The reverend doctor in the pulpit scratched his head, picked his nose, and during one of the sacred glees capped the climax by talking out loud.

A little bit of a girl who was too young to comprehend the sacred nature of "the divinity which doth hedge" a priest, pointed to him and exclaimed, "There is another bald-headed father."

In the decoration of the church, the construction of the pulpit, and even in the handsome book-mark, our old-time parson with new-time ideas, discovered relics of the ancient sun and phallic worship.

Here, no doubt quite unconsciously, the artist had indicated "with delicate touches and scrupulous reserves, what no one once scrupled to worship in full faith," as symbols of life and immortality.

The great doctor read for one hour, with his nose close to his manuscript, an essay on Nicodemus.

Our parson grew weary and whispered, "How can a man learned in universal history and polemics, and famed throughout two continents, present such platitudes which any Methodist exhorter would deliver better!"

The judge laughingly suggested to us that the Glee club ought to conclude the performance by singing "Wake up Nicodemus to-day." Instead of this the choir sang what seemed strikingly appropriate to that unusually hot weather,

> "No midnight sky, no clouded gloom,
> But sacred, high, eternal noon."

An unusual number of people who had traveled abroad happened to form a part of our company. Some of them seemed to think it necessary to preface

the most trivial remark with, "when we were in Europe," or "at the time we lived next door to Sydenham palace," or "it happened when we were driving with my Lord and Lady So-and-so."

One lady, however, who had spent nearly twenty years in foreign lands, and was really a learned and very accomplished person, was so modest and unpretentious, that only by accident did we find out she had ever been outside of her native America.

One individual who had come into possession of a large amount of money late in life, and who had lacked the advantages of early education, afforded much amusement by her incorrect expressions. Of all countries in the world she admired Italy, and the particular feature of her stay there which she most enjoyed was seeing "the statooary." Most of all she liked the "Appollus Beladonna and the Dying Gladiolus."

One morning we drove up Donovan hill, and our lawyer, who seldom told a story, told one then. The narrative was suggested by the name of the hill. It was also the name of a very modest Irishman in New York.

"It was early in my law practice," said our lawyer, "when one day an Irishman came into my office and requested me to draw up a certain paper for him. He gave me his name as Timothy Donovan. The document was a long one, and the name was necessarily inserted many times. At last the legal paper was ready for Timothy's signature. What was my chagrin to see him write it Timothy O'Donovan! 'Why did you not tell me your name was O'Donovan?' I asked angrily. 'Sure and was it for the likes o' me

to be putting on airs before a gentleman like yersel?' he replied."

During the season at nearly every cross-road the little Yankee boys and girls have stands for sale of apples, berries and maple sugar. In this way they early learn to turn an honest penny.

The recent rain had made the sandy road comfortable. Clouds had partly obscured the sun and made driving cool. We had selected for the morning the road between Littleton and Franconia, along the south branch of the Ammonoosuc, through the village of Franconia. This is a real thoroughfare. On it we met loads of jolly people. With the holiday abandon, so common here, they waved hats and handkerchiefs saluting us as we passed.

We went by the Forrest Hills House, were in sight of Goodnow, and drove home around Mount Agassiz. This Agassiz, although a little bit of a mountain, it, like many a little man, makes more show than one of a larger pattern. In the circuit which we had traversed of fifteen miles or more, it was hardly ever out of sight. Its little round, bushy head, with the funny little "lookout" as a red cap, stood conspicuously forth from every direction.

Far up on one side of a mountain, looking at our distance like a good sized bird cage hanging from a wall, was the summer residence of one Gessner from Chicago. Being curious to get a nearer view of its quaint beauty, we one day when on our way to the bank at Littleton, made a little detour from the main road. Finding the way open and everything looking so hospitable and inviting, we went on and up, passing the old stone farmhouse which evidently now

serves as a porter's lodge, passing also the barn built of immense stones, and looking like a fortification constructed to stand a seige, and so it does of winds and storms. On we went up a road-way that seemed too steep for anything. The judge reasoned that where horses had been, surely ours could go. Having reached the highest pinnacle, we found the only way to get down again was to take a turn all the way around the house. Several people stared from the windows at the unusual sight of strangers in their midst. We were there, and never expected to be again ; so driving slowly and as respectfully as we could under the circumstances, we took in all the grandeur of the view.

Just as we were descending and near the porter's lodge, an impudent Irishman came out and shut the gate squarely in our faces, then with a hateful shrug he disappeared into the barn. The judge had his hands full in holding the horses, and it took the entire strength of the rest of our party to open that huge affair of a gate, and so get out of the scrape.

The amount of talent congregated in Bethlehem, judging from that in our own little company at the Centennial, must have been something enormous. We had one painter who had distinguished himself in oils and water colors. We had another artist, an amateur, whose favorite pastime was drawing or sketching the lovely landscapes on postal cards. He was a man more than sixty years of age and had never taken a lesson in his life. The vividness, correctness, and beauty of his sketches was something altogether surprising and delightful. The cards which he covered with pencil pictures, if placed together, would

form a pretty panorama of peak and gorge, torrent and eddy, precipice and plateau, forest and boulder, river and cascade, all combined to fascinate the beholder.

One pleasant afternoon we were sitting on the piazza when we heard a team coming furiously down the hill towards the south.

It was a runaway. In order that the reader may understand the story, it will be necessary to tell now, what we ourselves learned later. A mile or more in that direction lived the butcher who supplied several of the hotels with meat. Visiting him were some relatives from Dorchester. They were his wife's mother and aunt and a younger sister. Wishing to take a drive in town, the butcher let them take his horse, Nellie, on condition they would deliver a quantity of meat to the Alpine House. They had an open buggy, in it the meat, and the aunt took in her arms the butcher's year-old baby.

The horses there are trained to run both up and down the hills, and the harder you hold them the faster they suppose you intend them to go. The young lady was driving. She knew nothing of this peculiarity, and when Nellie began to run down the hill, naturally, tried to hold her in. The harder the young lady pulled, the faster the horse ran, till both became terribly excited. To enter Bethlehem street their road made a sharp turn, and near that point we knew a catastrophe must soon occur. Sure enough! Just opposite the steps leading up to our lawn the whole concern upset. The women folks reached the ground first, the meat and the wagon fell on top of them, and the horse lay flat beside them.

Our gentlemen rushed out and brought in the wounded and insensible.

Here was work for the lady doctor. Fortunately she was prepared for the emergency and had able assistants.

The butcher's baby was not one bit hurt. The aunt had held him in such a way, and so shielded him with her own body, that save the fright, he was as good as new.

The young lady remained unconscious a long time. While the doctor was searching for dislocations and broken bones, and her aid was applying restoratives, the girl suddenly opened her eyes and said :

"Mother, we must not forget to deliver the meat to the Alpine House."

That same evening a man who had been defying the prohibition law, getting the better of it, till it had got the better of him, ran into a couple of ladies who were driving opposite our house, and broke off both his shafts.

This was rather a good day for accidents. The night promising to be fair, Dr. T. invited a beautiful young lady, Miss M., to go to a concert. The age of each was expressed by the same figures, two and eight; but one was 82 and the other was 28. Several others went also from the house. Before the concert was over a sudden storm had burst upon the town. All came in dripping wet from the rain. In the darkness Dr. T. had slipped on the board walk and fallen. His wrist was sprained and the flesh torn. We poured oil and arnica into the wound, bandaged the swollen wrist, gave him hot brandy and sent him to bed. For the rest who were only soaked and chilled, hot water draughts and a pediluvium were prescribed.

About the time of the Charleston earthquake the weather in the White Mountains was unprecedently hot. The thermometer often stood at 80 degrees F. in the middle of the day. The haze in the atmosphere was so great the sun looked red and round as if seen through a smoked glass. Sympathy with the sufferers in the South was very great. From Bethlehem, as elsewhere, generous contributions were sent.

Many were disposed to be depressed and melancholy. and refused to participate in any enlivening sports and recreations ; but our parson convinced us that he who mourns and makes himself miserable over the woes which he cannot help, only adds to the sum of human suffering in the world.

"I Left You out," said the Spiteful Child.

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A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUGUST 31st, at 3 o'clock, P. M., to the music of a tolling bell, we went to the annual Hay Fever convention.

Your reporter is not a hay fever subject, but being related to it by marriage, was interested in the proceedings.

President Fay, so tall and straight, and in his gray blue suit, looked like a handsome Shaker.

In his opening speech he was too funny for anything. He rather overdid it by keeping his face so serenely serious while his lips were uttering such comicalities. He gave a long list of remedies including many patent medicines, electricity, Turkish and other baths, tag alder and amber beads, down to a well-known concoction of sugar, hot water, lemon juice and whiskey. The very latest name for the malady he said is "Choriza Vasomoter Periodicita." He told us of a hay fever subject who while shaving was suddenly seized by the characteristic paroxysmal sneezing. The razor glanced and cut off the patient's nose. In his astonishment at seeing what had happened, he dropped the razor, which, falling on his bare foot cut off a big toe. Remembering what he had heard, that a part freshly severed, if immediately reapplied, will grow to its place, he picked up one piece for his nose and the other for his toe and had them bound and bandaged. In picking up the pieces

he had reversed them. The only inconvenience however, which he experiences is, that now, whenever he sneezes he has to unbutton his shoe.

Beecher, who was formerly the leading spirit at these conventions, once said, "a happier set of sick people were never seen than those which annually congregate at Bethlehem."

The Rev. Mr. Peacock, with a doleful presence, quite unlike the gay bird for which he is named, wished to recall some things he had said last year.

"I regret to say," said he, "some things I told you then, were things I did not know."

The ever ready Mr. Fay interrupted him with "Don't distress yourself Brother Peacock ; that is not an unusual fault among the clergy."

The reverend gentleman's concluding advice was "Leave the so-called remedies to waste their sweetness on the desert air ; and fly from hay fever as you would fly from sin. 'Flee as a bird to the mountain.' Come to Bethlehem."

The great rise in the price of real estate is not strange when we realize how great a boom is this place of refuge to a large class of asthmatics and hay fever patients. One lot of land sold ten years ago for $200 now demands $10,000 cash down.

Five successive Tuesdays had been appointed by the Amusement association as gala days and each had proved rainy, and some other date was substituted. On the last of the five Tuesdays clouds and sunshine had struggled together for the supremacy as usual. High winds finally decided the matter in favor of the sunshine. The public games lasted all day, and at night Mount Agassiz was made to represent Vesuvius

in a state of eruption. Besides this there were magnificent fireworks at Sinclair Park.

The management had declared their intention to preserve the most perfect decorum ; but there was at least one bar open and largely patronized.

Late that night, long after the righteous men had "retired to their respective places of abode," we were awakened by gay loads driving by and spelling the name of their hotel, either to show they had not gone too far in their revels to be able to spell, or else fearing to forget where they were booked for the night.

A well-to-do country woman from Connecticut, who cannot afford the luxury of coming to Bethlehem to board, is glad to come as a chambermaid in order to escape her annual attack of asthma. From her we received several valuable little lessons in horticulture.

"To keep the slugs from current and gooseberry bushes there is nothing like spraying them with a solution of white hellebore," she said.

She taught us how to make a beautiful winter ornament for a bay window from the inch-plant and myrtle together. The former grows downward, and the latter fills up the flower-pot as the inch plant leaves it bare.

She was greatly interested in the fancy work the ladies were doing, and every spare moment was improved in learning some new stitch or patch with which to decorate her far away home.

"What are you up to now, Connie?" we asked, as she sat stitching away while on watch in the hall.

"Making a crazy quilt," she replied.

"O, don't call it that," said the judge. "Say an insane protector against Arctic frigidity."

Grafton county is a land flowing with milk and honey. Of course summer visitors make these articles largely in demand. Every farmer seems to make a business of raising bees. One wonders where the little creatures find flowers enough from which to extract so much substantial sweetness. It seemed to us a curious fact that those who had the greatest number of bee-hives cultivated the fewest flowers.

"What do I mean by bees swarming?" repeated the farmer with whom we talked. "Why it is the children of the hive leaving the old folks behind, going out into the world, and setting up house-keeping for themselves."

The longevity in this part of our country is quite remarkable. In the town of Wakefield we learned of four generations living under one roof. There was a young boy of five years, his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather! The child said he liked his young grandfather much the best, as the old gentleman was often cross to him.

We heard of one old lady whose daughter was seventy-four, and when she was told how sick Hannah Jane was, she sighed and said she had always been afraid she would not be able to raise that girl.

On the morning of September 2nd we woke to find the thermometer in our room standing at 54 degrees F. The board walks were white with frost. Thin sheets of ice had formed on water which stood in the back yard. Snow could be seen on the top of Mount Washington. Potato vines lay prostrate, brown and dead. The maple trees were blushing scarlet and green.

The air was clear and bracing. About 9 o'clock

we started to drive to the Twin Mountain House so long associated with Beecher. We were surprised to find that only one of the twins, which give the house its name, could be seen from it.

We had reached there so early, and the horses were in such fine spirits, that we concluded to drive on to Fabyan's for dinner.

The day was perfect. At every turn in the road a new landscape was presented to view. The Ammonoosuc gleamed in the golden sunshine. The mountains stood out clearly in the near distance. Mount Washington faced us nearly all the way.

The roads were still a perpetual marvel to us—so smooth, so hard, and although over and among mountains and hills, so generally level! The man that made them evidently understood his business.

We passed the ruins of the old mill, and the falls foaming and plunging between great ledges of granite. Plates of rock were piled on each other in a way that reminded our parson of a similar rocky mass near the Delaware River.

"Mother," he said. He was a little bit of a boy then. "Who piled up those rock plates?"

"God did it my son," answered the devout mother.

"Will He be angry if I take out just one plate from His wall?" queried the little fellow, already fearing to offend his Maker.

The Fabyan House can accommodate 500 guests at once. The parlor is spacious, covering no less than 3,500 square feet. A little yellow bird had wandered in and was flying about, seemingly unconscious that it was not out doors. The dining-room is nearly twice as large as the parlor. Its cuisine is far-famed.

On one of the broad verandas of the hotel we met an old gentleman of 77 years with whom we fell into conversation. He had been a western man for more than half a century, but liked to return to these, his native wilds. Pointing to great seams on the side of the mountain, he said, "Sixty years ago last Friday a big storm, I well remember, made those immense chasms."

The altitude of Fabyan's is 1,571 feet. That is more than a hundred greater than Bethlehem, yet the latter is undeniably cooler.

The proprietors of nearly all these summer hotels have houses in the South, many of them in Florida, in winter. Thus they vibrate, "From lands of snow to lands of sun."

Late that afternoon we returned to Bethlehem, still gazing with awe and admiration at

"The scarred old mountains,
Grand with their peaks sublime,
That stand like dauntless warders
Watching the fields of Time."

At our hotel the maidens who had left lovers received almost daily some little memento in the shape of flowers or of dainties. On an exquisite bunch of lilies of the valley was written the following pretty verse :

"She is not vain, this dainty flower,
But lends her pliant form,
To meet the motive of the hour,
And welcome sun or storm ;
For when there comes a cloud of rain,
She fills her cups with dew,
And when the warm day comes again,
She serves some up to you."

The exiled wives received few attentions and no presents from their absent lords, save one plump little woman, who got a bushel of clams and a big blue fish by express. These she had carefully prepared, and generously shared them with the whole household. It proved a very acceptable and delicious treat. It was a delicious bit of the salt seashore tasted on the White Mountains.

The 13th of September had arrived. The time of our departure from Bethlehem was at hand.

'Tis said that "absence strengthens love when the last recollections are kindly."

Our sojourn had been so pleasant that we quite dreaded to leave and take up our line of march across Vermont, down over the lakes into the state of New York, down the Hudson river, through New Jersey, into Pennsylvania. It seemed a long way home when we thought of making it step by step, as horses go. But just there lay the simplicity and the possibility of the undertaking. It is easy to take a single step, and the longest journey is only made up of these.

We were all ready to start at 2 o'clock P. M., when a heavy rain and storm of wind came on and we were obliged to stay at home, as we called it, the first night. That evening the full moon shone so brightly, and the weather had turned out to be so delightful, we were almost ashamed to have given up so easily.

At our expense one of our party told this story :

"Years and years ago, when there were no steam cars, nor even stage coaches running ; when the roads were little more than bridle-paths, a man in Rhode Island had some business to attend to in the far-off state of Vermont. A long time he dreaded the

journey. At last, when he had made his will, and saddled his horse, and provided himself with a knapsack of food and clothing, and there was no possible excuse for further delay, he kissed his wife Rachel and the little ones and set out.

"His sadness of heart took away all appetite, and so he rode all day without eating ; but towards night the gnawings of a natural hunger reminded him of the provisions in the knapsack. When he opened it and drew forth the johnnycake, and saw the prints of Rachel's fingers, he boo-hooed right out. He turned his horse about, and went home, where he arrived about midnight, to stay the first night."

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT five o'clock on the morning of September 14th your reporter, in opening the window shutters, awoke the parson, who called out,

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are."

Alas, there was not in that darkened sky

"One single beauteous ray,"

to foretell hope or joy for the day.

A singular mirage, a river broad and seemingly real, wound through all the valleys toward the north and west, and completely concealed Littleton from sight. A hail-storm came on. But that did not last very long. Finally the sun shone faintly on our undertaking.

The horses in good trim were brought to the door; our traveling traps were strapped in their place; we said good-by to a score or more of very dear friends, and with kisses and many good wishes we started.

Our route lay through Littleton, and our first point of approach was St. Johnsbury, Vermont. On inquiring the way, the direction given was—"Drive to the next town, then to the upper village, and anybody there can tell you where to go next."

The judge said it reminded him of the Pennsylvania Dutchman, who answered a similar inquiry, with:

"Yah, I can tell you the way so goot as any oder. You turn mit the stream ; the first house you come to is my son's barn shingled mit rye straw ; and he can tell you so petter as I can."

All that forenoon we had only rain landscapes ; but the darkened sky and the moist air softened the colors in the trees, and brought out the different grays in the distance. The moisture in the atmosphere helped also to distill the resinous odors from furze and fern. So the country was still charming. Add to this our hearts were gay and happy too.

The judge declared that even the horses knew we had started for home, and were glad.

At Waterford we crossed the Connecticut river on a long covered bridge. We crossed the line at the same time and were in the Green Mountain State. Leaving the river to pursue its southerly course we drove due west.

For the distance of six miles the road was perfectly lovely. Then for a while the country grew more rugged and the way more rough.

The mile-posts advertised the St. Johnsbury stores in a manner that reminded us of Sheridan's ride, "and Winchester only five miles away."

By the luxuriant growth of moss on the north side of the trees and fences we could tell the points of the compass.

There were numerous guide boards to direct us ; and this again was fortunate, for very few people seemed to be abroad. We met almost no one.

We had driven about twenty-three miles when Oscar began to look for a hotel.

St. Johnsbury is the place where Fairbanks' scales

are made. It is at the junction of three rivers, the Moose, Sleepers and Passumpsick, all tributaries of the Connecticut.

With the Passumpsick an Indian legend is connected. The landlord where we had our dinner told it to us.

He said there was a maiden, beautiful of course, the daughter of a chief, whose wigwam was at a bend in the river. She had learned a little English, and when some white men came and asked to see her father, she fearing they meant to do him some harm, excused him from appearing before them, saying, "Pa some sick;" so the white men named the river where the maiden dwelt Passumpsick and went their way.

Fairbanks was at one time governor of the state. He and his brother have most elegant residences and grounds. They are said to be very liberal. Entirely at their own expense they have founded a public library. Connected with it is a picture gallery. Bierstadt's Yo Semite nearly covers one side of the wall.

The scenery in and around the town is very beautiful and diversified. The mountains are only in miniature but they are very pretty.

Danville, where we were to spend the first night, was one thousand feet higher. The landlord said it was two hours' drive up, and only forty-five minutes down. We went up easily the ten miles in one hour and a half.

We came near being crushed by a train which gave no warning and dashed by two seconds after we had crossed the track. On the way up we passed many

sugar-maple orchards. Tons of sugar and barrels of maple molasses are annually made here.

A favorite ornament on the lawns and by the doorways seemed to be sea-lions in stone. They looked so strange and ancient that the doctor, who is of a somewhat inquiring turn of mind, wished to stop and ask some questions about them; but for once the judge was obdurate, and would not stop. She now readily imagined they were dug out from a mediæval mound, or that they may perhaps indicate and illustrate the state of sculpture and the fine arts among the rocky records of prehistoric man.

As we drove towards Danville, patches of blue sky, and now and then a gleam of sunshine appeared; and thus through an ever-moving and shifting and shining picture, we reached the Elm House, high above the clouds, and glowing in the golden rays of the setting sun.

Our room was a large one in the third story. It was light and airy, and we felt as if resting high up in the tops of the tall elm trees in front of it. The banisters shook under our hands as we climbed slowly up, and the floor shook under our feet when we reached there. Our host tried to quiet our apprehensions by telling us "that old shell had stood the storms of several scores of years and he guessed it could stand clear weather."

The mattresses were hard and made of cotton.

Thick cotton comforters as they call them—discomforters as we call them—covered the bed. We discarded them and covered ourselves with our light woolen traveling shawls. We could not so easily discard the abomination, the square-cornered bed-

stead, against which we bumped, seemingly without the slightest provocation, until we were black and blue in places ; and could easily have made out a case for assault and battery if we had been disposed to display our bruises.

We awoke next morning feeling as if every bone in our bodies were broken ; but the sunrise was flooding all the hills with glory ; and the sight of the exquisite landscape at the northern outlook, well paid us for a night of suffering.

We were at Danville proper ; but there was an East, a West, a North and South Danville ! which was decidedly confusing. "There seems not names enough to go all around," said the judge, "so they call them all Danville and done with it."

We got off early that morning. It was indeed a perfect day ; and the roads, well they were perfect too, or nearly so.

The memory of that day presents a picture in which graceful elms, brilliant maples, evergreens, firs, pines and big arbor-vitæ trees mingle with river, lake, stoneless meadows and rocky hills, in endless variety of combination.

"Devil's plum pudding," was the name which one of our party gave to the stony wastes which often lay in juxtaposition to green meadows and rich bottom land.

The topography of Vermont is remarkably unlike that of New Hampshire. It is a difference which you can feel and see rather than describe.

There was the usual trinity of roadside autumnal flowers, the purple aster, the golden rod, and the white everlasting ; but some how they seemed larger and fairer than those we had left behind.

We had gone about five miles or more, when Oscar made a mis-step and tore off his left fore-shoe. What to do? There was no place in sight, and the next town we knew was very far away.

"Well here's a howdy-do! Here's a pretty mess!" and the judge whistled dolefully.

Just then we espied a farmer cutting corn in the field. He seemed to be about sixty years old. All the farmers we had seen since leaving Boston appeared to be just about the same age. This farmer, however, was distinguished from the rest by having only one eye. To him we called and asked the distance to the nearest blacksmith shop.

"Six and a half miles," he said. "Why, what is the matter?" he asked with the characteristic Yankee directness.

Briefly we told him the situation.

"I'm no blacksmith," he said, "but if you only want a shoe put on I'd do that for ye."

Very gladly the offer was accepted. A little flaxen-haired girl, with bright blue eyes, came out into the road from somewhere, and, with bare feet and arms akimbo, watched the operation.

We had brought nails and pincers, and with these and a rusty old hammer that one-eyed farmer did the job, and did it so well that when at last we arrived at Marshfield, and the work was submitted to the inspection of a regular artisan, nothing more was needed besides a little rasping of the nail points, every one of which had been driven directly into the old holes. That shoe remained in position through all the hundreds of miles home.

When the one-eyed farmer had finished, and the

judge asked what was to pay, he said "O nothing at all;" but when the kind-hearted parson pressed a piece of silver into his hand the little blondina smiled sweetly, and the old man said, "I wish you would come along every day."

Many schools were in session, made up mostly of girls, of course, as the boys were busy with the harvest.

Often miles of the road would lay in plain sight. Then it would lose itself in the valleys, only to reappear in long stretches of delight on the hills.

It was along here that we first met the Winooski river. It was the tiniest baby river at first, but always babbling; always making a noise in the world. Snow fences were built many feet high to protect the roads from blocking up in winter.

We passed a great many stock farms, and saw many Morgan horses in different stages of development. In one green pasture beside the never still waters of the Winooski, we counted nearly a dozen Morgan mares, some with pretty colts beside them.

At Plainfield we had our first uncomfortable dinner. From there we followed the Winooski river, now rapidly increasing in size, to Montpelier, the capitol. We had crossed the Montpelier & Wells River railroad ten times; five times in the first two miles, and again five times in the last four miles. The sole advantage of a one-track railroad is that when you have seen one train pass, you know another cannot come on immediately.

Only a short distance from Montpelier we went through a very pretty forest. The judge does not often sing; his talent in that direction he says was nipped

in the bud by being laughed at in his youth. But on this occasion his soul was moved to music, and he sang loud and clear, and so sweetly that the robins and the bobolinks stopped to listen.

"Away in the lonely wildwood."

We arrived in the city two hours before dark, and so had a good chance to see it. It is on a plain, surrounded by a highly cultivated hill country.

The dome of the State house is very appropriately surmounted by a statute of Ceres, the goddess of agriculture.

The capitol building is a noble edifice of light colored granite. Six doric columns support the roof and ornament the front. Beneath the portico thus formed stands a marble statue of the hero, General Ethan Allen.

Our rooms at the Pavilion hotel overlooked the capitol grounds and the spacious verandas afforded a lovely promenade in the beautiful moonlight.

We were not a little excited to find a part of the carriage had been broken, (we did not know for how long) in such a way, the judge said, it had "been liable to let us down in the middle of the road six miles from anywhere." Why he had settled down upon that exact distance for the liability of the accident, we did not ascertain.

The town clock was near, and we found pleasure in hearing a striking bell in the night once more. For nearly six weeks we had been with

"Never a clock to tell the hours."

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER XX.

SEPTEMBER 16th we awoke to find it pouring, and we just forty miles away from our next destination. There was to be no postponement on account of the weather. Really there was little need of any delay when we could so well protect ourselves. As for the horses, they seemed to enjoy a shower bath.

But for the rain the way would have been charming. However, "things are seldom as bad as they might be," and "it is an ill wind that blows nowhere." Our hay-fever patient congratulated himself that there was no dust to bring on his symptoms.

The little rivulet we first saw the previous day had kept with us all the way. It was now a rock-bound river. At one point it meets a rocky wall that turns it directly out of its course.

The judge said "it had to make a bolt in another direction." "Hence," quickly guessed the doctor, "hence the name of this town, Bolton."

We had been recommended to stop for dinner at a village of that name, and did not know where to find it.

We inquired of a man whom we met walking beside a loaded wagon. With a strong nasal accent he

answered, "I'm just come from the *state fair and hoss show* to Burlington, and don't rightly know the lay of the land in these parts."

Finally our horses stopped, it seemed almost by instinct, in front of Bishop's hotel.

While Mr. B. assisted the judge in seeing that Lex and Oscar were well attended, a pretty young woman looked after our comfort and built a fire in an upper room. Dinner, which was soon smoking hot on the table, was so well prepared and so tastefully served, and the warmth of that fire was so agreeable, and things so generally cosy and comfortable, that we concluded to stay till next day.

The rain had ceased, but the wind was still blowing a gale from the south, when we went out for a walk to the old mill, to the river, to the station, and to the graveyard.

Here the Winooski, or the Onion river, as some prefer to call it, flows quietly enough; but we had seen it in a perfect passion of torrents only a few miles back.

On the tombstones we found some novel names. Among them I recall Averintha and U-el-en.

The town of Bolton was incorporated about one hundred years ago. It claims to be exempt from hay-fever, and never to have had a case of consumption.

The people proudly tell of a visit from Lafayette in 1825. Some years ago in Blair County, Pa., at the base of the Alleghany mountains, we slept in the very room which had been occupied by Lafayette in that visit to this country. Here again, in Chittenden County, Vt., at the base of the Green mountains, the honor was repeated.

U. S. Senator Edmunds and his daughter, we were told, frequently ride from Burlington to Montpelier on horseback, stopping as we had done, at Bishop's hotel over night.

The town of Bolton is quite extensive in territory, and has a population of several hundred; but this village is about the smallest specimen of the kind we ever saw.

The nearest church is at Richmond, seven miles away. The post office is kept at the Vermont Central Railroad depot. The place is a little nook hemmed in by the Green mountains. The heavy winter snows drift in, and often block the trains for hours. At such times the passengers and train men are fortunate in finding comfort and refreshment at this old wayside inn. Sometimes in the night whole carloads of people arrive there cold and hungry, and must stay till snow ploughs and extra engines have opened the road. The Bishops always contrive to give the benighted travelers hearty cheer.

"If it is Christian work," said our parson, "to give a cup of cold water, what must it be to give cupsful of such delicious hot coffee as they make, and also chickens and cakes to those who are almost ready to perish!"

The pretty young woman who waited upon us turned out to be the landlord's daughter. She was a young lady of cultivation and refinement, and educated at the convent in St. Albans. She could speak French like a native, and play and sing divinely, yet she was not too proud to act the part of waiter girl in her father's hotel.

That evening we amused ourselves with her books.

The selection of authors showed a fine literary taste. In an album some poor fellow had written his experience thus :

> "War and love act many parts,
> War has spears, and love has darts,
> War breaks heads, and love breaks hearts."

That night the wind blew a gale that shook the house. If it had not been for this bright young creature we should have been blue.

We were sixty miles south of the Canada line. The Vermont Central which runs through Bolton, makes a bee line almost to the St. Lawrence river. The commerce between these parts is considerable. It seemed curious to hear these people talk of Montreal as if it were already one of our American cities.

A lovely morning dawned after that windy night. Between 8 and 9 A. M. we left Bolton with regret and resumed our drive to Burlington. It was an easy road to find. We had only to follow the lead of the river, the line of the railroad, and the telegraph poles. Mount Mansfield and the Camel's Hump were in plain sight most of the way.

"The cattle upon a thousand hills" were peacefully grazing. A warm wind blew from the southeast. Judging from the twist of the tree trunks, and the trend of the branches, this must be here the prevailing wind.

The Winooski river ran through green pastures, and the parson quoted :

"He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for

thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"How beautiful! how precious!" exclaimed the lady doctor, moved to unwonted enthusiasm, by the aptness of the quotation, and the impressive manner in which it was given.

"Shall we say," said the parson, "that the 23rd Psalm, and some other parts of the Book, the incestuous story of Tamar for instance, are alike sacred? are both inspired, both equally divine?"

Under the shade of a spreading chestnut tree by the roadside, we stopped to rest awhile and enjoy the cool breeze.

A parent pumpkin vine, with high aspirations for the future of its progeny, had sacrificed itself in one huge effort at climbing. It had reached the very top of the high stone wall, and there laid in its yellow blossom, the young embryo. In the field, the pumpkins had grown to be large and golden ; but this pumpkin-head, like many in a higher grade of life, seemed not to have improved its superior opportunities. In that conspicuous and favored position it still remained green and undeveloped.

"The farmer will not think that thing worth picking," said the judge. "It will not be fit either for pumpkin pie nor pudding."

At the present writing the snow is laying about two feet deep along that road. From the top of that wall the snow is probably partly blown off, and that shiftless pumpkin, whose parent did every possible thing for it, and who did nothing for itself, is lying there in its white shroud, still green and useless, and now frozen stiff from the cold.

We should have thought the environs of Burlington more beautiful if we had not been obliged to approach it so slowly. It was nearly noon of a very warm day, and for several miles out from the city the roads were dry and heavy with sand. Add to this the vehicles used in that part of the county are about four inches narrower than ours; and so the phaeton had to cut one rut for itself to match the one about six inches deep in the sand on the other side.

As you look westward over Burlington, the lovely Lake Champlain with its surrounding hills is at your feet. Beyond these the Adirondacks lift themselves in ridges like the waves of a tumultuous sea.

Few places so fully combined the advantages of city and country. Broad grounds surround many elegant and tasteful private residences. Grand old trees add greatly to the attractiveness.

On College Hill, the highest point, three hundred feet above the lake, is the Vermont University, the corner stone of which was laid in 1825 by the Marquis De Lafayette.

Two women, Mrs. M. L. Fletcher and her daughter Mary, founded the Fletcher Free Library.

Burlington is admirably situated as a great commercial centre. Its lumber interests are the most extensive of any. In the distribution of this commodity it is already the fourth city in the Union.

At the Van Ness House we ran into the big crowd of the State Fair, the one that the rustic whom we met near Bolton had come from and called "the Far."

There is an unusual wealth of piazza about the Van Ness. On the one overlooking the lake we wished to

sit, but a powerful breeze had sprung up which would not permit us to wear hats nor hardly our own hair.

The table, fortunately for us, is a bounteous one; and notwithstanding the hundreds of hungry guests, we enjoyed a substantial and sumptuous dinner.

Horse cars are as yet something of an innovation here. There is only one line. Lex and Oscar were resting and enjoying their oats while we took a car-ride to the factory village of Winooski. A handsome pair of sleek Morgan bays drew the car.

After getting out of town there was a stony waste of a mile or so, where no passengers were to be taken on, or let off; and there the driver loosened the brake and just let those horses run. If it had not been for the flying steeds in sight, we might have imagined the cable had slipped. Well, since that day we never think a horse car-ride is necessarily a tame thing.

At Winooski we discovered our river, more rough and rocky than ever, but caught and tamed, and harnessed, and hard at work turning mill wheels. When its labors are over it enters the heaven of Lake Champlain.

Judge William Weston, of Burlington, had not long ago deceased in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was an old and dear friend of our judge, and indeed of our entire party. We knew his remains had been sent to Burlington for burial, and in selecting this especial route we had made it really a pilgrimage to his grave.

Toward evening, when the sun was sinking in the golden west, we started out to find his tomb.

Judge Weston once sent us his picture accompanied by the following original lines:

"I send you here a picture fair,
Of my old-fashioned face,
You'll know it by the curly hair,
And wrinkles, wanting grace.

"The time once was, 'twas long ago,
When I was young and bold;
The years have changed all this you know,
As I am growing old.

"But 'tho I'm old and traveling on
To a happier, better home,
Where lov'd ones wait to welcome me,
And cheer me when I come.

"Yet still I love to linger o'er
The months and years gone by;
And cherish friends of other days;
Such friends as you and I."

Before going to reside in Brooklyn he had been one of Burlington's most prominent and respected citizens and so we had little trouble to find where they had laid him. It was a lovely spot not far from the ever-charming lake, and under a maple tree whose leaves were still green and untouched by the early frosts. There quietly beside his first and second wives he was resting.

The old sexton kindly allowed us to take a tiny branch from the tree above his head, and then with "Sweet memories of the past and bright hopes of the future," we left him, "as honest and as true a man," the judge said, "as the Lord ever made."

DINGMAN'S WATERFALL.

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."

[See page 49]

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER XXI.

SATURDAY morning there was a mackeral sky; the clouds they call mare's tails were flying, a gale from the southwest was blowing, and there were white caps on the water. And yet the signal service displayed the clear-weather flag.

We had engaged passage for ourselves and horses over the lakes Champlain and George, on that day.

"I don't think these natives understand their own weather," said the lady Doctor, who has a nervous dread of stormy water.

By breakfast time, however, these disturbances had all disappeared, and the day turned out to be as beautiful and bright as heart could wish.

As an illustration of how little use it is for some people to try to shirk their work, and play Jonah, we will relate an incident which happened in this connection.

On Friday evening our doctor found in the parlor a lady who was suffering from a spasmodic cough which was very distressing.

Now our lady doctor has an idea that it is a part of her mission in life to act as a sort of "spare-hand" in the profession, and to do the work which no other will do, or that no other is near enough to do. On this occasion, however, she tried to persuade herself that this case was no affair of hers, and when she could

endure the sight and sound no longer she ran off to her own room and went to sleep.

In the night that sound of suffering several times smote upon her ear. She reproached herself for not having attempted to relieve the sufferer and to have saved many others from having their sleep disturbed.

At breakfast time the sick lady was seated at the same table and directly opposite her. From some conversation between the lady and her husband, it appeared that they were to be passengers on the same boat that day. Then the doctor's courage arose and she offered to try to relieve the unpleasant symptoms. The offer was gratefully accepted. Fortunately the prescription acted like a charm, and afforded immediate relief.

For the lake now known as Champlain, the Indians had a name which meant "The gate of the country." It was an important point in the rude warfare between the Algonquins and the Iroquois. It afterwards proved itself an important point when England and France spent life and treasure fighting for its possession.

The white discoverer, whose name the lake now bears, named it, seemingly in sarcasm on account of the quantity of blood spilt there, Lake Saint Sacrament.

The elegant and commodious steamboat Vermont was full of passengers that bright Saturday morning. The air was clear and bracing. The water calm, and reflecting heaven's own azure blue.

The Green Mountain ranges on our left and the distant Adirondacks sinking into the horizon along our right, and stretching both north and south for a hun-

dred miles or so ; the lake gemmed with green islands, and reflecting the lovely banks and braes as in a mirror ; all this and much more furnished a delightful and ever varying panorama.

Besides our patient, in whom we continued to be interested, there were some other people on board who afforded us entertainment.

There was a bride and groom on whom this grand scenery was all wasted. They saw nothing save the light in each other's eyes. They used the same pocket handkerchief without a consciousness of the absurdity of the thing.

Out on the deck was an old man making love to a young woman in a red bonnet. He sat leaning over toward her in such a strained position so long, and in the very cool wind, that our doctor feared he would get rheumatism, or contract his death cold, but "Love some day must come to all," and in this instance it seemed to have come very grotesquely.

"There is no fool like an old fool," whispered an elderly lady, no doubt aggravated by the knowledge that her own charms were departing, and by the thought that her own husband might be enacting this tableau of December and May sometime.

There was an English snob on board with a light gray suit and a long plaid ulster. He wore the traditional eyeglass, and seemed to despise this "blasted country."

The wind was full of pranks that day, and among other comical things it did, it lightly lifted an old lady's velvet polonaise and disclosed to the gaze of possible pickpockets, a bag full of money tied on behind.

A young lady, who evidently lacked common sense and discretion, was traveling all that one hundred and fifty miles over which these boats go, in a thin white muslin dress and slippers.

The upper saloon was heated and would have been very comfortable but, alas, for the perversity of human nature, the doors to the windward side were constantly opening and shutting, while the one opposite was not used at all.

We were glad to meet on board the Vermont Mr. Barney, the polite general superintendent of the Lake Champlain Transportation Company, with whom we had correspondence before leaving Bethlehem, and again saw at Burlington in relation to taking our establishment over their entire line, including Lake George. We were glad to be reassured by him that their boat on the latter lake would certainly be held waiting for us while we drove the five miles between the two landings.

At Westport, N. Y., just opposite Vergennes, Vt., we were informed that only ten miles away was John Brown's old place, one of the depots of the underground railroad for slaves running into Canada. Some fine voices sang "John Brown's Body."

Soon after leaving Crown Point an excellent dinner was served on board the boat. We were just through it when we arrived at Fort Ticonderoga, where in the old Revolution Ethan Allen, the daring leader of the Green Mountain boys, surprised and captured the British Fort, the surrender of which he demanded "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

At this historical spot we landed. The horses were

soon harnessed, and we started on a race with the steam cars which carried the rest of the passengers to take the steamer Horicon at Baldwin, five miles off.

The horses were in fine spirits and we drove rapidly, not wishing to cause any unnecessary delay. Away we flew over the road at the rate of a mile in seven minutes.

In just thirty-five minutes we were in sight of the landing. To our utter consternation the boat was moving away. I never saw the judge so agitated. His face was white and his voice shook as we stopped and asked a man who was coming up from the landing, if the boat had really started or was only turning around.

It had really gone the man said, but by driving very fast we might possibly catch it at Rogers' Rock, two miles away. On we drove faster than ever, but only to have the same experience over again. The Horicon was standing out, its walking beam was in motion.

We were left ! Where we were, or what to do, we did not know.

It was Saturday afternoon, and we did not know there was any accommodation for travelers within fifty miles. And if there were, Saratoga and the Unitarian convention, and the United States hotel, were expecting us early on Monday.

Again we inquired, this time for a place to stay over Sunday.

"Why right here," said a man. "This is Rogers' Rock Hotel."

The house was still open, although most of the summer guests had gone. Its location is charming ; so

was the proprietor, and the few people who remained. The building is on a rocky eminence quite above the water. Our rooms were on the south-east corner, looking out over the silvery waters, and affording a view never to be forgotten.

We explored the mountain paths and shady nooks, and tried the rustic seats, and rested in the beautiful bowers, went down to the water's edge, and from the sandy bottom watched the pickeral and the perch at play.

Then for a long time we sat upon the rocks observing the squirrels laying in their winter store. A little fellow would go up a tree, run out on a branch, and bite off a dozen or more acorns or hickory nuts, letting them fall to the ground; then descending, he would test them to see if they were wormy, quickly peel off the outside bark, pack a load into his mouth, and hurry away with them to his residence under the board walk.

Thus we wandered about in this Eden-like spot without a thought of personal danger; but if one-half the snake stories we afterward heard are true, we wonder we ever returned to tell the tale.

It was afterward told us as a fact that the men who hire out for the season at Lake George, are required to hunt and shoot rattlesnakes for an hour every morning before the guests are up. They often find them on the board walks and even in the dining room.

In a little council which we held, we concluded that we would drive on the next day, Sunday, (considering it a work of mercy and necessity), as far as we could towards Saratoga, thus making up for this enforced delay.

When we told the landlord of our plan and asked his help in arrranging the route, we became aware that we were in a sort of enchanted castle from which we could not easily escape.

He said we would have to drive back to "The" village, go over very bad roads to Sabbath Point, and there the road really ended. Then if we insisted upon going further we must cross on a flat-boat, go through the town of Putnam into Vermont again ; and from there it seemed doubtful whether or not we could ever get to where we wanted to go.

Well ! then we gave up all thought of getting away by carriage, and concluded to content ourselves as best we could till the next boat went over the lake on Monday.

The judge found some relief in writing General Barney, of Burlington, a letter. Happily, as the sequel will show, no mail left Rogers' Rock that night, and the next day the letter was recalled from the landlord's post office box.

A delicious supper, agreeable company, parlor games, and some interesting conversation, put us in good humor, and we slept sweetly. At five o'clock the next morning your reporter was awake. Gazing from the window far down the lake, something which looked like a miniature steamboat appeared. Gradually it came nearer, and grew larger. Then we aroused the judge, saying, "O look ! they have sent a boat after us." "Nonsense !" was the only response he made; and turning over was soon sleeping audibly again.

The rest of our party watched till we could make out the name "Horicon" on the side of the vesssel;

then we knew we were sent for. Soon the boat touched at our wharf; the captain sprang ashore, and we saw him walk rapidly up the hill. We heard our host say as he came through our corridor, "They won't go." Your reporter opened the door and shouted, "We will go."

The deck hands helped the hostlers take the horses and phaeton on board while we were dressing.

The judge told the captain he was glad to go with him, but wanted his breakfast. "Breakfast is waiting for you on the boat," the captain said.

Then the judge asked the landlord for our bill.

"It is already settled," was the courteous response.

On board we were introduced to Captain Manville's wife, their two daughters and a niece. With them we had a very pleasant breakfast. Afterwards they vied with each other in attending to our comfort, and in pointing out the places of interest along the line. This was our first sail on the silvery surface of Lake George. It was an event ever to be remembered with pleasure. We have no words with which to express our delight in this picturesque and charming scenery. The many islands add an attraction all their own. One island had the shape of the dome of the cathedral; another which they call Sloop island, we mistook in the distance for a small ship under full sail.

Of course we were curious, as no doubt, the reader is, to learn why we had been so unceremoniously left the day before.

Captain Manvill's explanation was entirely satisfactory.

He had received the order all right on Saturday morning; but at Baldwin he had a large excursion

party on board. There was a drinking saloon near the landing, and several of the young men were drinking heavily. Fearing they would get so full that they would cause a disturbance on board, and perhaps injure his boat, he thought of nothing but of getting them away from the temptation, and thus he forgot the special order to wait for us. When he reached Caldwell, the end of his route, a dispatch was handed him from General Barney, who, in some way unknown to us, had found out we had been left. The dispatch recalled us more emphatically than agreeably to mind. It read :

"Find the Westbrooks before seven o'clock Sunday morning, and take them to Caldwell."

Mrs. Manville told us they had passed a sleepless night, not knowing where we were or what might have happened to us. Before daylight dawned they had started on their search. They had certainly found us in very comfortable quarters, and aside from the disappointment and excitement which we had undergone, no harm had come. The amende had been handsomely made.

When we had come nearly the entire length of the lake, thirty-five "liquid miles," winding sweetly along between verdant hills, and among the two hundred islands which dot its surface, we had become so steeped, as it were, in the marvelous beauty that we could have sailed on forever.

> "No more no more,
> The worldly shore
> Upbraids me with its loud uproar!"

The judge was, as usual, the first to recall his "tranced sense." He walked up to the captain's office to settle.

"There is nothing to pay," said Captain Manville. This gentleman, by the way, we are glad to see from the New York papers, is recently re-elected to a seat in its legislature. The duties there and those on the Horicon do not conflict, as they, of course, occur at the different seasons of the year.

As soon as we were safely at Fort William Henry Hotel, the judge wrote to the Lake Champlain Transportation Company, asking as a favor, that the captain should not be censured. On our arrival home we found a letter waiting from General Barney, saying that a violation of orders was a grave offense in their company; but inasmuch as we had sustained no injury, and at our request, the matter was overlooked.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE unusual sight of the Horicon out on Sunday, and making no stops, created much comment on shore. Some suspected that Captain Manville had the Cleveland party on board.

Arrived at the southern end of Lake George, we drove up to Fort William Henry hotel. Imagine a piazza 334 feet long and 25 feet wide, with rich Corinthian columns 30 feet in height. Imagine this at night, lighted by electricity, throwing a semi-sunlight over thirty acres of ground, made elegant with ornamental shrubbery, fountains and flowers, and reflecting far out on the waters of the lake. On the steps of this piazza we met some old acquaintances, the McS——s of Philadelphia.

"How did you get here?" they exclaimed in surprise.

"We came on the Horicon," our doctor quietly replied.

"That does not run on Sunday."

"It did to-day," she said. "It came purposely for us."

After enjoying their amazement a little while we told them all about how it happened.

"That trip did not cost the company, or the captain, less than fifty dollars," somebody told us who knew about such things.

"They saved more of real value than they spent," answered another. "They saved their reputation as a magnificent and reliable corporation."

Over the dining-room door at the Fort William Henry hotel is the legend, "Hold the Fort." It is worth while to do that, the dinners are so nice. Some idea of the size of the house can be obtained from the fact that 1400 Westinghouse incandescent electric lights illuminate the rooms.

Our chambermaid was an immense creature, "proportioned to the size of the rooms," the judge said.

That evening we were treated to a grand pyrotechnic display from the heavens themselves. A shower, with heavy thunder which reverberated among those high hills, and lightning that eclipsed the electric lights, lasted for more than an hour.

Monday morning, September 20th, the sun was still struggling with the clouds when, after an early breakfast, we started for Saratoga Springs. The first nine miles we had a plank road, which was almost as smooth as a house floor. We paid twenty-four cents toll, and thought it well worth the price.

In going to Glens Falls we passed over several historic spots, and the scene of one of Cooper's novels.

At Glens Falls we crossed the Hudson river. A succession of falls, making altogether a descent of fifty-six feet, and presenting a picturesque sight of rushing waters, gave the name to this beautiful village.

The streets are broad and well shaded, and there are many attractive and handsome houses. We stopped to rest at the Rockwell house a little while.

There we found our bride and groom of the previous Saturday. "It is a great mistake for people to start off traveling when they are just married. They should wait till they are better acquainted," said the lady doctor.

"It made my heart ache to see how homesick that bride looked. I know she had been crying and may-be wishing for her mother."

For several miles after leaving Glens Falls we encountered a sandy road that made us wish for another two-shilling toll-gate.

As we approached Mount McGregor we had alternate sunshine and squalls that were almost snow. This was not strange as our road lay along the edge of the Adirondacks. Hotel Balmoral, and the Drexel cottage with all its sad associations, with distress and death, crown the summit of Mount McGregor, 1300 feet above the sea.

In all the drive of thirty miles to Saratoga we saw but two settlements of any size. We could not help contrasting this with certain parts we had been over in New England, where the villages were strung like beads on the winding thread of the road.

We drove into town at the same instant as the train, which started from Lake George two hours later with our friends from Fort William Henry hotel, entered it. We all reached the United States hotel at the same time, and claimed the rooms we had engaged weeks before.

Although this hotel covers seven acres of ground and contained several hundred apartments, the gathering clans at this Unitarian convention were so many, every bit of space was soon full. It would

seem that this is the established church in Massachusetts. And indeed many delegates were there from all parts of the country and from some foreign countries. It was a brainy national and international gathering of liberal christians, and of Christian Liberals, and of some who would accept the name liberal and discard the term christian altogether. We were only "Lookers on in Venice," and so were at liberty to enjoy all these shades of opinion. James Freeman Clarke and Edward Everett Hale of Boston, G. Vance Smith of Wales, Stopford Wentworth Brooke of London, and many other brilliant lights in the religious and literary world were present.

The opening sermon was by the poet preacher, John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn. His subject was "The Divine sufficiency," from the text, "Our sufficiency is of God." He emphasized the fact that it is as shocking to the Jew and to the Unitarian to see the other sects worship the man Jesus as it is to them to hear the divinity of Christ denied. "Why do they slight the Holy Ghost?" he pertinently asked, "if as they profess to believe, these three are one!"

Our parson quietly said to us as we walked out in the clear starlight, "The Unitarians are not emotional like the Methodists, nor logical like the Presbyterians. While the Universalists think God is too good to damn anybody, the Unitarians pride themselves on their respectability and think themselves too good to be damned; and it seems to me they are not very wrong in their estimate of themselves."

Our doctor said "It seems to me that Unitarianism has been to the religious world what homeopathy has

been to the medical. In each case the old system has been modified and softened, and made less obnoxious and less bigoted."

Before we slept that night we had a refreshing draught from the ever delightful Geyser springs ; and early in the morning we walked out to quaff health from the Hathorn.

A part of the forenoon was spent in the reception of the foreign delegates. In response to the speech of welcome, G. Vance Smith said :

"You Americans are schooled in the art of flattery. At home we modestly considered our greatness quite local. We come here and are astonished at being told that you know all about us, and appreciate our works. Crossing the water from England to America has seemed to us a pleasant sort of death from which we find ourselves enjoying as it were a posthumous fame."

We did not confine ourselves to attendance upon all the meetings, and should not attempt a full report of the proceedings if we had.

That afternoon we took Lex and Oscar out for a little exercise to some of the various springs and lovely lakes in the vicinity. A high wind was prevailing, and it was a little too cool for our comfort, but the horses were in fine spirits and enjoyed it.

The Methodist church being large and commodious is hired for this biennial convention. The pastor in charge attended nearly every meeting and sat on the platform, and often made some bright little speech as Methodist ministers know so well how to do. He has since, as we see by the papers, been "hauled over the coals" by his less liberal brethren, and made to

back down from some of the nice and complimentary things he said then. When, for instance, he observed that it was the Unitarians who discovered the humanity in divinity, and the divinity in humanity, we thought the fact was very handsomely stated. One cool day he grimly said, "if any one is suffering, we will be glad to give the convention a little fire from below."

A certain crank who had some control over the matter, refused to allow the gas to be lighted under the galleries; and to those who sat there he constantly alluded to as "they who sit in darkness."

Tuesday the convention, in about thirty minutes, raised $11,000 with which to rebuild the sister church thrown down by the Charleston earthquake. Enthusiasm ran so high that some thought it owing to the Methodistic influences remaining in the Methodist building. The church was filled to overflowing. It was very curious to see a dozen or more ministers of the Unitarian denomination around that altar.

"Come kneel around the altar,
Kneel around the altar."

softly hummed our parson, remembering old revival times.

We had been longing for the luxury of a Turkish bath ever since leaving Philadelphia. Besides that, the sudden change of weather at Saratoga had given us a cold; and for a fresh cold our favorite remedy is that kind of a bath. At Dr. Strong's on the hill was the only place where one could be obtained. We missed several essays which we wished to hear, and went to Dr. Strong's, but only to be informed that was not the day for those of our sex!

In no very good humor we returned in time to hear Minot J. Savage, of Boston, on immortality.

It was a masterpiece in its way; finely portraying the tendency of modern thought, and sustaining spiritualism pure and simple. We were glad to see he has the courage of his convictions; for, it required no small amount of heroism to stand in that eminently respectable presence and advocate an unpopular belief.

At the Women's Auxiliary Conference, presided over by a woman, and attended almost exclusively by women, we had the anomaly of Edward Everett Hale called in to do the praying!

"No man can pray better than a woman," said our doctor quite indignantly. "The lives of most women are one continuous prayer; while men only pray occasionally, on state occasions, as it were, and often only to be seen and heard of men."

One of the most interesting sessions was that devoted to the consideration of "Religion in its relation to Labor and Capital."

To hear some labor agitators talk one would imagine there never was a time when poverty was so prevalent. Hon. Carroll D. Wright denied that progress increases poverty. He drew a fine contrast between the almost universal poverty of the past and the comparative plenty of the present.

One speaker told of some of the great improvements in agriculture and of the labor-saving machines which had proved a blessing. He described a farm in Dakota, of thirteen square miles, where by aid of machinery, the average production was five hundred and fifty bushels of wheat to one man's labor.

The great changes made in commerce by the opening of the Suez canal were explained in a truly edifying manner.

Hon. David A. Wells illustrated how we are conquering time and annihilating space by modern inventions and improvements. He said the last thing he did as he left his home in Boston was to wire his agent in Calcutta to buy a certain quantity of hides and gunny bags ; and if he could not charter a proper vessel to buy one immediately. The answer received at his hotel the next day was : "Have bought the vessel and am now loading."

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON Friday we had a long ride through Judge Hilton's Woodland Park. It contains eleven hundred acres and is ornamented with beautiful statuary and traced by miles of macadamized roads through meadows and forest. It is said that A. T. Stewart's money built it ; but a large and ever-increasing public appreciates it.

We stayed in Saratoga till the last Unitarian gun was fired ; the great sociable held ; the hordes of ministers and laymen dispersing ; then we gathered up our lines and Saturday morning, September 25th, drove towards Albany.

As we went along we congratulated ourselves on the "Feast of reasoning and the flow of soul," of the week just ending. The parson said "We who are on the border land of Liberalism and Orthodoxy can go in and out at pleasure and find pasture everywhere."

"Our party," said the lawyer, "does not seem to belong to that large and respectable class who are determined to learn nothing that their mothers did not teach them."

"While it is no kindness to a chicken to pull its shell off till it is ready to come out, you cannot put a chicken back into its shell when once it gets out," responded the judge.

The doctor, who is slightly more conservative than the rest, said, "It is not very healthful, nor comfortable, to take the old hair off a colt until the new hair is ready to grow."

There were two ways to go to Albany ; and if one person told us which was the better, the next person would recommend the other way. Under these circumstances we found it difficult to decide.

Fortunately both ways were the same for the first seven miles. At Round Lake we must choose between them.

"The right man generally turns up at the right time," said the judge, when at this point, also called Slab City, we met a man who looked as if he might be the county sheriff. He had lately driven over both roads, and he told us the one through Loudonville was decidedly the better.

Our parson told of a man in prayer meeting, a farmer from this region, who said he could fellowship all denominations. He said it made no difference to him by what road one went towards Heaven. "When," said he, "I sold my wheat in Albany, they never asked by which road I came, so long as my wheat was good."

At a place called Crescent we crossed the Mohawk river over a bridge nearly twelve hundred feet long. It was the broadest river for its depth we ever saw. The Erie canal crosses the river on the same bridge. The canal leaked considerably, and this water from above falling into the water of the Mokawk below, produced a strange sound which made Lexington dance with nervous fear all the way over.

We came through a very fertile farming region.

The domestic fowls were allowed to run in the grain fields and were about the fattest ever seen.

"These turkeys," observed the judge, "little think how soon Christmas is coming and they will be invited with pinioned arms, to sit by the fire and warm themselves."

At Latham Corners we passed within three miles of a whole community of several hundred people who were waiting anxiously to see us. We had no idea we were so near their place.

"If there is anything in psychology," said our somewhat skeptical doctor, when several hours later Elder Galen Richmond, the visible head of the community, informed us of the fact that we had been so near, "if there is anything in psychology, we ought to have been conscious of an unseen influence; we ought to have felt an irresistible drawing in that direction."

"Do you remember," said the judge, "how the horses showed a disposition to turn toward the right just there?"

"Shall it always be," said the parson, "that Balaam's ass will know more than his master?"

About noon a storm came on. We arrived at Steamboat Square in Albany between one and two o'clock, in a pouring rain. The afternoon, however, passed comfortably and cosily with a whole household of cousins who had gathered to meet us. At 8 P. M. quite a crowd of them came on board the Drew to see us off.

On the Drew, one of the elegant water palaces belonging to the river, we floated down the Hudson so quietly, we slept like babies in a cradle.

"In the flow of this noble river
Down to the open sea,
Is a song of the Bountiful Giver,
A wonderful song to me.

"Along with ripple and laughter,
Into its quiet repose,
Not dreading for once the hereafter,
The beautiful river goes.

"With glances now shy, now tender,
It hurries away from me ;
Its own glad life to render
Up to the mighty sea.

"O mystical, beautiful river !
I gather a lesson from thee ;
To give my life to the Giver,
As thou givest thine to the sea.

"For just as the ocean's caressing
Fills up the river again,
So God pours the tide of His blessing
Into the lives of men.

"So journeying along on this river
I learn this lesson you see ;
As I give my life to the Giver
He giveth His life to me."

When we awoke Sunday morning the sun was shining on the Palisades near Weehawken. The Palisades appear hear as an unbroken precipitous wall more than three hundred feet high, and twenty miles long.

This remarkable belt of trap rock has at some remote period been forced up, undoubtedly by volcanic action, through the red sandstone formation. The immense mass which faces the river in vertical columns, gently slopes towards the west and affords charming sites for the residences of rich New Yorkers.

We had chosen a Sunday morning for landing in New York ; as then the streets are comparatively clear.

The horse-cars formed the only obstacles in our path as we wended our way through the lower part of the city, and crossed the great Brooklyn bridge, several hundred feet high, over the East river, to one of our dear old homes on Brooklyn Heights.

Greetings with our well beloved friends were hardly over when it was time to start for Chadwick's church in order to hear a sermon from Simmons of Minneapolis, that we had missed at Saratoga.

The judge had already heard the essay, so he remained behind to enjoy the pleasure and the refreshment of both soul and body, he calls it, which is to be found in the Turkish bath ; and nowhere in such perfection as in Dr. C. H. Shepherd's establishment, the oldest one of the kind in America.

Mr. Chadwick prayed in his inimitable way that makes you feel as if he were taking you with him into the very holy of holies, and into the Divine Presence. Then he presented his people with a rich slice of the convention, as some parents take home to the children a piece of plum cake from a party. Then Mr. Simmons spoke of "The divinity in man." The speaker said many interesting and remarkable things. He showed that man is a great creator, producing new forms of vegetable and animal life. The prophet Isaiah in his conception of the Almighty had only got as far as God weighing the mountains. Our astronomers weigh the whole solar system, and by the spectroscope find out what the sun itself is made of.

The Unitarians will never possess the world. They lack personal magnetism and they are lacking in sociability. They need a new introduction every time they meet you.

A member of one of these churches told us she had been attending at one place since she was a little girl thirty years ago, and yet there were not a dozen people whom she should expect to speak to her if she met them on the street. Behold how these brethren must love one another!

At dinner that day we met a life-long friend of Theodore Parker and of Horace Greeley. He was an old-time Abolitionist, and also like Greeley a Vermont man, and self-made. Like Horace Greeley again he is a distinguished journalist. He is Oliver Johnson, formerly publisher of the New York Independent.

For thirty-nine years he said he was a husband without a sign of a baby in his otherwise happy household. Then suddenly losing all he had in life to live for—his wife—in two years after, there came to him, through the kind administrations and womanly interventions of the authoress "H. H.," a second charming companion and the sweetest girl baby in the world. The child is now ten years old, with flaxen curls and lovely blue eyes. Gratefully they named her Helen Hunt. The mother and child are now the comfort and stay of his old age.

Connecting with the Pennsylvania railroad is a line of boats called the Annex between Brooklyn and Jersey City. Monday morning, September 27th, we crossed with horses and phaeton on one of these boats.

Through Jersey City and through Newark, a land flowing with liquor and lager, we had more difficulty in working our way than we had in all of the rest of the journey put together. The people of whom we inquired were positively so stupid, and so stupified, they could not tell us how to get to the next street.

There was an average of at least one rum shop to every corner, and half the men we met were bleareyed, red necked, bloated and shattered.

"If rum only caused ruin and deformity to the present generation it would still be sufficiently dreadful," said the doctor, "but just think of its effects that are being transmitted to unborn children, and to children's children, even to the third and fourth generations. The drunkards themselves are the most effective temperance lecturers that I know."

On a very long bridge we crossed the Hackensack river. Here we met the third toll-gate on all our route. The marvel was we found so few.

At Newark we were attacked by the first mosquitoes we had seen this year. They were so savage they actually drew the blood. It would seem that those who live among mosquitoes become so inoculated that they do not suffer from the poison as strangers do. This little creature flourishes mostly in malarious districts and "It may be," said the doctor, "in some way which as yet we are not wise enough to comprehend, the two poisons counteract each other."

We were very glad to get beyond the entanglements of Newark streets and strike into Frelinghuysen avenue, which is macadamized through its centre and has a roadway of Nicholson pavement on either side. Passing over this for five miles we come to the bankrupt town of Elizabeth. Robbed by those whom she had chosen to protect her interests, her taxes are enormous. It is difficult to sell property there as the assessments are greater than the rent.

We dined at the Sheridan house that day, and then went out to view the place.

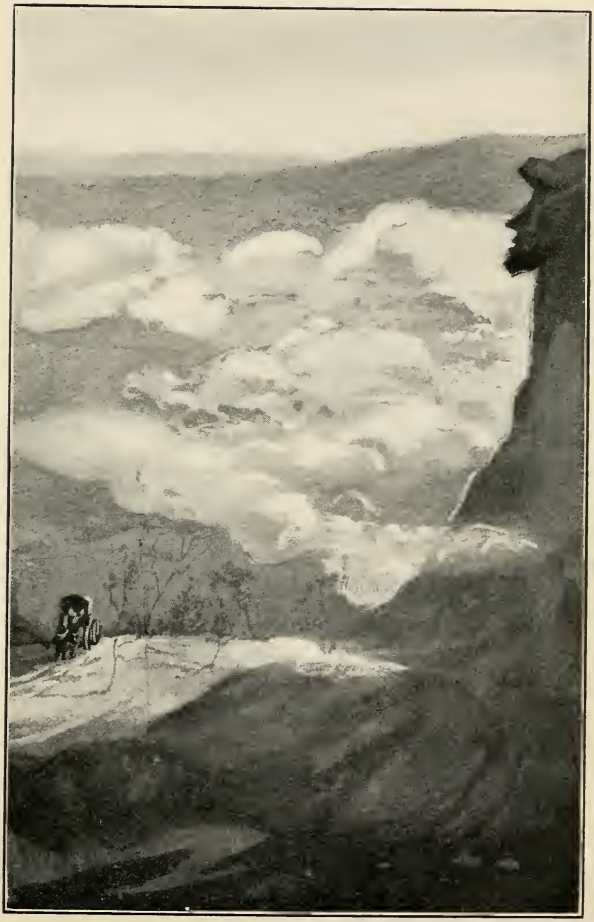
In 1847 our parson, then a very young man, was "stationed" as the Methodists say, over the church in Elizabeth, as the place was then called. The building is now very much dilapidated "as well as the Orthodoxy which he taught then," our parson said.

One of his former parishioners was G—— G——, whose residence still ornaments Jersey avenue. By his own persistent efforts he had amassed an amazing amount of wealth, but having had no early education he was the laughing stock in the society in which he attempted to move.

One day, having invited a select party to dinner, he was pointing out the various treasures on his extensive grounds, when some one inquired about a clump of pretty green shrubbery.

"Them," said Mr. G——, "them is squinches." Upon examination they proved to be quinces. On one occasion there was considerable excitement when it was found that Mr. G—— had bought up all the centre lots in a new cemetery. It was supposed he had done this on speculation, but when he was called to an account for it, he said not so. He had bought them for himself. He had done it to prevent being buried so near a certain man whom he detested, that when the devil came after So-and-so, he, G—— G——, might not get carried off by mistake.

One brother Fox, a butcher by trade, once came to the young pastor in serious concern over the question of cutting his nails on Sunday. He said that the preceeding pastor had told him it was a sin, and that it could not be excused on the plea of its being "a work either of mercy or necessity."



"THE JUDGE BROUGHT HIS FIERY STEEDS TO A STANDSTILL SO SUDDENLY AS ALMOST TO TAKE THEM OFF THEIR FEET."

[See page 97]

A SUMMER DRIVE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUR horse Oscar had taken cold coming down the Hudson river. He was quite under the weather. A noted farrier kindly recommended for him a preparation of aconite root. The druggist to whom we applied refused to deliver the medicine until our doctor presented him her professional card and prescription papers. She commended his caution, but wondered if he would have been as careful if we had asked for strychnine, fusil oil and alcohol in the form of whisky.

Over the smooth red sandstone road, and with the beautiful Blue Ridge on our right, we drove through Cranford, Westfield and fashionable Netherwood, to spend the night at Plainfield in the City hotel.

The cars of the Central railroad of New Jersey went thundering by every few minutes so near to our apartments as to shake the beds. Besides this, there were loafers in the bar-room talking loudly till past midnight; and there was not the slightest means of defense against mosquitoes. The night was hot, and what with fighting them, and the noise of the trains and others, we slept but little. A very provoking thing about it was we had come about ten miles out of our way to be treated so badly.

Our host at Elizabeth had evidently wished to send guests to his father's hotel at Plainfield; and so in directing our route failed to do as he would have been done by. He certainly took the stranger in, when he sent us out towards Plainfield.

Our parson, however, is of that glorious temperament which finds some blessing in every adversity. He said it was not likely we should ever have had so good an opportunity of visiting the scene of some of his earliest labors, trials and experiences.

In the itinerancy of Methodism it had been his lot to spend the year 1844 in charge of the Plainfield church. The salary was then so small and the expenses of a family so great, that he had to borrow twenty-five dollars with which to move away to his next appointment.

The old parishioners are mostly under the sod; but a grand church has been erected, and the minister's remuneration is increased at least four-fold, so undoubtedly are likewise the expenses.

The richest man in that congregation was a tailor who employed a great many girls. About thirty of these belonged to the church. They clubbed together at Christmas, each contributing one dollar, bought material and made a handsome cloak for their young pastor. The present was spoiled for his pleasure, however, by the garment having no cape. Not venturing "to look the gift horse in the mouth," he never told them of this lack to his comfort; or they could, no doubt, have readily made the coveted addition. As it was, he felt obliged to wear it, and bravely accepted it as a cross that he must take up.

At a rich member's house where he was invited to

remain till the parsonage was put in order, there was a family of children and a housekeeper, but no lady of the establishment appeared. The gentleman was not known to be a widower; yet no mention was made of his wife. There was an air of mystery like a dark pall. It was finally discovered that the wife was a maniac, and was confined in a distant part of the house, where no one was allowed to see her. There she died, and thence she was buried with no investigation, and but little ceremony. Subsequent developments led to the conclusion that there had been foul play, and that the sanctimonious husband was a very bad man.

Our parson told us of another man whom he knew there who was very ambitious to join the M. E. conference. He had eight children and a nice plump wife. The conference refused his application on the ground that the churches were mostly poor and could easier support single men than those with families. One day he confidingly told our parson he thought the Lord was about to remove the obstacle to his entering the ministry. His wife was very sick, and if she died, he could give away the children.

From Plainfield we set out early, hoping to reach Trenton before night. We drove first towards Bound Brook.

The judge had some reminisences to tell of the first railroad between Philadelphia and New York. He well remembered when the rails were simply bars of iron nailed to strips of wood. When an end was seen to lie up loosely the conductor was expected to stop the train, and go forward with a hammer in hand and drive in the spike.

We passed over the old tramping ground of two "circuit preachers" whom our parson had known in his youth. One was named George Banghart and the other Manning Force. The folks used to say that George banged at their hearts, and Manning forced them into the church.

There were plenty guide-boards along the roads, but the inscriptions were fading out, "like the theology of this Dutch Reform region," the parson said.

The favorite direction given by those we met was, "Straight ahead, sir."

Often in following out this formula, we would come straight up against the fence of a field of some kind; and the road would turn at right angles in two directions; and nobody in sight to tell us which one to take; and the old guide-board so faded, we could not read it even with magnifying glasses. It was very provoking. At such times when the doctor felt like fretting at "Horrible Jersey," the judge would say, "Keep your patience, Sallie."

This expression referred to a story of a woman who suffered from colic. A good Quaker preacher called in to comfort her. As the spasms of pain would come on, and her features would writhe with agony, the sympathetic Christian brother would serenely say, in soothing tone, "Keep your patience, Sallie, everlasting patience, Sallie."

At Bound Brook we made a halt, and seriously undertook the job of finding out the best way to reach Trenton.

The first resident we asked plainly told us he did not know. If he were going, he should buy a ticket,

and the conductor would tell him when to leave the train.

There stood the cars at the pretty little depot, with the locomotive letting off steam and seemingly in haste to start. For a moment we almost wished we could take that convenient way of getting over the ground without the trouble of real travel.

By this time a half dozen Jerseymen were gathered about us. They all talked at once, and no two agreed on any one route.

Our parson said they were like a set of ministers of different denominatious, each insisting his way to Heaven was best.

We finally decided to go through Middlebush, Little Rock Hill and Kingston. The day was fine, although a little too warm and dry. There was a great scarcity of water, and the only refreshment we could procure at the farm houses was buttermilk.

Aside from the effects of the drouth, the county of Somerset through which we drove that morning, was very fertile and although a little flat, was beautiful. We traveled through the interior of the state and were in plain sight of New Brunswick though five miles away. In New Hampshire and Vermont we could often see our road for miles as it was lifted over the high hills ; and here in Jersey we could see it straight and hard and red, lying on the level plain.

At Kingston, on the Millstone river, which forms the boundary line between Somerset and Middlesex counties, we stopped for dinner.

The hotel was a tumble-down affair that had recently come into the hands of a young Frenchman. He had begun some needed repairs ; but the surround-

ings and the outbuildings were still in a shockingly unsanitary condition that readily accounted for the landlord being down sick with malaria.

We happened there in the midst of a great murder excitement. Both parties of the tragedy had been on a protracted spree. They were husband and wife.

"How often a woman goes to the matrimonial altar with the man who is to be her murderer!" exclaimed the doctor. "The murder is not always publicly known; it is nevertheless just as really a murder."

"In this case," said the housekeeper, to whom the doctor was talking, "the woman killed her husband; but I suppose turn about is fair play, he had often tried to kill her. I think," she continued, "the fault was largely in the liquor they used; for when I was a girl, they made in these parts ten quarts of whisky from one bushel of wheat. And now from the same quantity of wheat, they make by the help of strychnine and other maddening things, sixteen gallons of stuff."

The dreadful deed did not stop the drinking. The parlor in which we sat was adjoining the bar-room, and there black and white were carousing in broad daylight.

We left in disgust, feeling we had had an undesired glimpse into Pandemonium.

"If woman did teach man to eat, he took to drink himself."

Crossing the Millstone river we entered Mercer county, and drove to Princeton, the seat of the great New Jersey college and Theological seminary.

"O'er Princeton's sands the far reflections steal,
Where mighty Edwards stamped his iron heel,
Yea, on the hill there old beliefs are found,
Fast as if Styx had girt them nine times around."

The town is pleasantly situated on a ridge commanding a fine prospect.

The buildings are commodious and attractive. The students crossing the campus, or loitering under the shade trees, looked proud and happy. The doctor could not go by without inveighing against the injustice which excludes one-half our people from the enjoyment of these exalted educational privileges.

Tennyson says,

"The woman's cause is man's,
They rise or sink together,
Dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

From Princeton we drove on ten miles further in a south-westerly direction, "Rolling on through dust to the destiny" that awaited us in the wake of the democratic convention which nominated Green at Trenton.

We passed through a region abounding in Revolutionary associations. The Assanpink creek is still shaded by willow trees, which suggested to the Indians its name. Here Washington fought one of his battles with the British, and the creek, it is said, ran red with blood.

The Democrats had just broken camp when at 6 P. M. we reached the American House in the Capital of New Jersey.

The stairs were so covered with their mud, the carpet was invisible. A colored man was actually digging it out with a small shovel.

The mosquitoes were numerous. Fearing another restless night we asked for a canopy. Not one was to be had ; but the housekeeper kindly offered to improvise one for our benefit. This she did in so ingenious a way that we detail it for the relief of those who may sometime find themselves in a similar strait.

Taking a piece of clothes-line she fastened one end to the right-hand corner of the high head-board, crossed it to the right-hand corner of the foot-board, then diagonally to the left-hand corner of the head, down again, this time to left corner of foot-board, and once more diagonally up to the starting point. Over this frame she threw several yards of netting that fell in fleecy masses to the floor, thus forming a perfect protection from the little pests.

In the morning we awoke to find a very agreeable change of temperature had occurred.

We wished very much to visit the potteries and large manufactories of stone and delft ware, for which this place is noted, but the rest of our party began to feel forcible drawings toward home. We saw the State House, the Arsenal, the Lunatic Asylum and Penitentiary, only in passing. A cold rain had come on when we crossed the long bridge over the Delaware river.

We had left Jersey, and the first point which we made in Pennsylvania was Fallsington Friends' meeting house, seven miles above Bristol.

We were in Bucks county, one of the most productive and beautiful of all the eastern countries.

Our next point was Emilie, still in the direction of Bristol. A nice looking party of drab-dressed people in a carriage kindly offered to lead the way so far.

They then directed us to the state road, which we found a very good road for many miles.

After crossing the lovely Neshaminy we came to the House of Correction. Groups of men were out in the fields and gardens at work in a uniform that suggested bumble-bees.

Actually adjoining the grounds of this reformatory institution were drinking saloons.

What a wonder our government should license such places to do the work that makes prison places necessary!

"In the year," said our parson, "when one of our United States took a half million of dollars revenue for allowing the sale of strong drink, in that very year the Queen of Madagascar wrote in her proclamation, 'I cannot consent as your queen, to take a single cent of revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects.'"

Twice that morning of September 29th the guide-boards informed us we were within eight miles of Newton, its Enterprise, and its enterprising people.

We felt the strong attraction, yet continued on our way towards Philadelphia, partly I think because our horses would come.

"I do think," said the judge, "horses have a great deal of sense. They know a great deal more than some folks suppose. Do you recollect," he asked the doctor, "when we were leaving Saratoga how Lex and Oscar struck into their regular traveling jog, when only the day before they had sported as trotting horses of magnificent leisure? To-day just see how they hurry on. They know they are nearing home just as well as we do."

We came through Tacony. We got hopelessly mixed up at Frankford, and inquired the way of a grocery man who was standing in his store door.

"Do you want horse-cars or dummy?" he asked.

The judge looked significantly at our big Kentucky horses, and without deigning any reply drove on.

The next person of whom we could conveniently ask the way was an Irishman driving a cart. He said "he didn't rightly know—always went to town by rail, which isn't often sir, at all."

Finally some one told us the way to Nicetown lane, from there we got into Germantown avenue, and a short cut through Rising Sun took us to Broad street, and brought us back at noon, hungry and chilly and tired, to 1707 Oxford street, after an absence of nearly two months.

At a moderate calculation, Lex and Oscar with all our party, had traveled by flood and field about fifteen hundred miles.

As a result of our summer drive, the parson, the judge, and the lawyer, entirely escaped hay-fever. The doctor and your reporter gained ten pounds, and the horses came back better than they went away.

THE END OF THE SUMMER DRIVE.

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was 8 o'clock A. M., June 30th, when with the traveling party of other years, Lex and Oscar included, we drove upon the wharf at the foot of Race street.

The horses were soon unharnessed and led on board the boat Edwin Forrest, bound for Trenton. Strong hands dragged the carriage which was loaded with every conceivable convenience for the road, to a sheltered spot on the lower deck.

The negro stewardess was strangely fair, with auburn woolly hair. She was nice and pleasant, and made it very comfortable for the ladies in her cabin.

A little girl with a doll, which we mistook for a real live baby, until after considerable maneuvering we managed to see its waxen face, sat in the stewardess' biggest rocking-chair. The little girl was making the journey to Penn's Manor alone. It was amusing to see the womanly airs she put on, and the motherly way in which she tended and petted, praised and scolded her make-believe child.

At Riverton a drove of cattle were taken on board. There were so many, they crowded each other fearfully. One poor little calf was so pushed to the wall that he tumbled overboard. Then there was a rush of the deck-hands to the rescue. A darkey sprang into the water, and seizing the struggling creature by

the hind legs dragged him on deck again. The cows lowed and moaned, the little calves panted and groaned in the hot sunshine, while the male portion of the drove, bellowed like veritable bulls of Bashan.

At the sound of such commotion, the little girl with the big doll ran out upon the deck hushing and soothing the insensible baby.

"Don't be frighted my darling, nobody shall hurt you," she said.

We watched her fond caresses with great interest, speculating upon the effect this premature development of the organ of philoprogenitiveness might have on the little maiden's future life.

Fairy lore has, in this age, gone almost out of fashion. The children of to-day live in an ideal world quite as much as did those of former times ; but their new ideal world is quite different. They attribute life and soul to inanimate objects, and endow the lowest animals with intelligence and reasoning faculties. "Alice in Wonderland" is a fair sample of the new style of juvenile literature.

Is this tendency the origin of the idea that everything is alive, and that God is in everything as well as over all things?

It was high noon when we reached Trenton. Lex and Oscar came off the boat like old stagers. We drove quickly to the American House for dinner, as we were all very hungry.

Trenton with its historic and revolutionary associations, its state institutions and libraries, its factories and its foundries, would have interested and detained us a long time, but the judge was in haste to drive on.

So leaving Trenton at 3 P. M., while the sun was

still high in the heavens, and the road was hot and dry and sandy, we hurried on towards Hightstown. We went out through State street, passing elegant, cool-looking residences ; then by the turnpike road on through Mercerville, Hamilton Square, Newton and Windsor, always with the breeze at our backs and carrying the dust we raised along with us.

A gentleman and his son, from Philadelphia, whose acquaintance we had made at the hotel, were driving in our direction to spend the summer at Asbury Park. They were pleasant company, especially as they politely kept in the background, and graciously took our dust. They were driving a single horse, and were much more lightly loaded than we were. They might easily have taken the lead, but would not. The boy tried to imagine we were a caravan crossing the Great Sahara.

Before night-fall we were snugly ensconsed at Lantz's hotel, through one corner of which the Camden and Amboy railroad ran.

Sitting on the cooped piazza, with the long trains thundering by, the old-time parson with the new time ideas, indulged in reminiscences of the great men of the former generation whom he had met on the Camden and Amboy, once the fashionable route between Washington and New York.

Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, President Tyler, Tom Benton, and many other prominent politicians, and their gay ladies, would make a frolic of the trip, ending with a grand supper on the boat from Amboy.

The proprietor of the Lantz hotel boasted of having entertained Jamison's party, and a Governor or two,

recently, while on a pilgrimage similar to ours through New Jersey.

This led us to expect much better accommodations than we found. The barn was the best part of the establishment, and we went out to congratulate the horses. We astonished the hostler, who was grooming Oscar, by making the horse shake hands and nod and neigh when we spoke to him.

The only view our little "7x9" third-story bedroom commanded was of the long railroad bridge and the moving trains. If we had remained at home, and slept in our servant's room, we might have been much more confortable, but had less fun.

It seemed no hardship to arise at 5 o'clock next morning and leave such rock-like pillows.

At 6 P. M. we were on our way through lines of chestnut trees in full bloom. We passed acres of peas, corn and tomatoes, enough, one would think, to feed all creation. Extensive peach orchards, fair with promise for the coming autumn, made us almost wish we lived in New Jersey.

That country cousin of the rose, the sweet-briar, made the cool morning air fragrant; while the dewdrops glittered in the sunshine, and everything seemed crisp and fresh.

Thus we drove for miles over a smooth road, with not a stone big enough to throw at a bird.

The discovery of the green sand marl, with its presence of phosphate of lime and potash, has made Monmouth county rich. The cash value of its farms counts up into the millions.

The cultivation of the smaller fruits, such as blackberries and raspberries, forms one of the great indus-

tries here. A large number of men, women and children of the semi-vagabond class were employed at the time we passed, picking and packing the berries for transportation to the cities.

A very exasperating thing was that, although we were traveling through a part of the country where these luscious fruits abounded, not a single specimen, by any chance or design, appeared upon the tables where we breakfasted, dined or supped.

Stale preserves and stewed dried apples were all we had. Country people think they are going to swift financial destruction if you drink a glass of their cream, or eat an egg. There are such rich possibilities in these things! a pat of butter, or a chicken that might have been.

We went by the old Tennent church, where William Tennent preached forty-four years, and from which he was buried the next year after our Declaration of Independence was published. He belonged to the Whitfield school of revivalists. He was a most spiritually minded man. It is said he would spend hours alone in the woods, and return to his pulpit in an almost unconscious dazed condition. Some one would help him to ascend the steps, and then he would give utterance to the most eloquent and soul-stirring words. He was once three days in a trance, and when he recovered related extraordinary visions of heaven, and of glories unutterable.

At 9:30 that bright warm morning of July 1st, we stopped at the sign of the Colt's Neck. The artist who painted it had not been true to nature, but we obtained a very refreshing draught of pure milk there, and went on our way rejoicing.

The fields were all white and ready for the harvest, as our parson remarked ; and we all noticed that the laborers were few. For every man that worked, there were generally several idly standing watching him.

As we entered Long Branch the breeze that had been at our backs all the way suddenly blew in our faces, directly from the south, over the cool summer sea.

We reached Brighton hotel almost in a chill at noon. During the rest of the month of July, so terribly hot in Pennsylvania, we hardly knew what it was to be uncomfortably warm.

The next morning, Saturday, we took a long drive to Sea Bright, passing miles on miles of elegant residences ; then returning went to Elberon. We saw G. W. Childs' place and beside that the one which Gen. Grant had owned. Then we drove to the cottage where Garfield had died.

"Prayer did not save him," spoke the parson, as if thinking aloud.

"How could it," answered the doctor, "with a bullet in such a fatal lodgement?"

Very much impressed with the beauty of what has been called our summer capital—this city by the sea —we returned to our hotel, only to be told we had not seen the half of its magnificent extent.

The numerous and beautiful drives about Long Branch became a perpetual marvel and a constant surprise to us.

Saturday noon, July 2d, the flying flags indicated that old ocean was in the proper state of temper to receive his friends. We selected bath houses for the season and arrayed ourselves in blue flannel robes, black hose, and red rubber caps. In this guise we

went to his embrace. There was method in the madness of his caress. First there came a gentle swell, in fact, two or three in slow succession; then a rushing and mighty wave, with roar, and break, and foam, that would have frightened votaries less fond and brave.

Monday morning, July 4th, we celebrated the day by a two-hours-long horse-back ride on Lex and Oscar. The latter was just in the humor to show off his fine training, and when we returned he went through all his fancy steps in front of the hotel. When the people applauded he took the compliment all to himself, and voluntarily repeated the performance.

The height of our rooms, on the third floor, had the effect to shut out all the intervening ground and make it appear as if we were on the water; as if we were really "Out on the ocean sailing."

On the 5th of July there was a big storm. The weather was cold, windy and rainy. The Atlantic looked as though it was going to boil over. The old house swayed gently in the tempest, and we went to sleep feeling that we were being indeed "Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

In driving towards Pleasure Bay one day we crossed a long bridge without noticing that it was a draw-bridge. In returning we were so much occupied with the scenery and with each other, that we were within twenty feet of the open draw before we discovered it. The space was so narrow it was impossible to turn the carriage around, and so we were obliged to wait there while a couple of vessels, their white wings fluttering, their sails flapping in the stiff breeze, floated across our

path. The horses looked on in wonder and awe, but behaved admirably, being frequently quieted and encouraged by a word from the judge.

When we were safely over, and the lady doctor began to breathe freely once more, the judge discovered that the careless hostler had twisted the reins ; so we stopped by the roadside, and while your reporter, with blistering hands and burning face, pulled grass to keep the horses quiet, the fastidious judge almost unharnessed them and fixed things right again.

"Take a little Rum. The less you take the better."

[See page 144]

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LONG BRANCH is certainly the garden spot of this part of the coast. It seems to us that never before was such lovely and luxurious vegetation so near the sea. We are informed by one of the old residents that although it seems like nature it is really the work of art ; even the soil is manufactured at so much the square foot. The actual cost of some of these elegant lawns seems incredible. It is not many years since these roads, now almost as hard and smooth as a floor, were beds of sand into which wheels sank half way to the hubs. Immense amounts of money have been spent here. The outlay has brought prosperity to the workman, and pleasure and happiness to all.

"Your breakfast hour is the only one that will not suit us," the parson had told our landlord when we learned that it was at half-past eight o'clock.

"Seven is our breakfast hour in town the year round," he added. But mark how quickly one falls into bad habits ! We were soon late to that late breakfast ; it was so pleasant those comfortable mornings to take a little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands to sleep. Sometimes, however, we courageously arose "at five o'clock in the morning," and drove or rode many miles before breakfast time.

Through Sea Bright, over the draw-bridge, out on the famous Rumson road, passing magnificent country residences, was one of our favorite drives.

Many New York business men lead a sort of dual life. While they are, to all intents and purposes New Yorkers, their families are regular Jerseyites.

Our hotel was so small, containing only about two hundred souls, that everybody soon came to know everybody.

The pet of the house was the little Colamore girl of four years. She loved her black "mammie" more than she did her own mother. The attachment was something very remarkable. Once the parents had tried to break the influence that bound child and "mammie" together. They engaged a new nurse, and sent the old one away; but baby Colamore pined and wasted till the fond father was frightened, and sought the "mammie" everywhere. One day going down Broadway the drooping baby gave a scream of delight pointing to her old nurse in an omnibus. The recognition was mutual. The "mammie" sprang out and clasping her darling in her arms, they made a compact to stay together until her young lady should be old enough to marry.

It was amazing to see how rapidly the little one recovered her health.

Our telegraph operator was a pretty young woman. Her modest manners, and her youth, were no protection from the insulting attention of some of the men who were certainly old enough to know better.

The fact is that one meets very few men at these public places whose behavior he can admire, or whose character he can respect.

Do the best men stay at home? Those of our party were certainly an exception to that rule.

Nearly an equal number of both sexes were registered on the books; yet when the hour for dancing came not a corporal's guard of gentlemen would appear in the parlor. Where were they? They were lounging and smoking on the piazza, in lawn tennis suits, in base ball, or in the bicyclers' uniform, or else at the billiard table, or worse than all, loitering in the bar-room.

Pleasure resorts seem to be beset with temptations to the men and boys. It is almost the rarest thing in the world to see a man resist a temptation. With the mothers, wives and sweethearts away they are not safe at home. It has become a serious question what to do with the male portion of the family when the other portion find change and rest and recreation a necessity.

It is the old puzzle of the fox and the goose and the corn; how to get them safely over the river, how to bring the men and boys through the perils of summer without tarnished name and morals.

"We will let our tired steeds rest on this Sabbath day," said the parson, "while we wend our way to the church on foot, or perhaps patronize one of these public wagons. The charge is a mere trifle, and we ought to encourage business and enterprise."

In accordance with this view of the parson's, which like all his opinions we felt bound to respect, we crowded into one of the omnibuses, resolved on attending divine worship at the Taylor Memorial church. This is a sort of spiritual mausoleum erected by the disconsolate widow to the memory of

her distinguished husband. Handsomely dressed people were already alighting from elegant carriages when our democratic turnout turned in at the gate. "The happy gate of gospel grace."

The splendid choir sang splendidly. Governor Bedle and his family had seats in front of us. The minister preached from the text, "They were discouraged by the way." We had not been discouraged by the way, nor by anything else. We had come with alacrity and delight. The cool morning breeze had faced us all the way, and we had left care and our horses behind. We were discouraged, however, at that minister's attempt to make an interesting essay out of that subject. When we saw he was going to make a dead failure of it, and we had satisfied our curiosity by taking an inventory of all the pretty faces and costumes, we deliberately went to sleep and only awoke when the final hymn was given out.

The judge declared that our parson could have been aroused at midnight, and in his robe de nuit, without preparation, have preached a better sermon.

The Long Branch omnibuses all look so much alike it was with some difficulty that we discovered our waiting Jehu. He drove us home very quickly; and charged us just three times the regular price because we had not made a special bargain with him.

"Don't blame the poor fellow," said the good-natured judge. "He must make hay while the sun shines. The season is short, you know, and 'the winter of his discontent' so long."

At the hotel Brighton our lady doctor was charmed with making the acquaintance of Dr. Simon Baruch, the distinguished physician and author of certain

valuable medical papers. How much more interesting a learned treatise becomes when you can converse with its writer!

The accomplished wife of our host had been abroad several times. In one of her voyages she had met the parvenu actress, Mrs. James Brown Potter, and was told by Mrs. Potter the story of her first interview with the Prince of Wales. It was at a state ball under these circumstances:—Two young American ladies had received invitations, but could not go without a chaperone. They offered Mrs. Potter twenty-five dollars to act in that capacity. The three ladies were almost entire strangers in the gay assembly, and the festivities seemed dull enough to them. At last one of the young ladies became very weary and proposed leaving.

Just then it happened the Prince of Wales' eye lighted on Mrs. Potter. He requested a special introduction, and then invited her to dance. From that moment until four o'clock in the morning he never left her side. It would have been a serious violation of court etiquette for her to leave him, so the two tired maidens had to mope and wait until his Highness should be pleased to release their chaperone and allow them all to depart in peace.

How ridiculous it seems to us Republicans that this attention from the son of a queen should have made Mrs. Potter a favorite, and the fashion in London.

The ocean, as seen from our windows or balcony, "our upper deck," as we call our piazza, was always charming. In a storm it often looked like a huge cauldron just boiling over. It was always grand. It was never "a tempest in a tea-pot." Of all the

nights, those of the full moon were the most enchanting. The brilliant water looked then like a great path-way to glory.

The beautiful drives about Long Branch seemed almost endless. One lovely morning early in July we drove Lex and Oscar out to Sea Bright, thence to Shrewsbury river, and across the bridge to Navesink Highlands, where once upon a time, our Philadelphia Social Lyceum had its annual excursion. We recalled with interest the events of that day, the delicious dinner in the rambling old hotel, the darkened parlor, where the sick man, one of our fellow excursionists, lay while we attended him ; the walk to the light-house after we had eased our patient's pain ; the two buxom widows who pretended they could not get down the steep hill without the gallant judge's assistance, the rickety old wharf whence one of the widows essayed to tumble into the water, just to see if an ardent admirer of hers would jump in to save her precious life ; but finding here the limit of his romantic attachment, she wisely desisted from her fell purpose.

Leaving Navesink, so full of interesting reminisences, we drove on through lovely woods two and a half miles to Atlantic Highlands. There we found ourselves on the beautiful New York bay. Long Island, Sandy Hook and Staten Island were plainly seen in the distance.

With considerable difficulty we succeeded in watering our horses at Atlantic Highlands ; and we found refreshment for ourselves in some bottles of birch beer.

The drive back through the cool woods was so pleasant we wished it were longer. We reached the

Navesink bridge just in time to escape the opening of the draw to let the New York excursion boat, the Sea Bird, through. Everywhere on the water that morning there were numerous white winged vessels at anchor ; and on the shore were many "men mending their nets, for they were fishermen," quoted our parson.

The true test of a man's advancement in civilization and refinement is the manner in which he treats his wife in public. It was intensely interesting at the hotel Brighton to mark the differences in this respect. Some wives were so neglected and so unhappy ; while some were so honored, and seemed to be almost adored by their husbands. The latter we know to be, in some cases, only a successful attempt at keeping up appearances ; but it was really so much better than open and evident disrespect and indifference. So long as a woman thinks that other people regard her as a happy wife, she will endure a great amount of private misery without complaint.

There was one professional gentleman who was a perfect Lothario among the ladies, and yet ignored his own wife shamefully. She was plump, and fair, and forty ; and if she had been some other man's wife no doubt he would have admired her exceedingly. She confessed to our lady doctor that she often wished she had married another man who, although less demonstrative in youth, would, she fully believed have proved himself a devoted life-long lover.

This is really what a true woman wants, to love, and to be more loved as the years go by.

One elderly man, with a young pretty wife, used to leave her to her own devices for hours, while he

played billiards till midnight. If she flirted, who could blame her? That would have made him furious if he had found it out.

The husband of a lady who was subject to sick headaches, used to tell her to lie down and take a nap and he guessed she'd get over it ; then he would go down to the parlor and dance and romp with the prettiest girls he could find, leaving her in distress and darkness and desolation. Once or twice it happened that he was a little sick, and then, if she left the room for a single moment, he was terribly aggrieved.

One lovely young matron, the mother of two handsome little boys, and whose husband remained in town to attend to business, came to visit her semi-weekly, was observed on these occasions to be invariably sad and nervous. The cause of this sadness appeared some months later, when all the world knew him as a confirmed maniac.

The one man whom each woman told her husband she wished he was like in this or that respect, but especially in his attention and devotion to his wife, the one man in all that company so honorably distinguished was our "judge."

If he had been a widower half the women would have wanted him.

Speaking of his wife the judge was sometimes heard to quote from Proverbs :

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her ; he hath no need of spoil."

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON the 13th of July, after an unusually warm day, a curious and beautiful phenomenon appeared. At sunset the whole sea became pink like the heart of a shell. We ordered Lex and Oscar saddled, and rode in that lovely light, literally through couleur de rose, to Elberon and back.

In Providence, R. I., it is said there are more dollars per capita than in any other part of our country. In Long Branch there are certainly more horses per capita. We heard of several families who had a dozen and more apiece. "They might as well keep a livery stable and be done with it," said the judge, who regarded his spanking pair sufficient for all practical purposes.

The horse Oscar was always amiable, and was happy and proud to do anything which the lady doctor desired. He was not quite so pliable with the men, and refused absolutely to take his easiest gaits with them upon his back. The lady had herself taught him to pace, and he would do that with nobody else. Lex had his moods in the saddle, and could be very contrary and provoking there, although famous for his correct deportment in harness. At such times the usually genial judge would lose his temper, and invariably blame the lady doctor for her lack of horsemanship.

The family history records that the first word the judge ever uttered was "colt;" and he has been on horse back almost from his babyhood. He rode like a centaur, and seemed a part of his horse, except when Lex got into one of his tantrums.

The lady doctor, with an ancestry famous for good riders, had been taught in the best schools of New York and Philadelphia. In certain states of mind the judge would denounce the methods of all these trainers, and insist upon her dropping them and adopting his method. With singular firmness, not to say obstinacy, the lady doctor persisted in her own way; but graciously and constantly declared she had rather ride with the judge, and have him scold her, than to ride with any other person she ever knew.

One day there came a test that was quite unexpected, and might have resulted in serious injury. The lady doctor, although riding always with long reins, kept her horse well in hand, neither giving nor taking an inch. The judge, with a self-confidence that was almost conceit, was trotting along in his own peculiar fashion. Suddenly there appeared at a little distance an idiot boy, standing in the middle of the narrow road with arms akimbo; a large yellow dog sprang out with a yelp, and a woman with a red shawl and a baby emerged into sight.

Probably the horses could have borne undismayed either one of these exhibitions, but taking all three together it was too much. They both shied and plunged. The judge's horse reared and threw back his head, striking him full in the face. The lady doctor succeeded in stopping Oscar a little way in advance, and looking back saw the judge, half stunned,

reeling in his saddle and blood streaming from his nose. His hat had fallen to the ground, and both knew if he attempted to dismount and recover it, he would not have strength to mount again. The idiot boy had run away, and the woman, thoroughly scared, did not dare approach near enough to pick it up. To go home bare headed would be too undignified; besides the hat was a new one, and the judge did not like to leave it; so in the sternest tones he could command he said to the woman:

"Hand me my hat, Madam."

"I'm afraid," she murmured.

"Afraid," he repeated scornfully. "Hand it here or I'll have you arrested for squatting around here in the bushes where you have no business."

Thus conjured and threatened, she ventured near enough to the fiery steed to comply.

The lady doctor, although thoroughly frightened and very apprehensive in relation to the judge's battered condition, could hardly help reiterating, "This all comes from your not knowing how to manage your horse," but she wisely forebore, and when they reached the house tenderly treated the blackened eye and swollen cheeks, without a word save of sweetest sympathy.

Salt-water bathing at the Brighton was with us a great luxury which we indulged in daily, but only for a few, often, five minutes at a time. In this way we secured, so our doctor told us, the full tonic effect.

Bathing hour at Long Branch is always a movable feast, depending upon the condition of the tide. When it was right, the flag, the stars and stripes, was run up and floated out on the breeze.

Old ocean is no respecter of persons. It will tumble a bishop as readily as a tramp. Often our party were so upset, and so jumbled together by some sudden antic of the waves, it was quite impossible to tell where one title began and another left off.

Some think the bathing there is far from safe. That is probably so ; and yet owing to the general impression that it is somewhat dangerous, and the extra precautions taken, there are seldom any serious accidents.

Another general impression, which for a long time we regarded as a groundless superstition, is that the water is made filthy by its relation to the dumping grounds of New York. But one day, after a long north-east storm, when we found feathers, tin cans and chicken heads floating about us, we believed and trembled.

The principal fishing in sight of our window was done by fish-hawks. They are immense creatures, and the nests they build, usually in the top of dead cedar trees, look as large as a bushel basket.

The idea seems to prevail among the simple country folks, that it is bad luck to destroy these nests, or to kill one of these birds. Year after year these curious structures remain, until they become, like ancient landmarks, dear to the hearts of the people.

I have seen the parent fish-hawks returning from a successful voyage, bringing in their strong bills, a big fish, still alive, and struggling to get free. At the sight, the hungry young ones would open their mouths and clamor to be fed.

One day we happened to be passing beneath one of the nests when a clumsy young bird came tumbling

and half fluttering to the ground. Looking up we saw more of the same kind, apparently being pushed over the edge of the nest. The parson, who had made a study of the habits of the fish-hawk in his youth, told us that when in the judgment of the parent birds, their progeny were able to provide for themselves, and did not do it, they pushed them out of the home nest. He said these feathered bipeds had more sense, in this respect, than many he knew who wore clothes.

One of the most charming drives we found, was over the Ramson Road and along Pleasure Bay. There are so many elegant residences one cannot help but wonder where all the money comes from to support them. It is saddening to reflect that such elegance does not ensure happiness.

"Unless the kingdom of Heaven is within you," said the parson, "you will never get into it."

Returning one day hungry we passed a grocery store kept by the firm of Cook & Kettle. "They ought," said our judge, "to be able to furnish a good meal."

How many home comforts one misses at a fashionable hotel, or indeed at any kind of hotel! The space into which they stow you is so limited that it requires profound study to know how to accommodate yourself and your belongings. Often the things you need most you have not got, and cannot get. One feels this lack most seriously in cases of sudden sickness.

At midnight on the 15th day of July, in great distress the judge called up the doctor. The case called for powerful stimulation. The doctor rang the bell. After minutes that seemed like hours the bell-boy appeared rubbing his sleepy eyes. The request for boiling hot water was received with a stupid stare.

No hot water could be got from that kitchen, he said, before five or six o'clock next morning.

Finally a miniature gas stove was pulled out from among the baggage, and—blessings on the man who invented gas stoves—the patient was soon relieved.

In places where gas has not yet been introduced, or in case you are not able to supply your own gas, always carry a Ristori alcohol lamp ; or what is still better, as we learned from a Boston family, Rechand Lang's Flamme Forcee.

For the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," we drove one fine afternoon to Branchtown and saw the old church where our parson preached forty years ago. We were glad to see the building looking well preserved, and even fresh with new white paint and modern ornaments.

We came to a place where the road, slightly descending, crosses the railroad at right angles.

"This," said the parson, "is the scene of a somewhat curious accident. Two men were racing fast horses. In descending this declivity the express train was approaching. Either on account of each man being so eager to win the race that they took no note of the warning whistle, or because of the great momentum they had gained, they kept right on, till the foremost man and horses met their fate upon the track."

The parson did not say so, but I have no doubt he made this sad story the text of many a severe tirade against the sin of horse-racing.

"It is always thus," said the judge,

> "We curse the sins we're not inclined to,
> While we cling to those we have a mind to."

Returning through Elberon we met George Washington Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger. The judge slightly raised his hat and bowed. Child's face was round and red, his neck short and thick. His rotundity and pomposity would make a stranger mistake him for an English lord, did not his clothes have always a semi-shabby look, as if in the first stages of decayed gentility. His home at Long Branch is one of the most beautiful, and has a charming individuality of its own which one would never suspect so graceless an owner could give it.

"I am often mortified," remarked one of our party, "when abroad, to confess that I come from a city where G. W. Childs, Tony Drexel and John Wanamaker, are the principal inhabitants."

"It is natural, but not very nice, to make sarcastic remarks about prominent people," said our parson, with a reproving glance.

The 17th of July became so suddenly hot that we sought refuge and relief in the sea. It was noon; and a dense black cloud which, like young Lochinvar, "had come out of the west," spread itself as a pall between us and the blue sky. Without other warning a terrible flash of lightning came, and a peal of thunder rolled above our heads, sounding like the crack of doom. We all beat a hasty retreat from the water as if afraid of getting wet.

On the way we met a rushing, mighty wind that seemed able to lift us from our feet and waft us out into the ocean. We reached our dressing rooms with difficulty, only to be more frightened there, for the frail buildings shook as if being lifted from their foundations. So hastily making as scanty a toilet as

a decent respect for the fashion of the period permitted, we fled, dripping from the rain, to a more secure shelter.

"There is nothing for which the public pays so generously as for pleasures. Those that minister to the gratification of eye, or ear, or taste, we pay for like princes," the judge remarked one day. "Not even those whose profession enables them to prolong, and sometimes save, our worthless lives are paid half so well," responded the parson, with an appreciative glance at our doctor; "nor yet to us," he continued, "who give consolation to the dying and are believed, by some, to prepare souls for a comfortable time hereafter, not even to us is granted anything like a fair equivalent for services rendered, but let some fascinating actress appear, with fairy feet, and pearly teeth, and pretty ways, and lo! the purse-strings are unloosed. Money flows freely enough then."

These remarks were made as we drove through Mrs. John Hoey's grounds at Hollywood, which are generously open to the public. The beautiful avenues, lined with tall trees, were cool and shady even at midday. The roads are not nearly so extensive as those of Judge Hilton's park at Saratoga, but there is something much more cozy and companionable and every way more charming.

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WE one day met the editor of the Philadelphia Ledger at the Highland house and heard him descant on the surprising rise in the price of real estate in Long Branch since his remembrance. He said that the increase of price was largely owing to the decrease of supply. Every year the sea made dreadful encroachments. "The explanation of the high prices seems to be," he said, "that when a thing is gone you want it, and are willing to pay for it."

Long Branch was a sandy, seemingly worthless waste, reclaimed from the sea at great expense. Commodore Garrison paid $10,000 for merely grading and loaming his lawn so the grass would grow on it.

Passing the residence of the proprietor of the New York Gilsey house we noticed that a fish-hawk's nest held the place of honor in one of the tallest and most beautiful trees.

"I was once told," said our parson, "by a brother minister of an instance he knew where a helpless family was saved from starvation by a fish-hawk. A worthy woman, a fisherman's widow, was disabled by rheumatism. Her children were crying for food. She had not a mouthful to give them. She knelt down and prayed to Him who had promised that 'the

righteous should never be forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' She had hardly arisen from her knees, when she was attracted to her door by a fish-hawk's crazy screech. At that instant a big blue-fish fell at her feet. This unexpected provision relieved present necessities and lasted till more substantial aid could come. The pious woman and the brother minister both regarded this event as a direct answer to prayer."

"How do you regard it?" was asked of the old-time parson with the new-time ideas.

"May it not have been," was the cautious answer, "may it not have been that some spirit friend, perhaps the dead husband himself, knowing of the forlorn condition of the widow, and deeply moved by it, took advantage of the fish-hawk's proximity to the widow's cottage, and giving the bird a sudden touch of the electric, or magnetic, fluid with which tables are sometimes tipped, shocked the creature into letting the burden drop? I do not say it was so," he added, "I only ask might it not have been so? Even the Almighty works through Nature's laws, and by the use of means."

The wife of our host was a petite blonde, with golden hair and violet eyes. She was as amiable and agreeable as she was vivacious and pretty. Sometimes on stormy days, when we might have found the time passing slowly, she would invite our party to her room, and by her animated conversation entertain us for hours. The room was in itself a museum of curiosities and a work of art. It was a study of harmonies, herself the most harmonious part of it. Her life, as she related it to us, seemed like a romance or a drama.

"You have doubtless heard of the famous Taylor will case," she remarked on one occasion. "—— Taylor was my grandfather. He took me to Europe when I was a mere child, and afterward sent me abroad, with my step-mother as chaperone, to complete my studies.

"We had been absent two years. When our vessel reached New York I was anticipating a joyful meeting with my grandfather, but his private secretary appeared on the wharf and informed us that the old gentleman was seriously ill. I was not even allowed to see him until he was dead. Then there was a conspiracy against my rights, and a forgery. I had never seen my grandfather's will, but he had told me that he had made one, and that it was largely in my favor. The one the conspirators produced left me almost penniless.

"Then they who had professed to be my warmest friends forsook me, and I had to fight single handed and alone. How true it is,

> "The friends that on our sunshine smile,
> When winter comes are flown;
> And they who have but tears to shed,
> Must shed those tears alone.

"For several years I struggled against fearful odds, and at last the case was decided. I had won. Then it was discovered that my patrimony had disappeared, sunk forever out of sight, like water unto sand. It had all been gobbled up in the most mysterious fashion. As soon as I fully realized that I was an heiress without a fortune I set to work to make my own way in life. A relative offered me a home, but I gratefully declined to eat the bread of dependence,

and I learned typewriting. A friend indeed, because a friend in need, helped me to help myself. By means of a small loan I was enabled to rent an office and organize the Blackstone Typewriting Company. I employed several ladies and made money."

"There is no reason why women should not do business successfully as well as men," said our lady doctor, "no reason either in law or religion. Both sexes make mistakes sometimes; but I think it will be seen in the long run that the greatest average of failures will not be found on the woman's side."

It was the afternoon of July 19th, the air was cool from recent rains, and the judge proposed we should go to see how the Methodists were getting along. So we drove to Ocean Grove and Asbury Park and around Wesley Lake. The gay boats on the lakes were filled with lovers, who seemed to appreciate its beauty and its quiet. We left them undisturbed, and went to inspect the big tabernacle whose "happy gates of gospel grace stand open night and day."

On July 20th we visited one of the most curious places on the Jersey coast. This was Sea Girt, and the Beach house. It was Commodore Stockton's old place. The upper piazza is fitted up like the deck of a ship, with life-boats and preservers; ropes, fishing nets and tackle; chains, anchors and capstan.

It was a glorious summer day, and the breeze blew from the ocean.

The judge, who is the politician of our party, told us that Commodore Stockton would have been President in the place of Frank Pierce, if it had not been for the following circumstance:

"When Daniel Webster was at the height of his

fame," said the judge, "he was in Trenton trying the celebrated India Rubber case. The State Legislature, being in session, honored Webster with a reception. In the midst of the festivities Commodore Stockton was called upon for a speech. The Commodore responded in a glowing tribute to the greatness and virtues of Daniel Webster.

"Years passed. Zachary Taylor's sudden demise had made Milliard Fillmore President. The term of office was about to expire.

"In the Democratic caucus Commodore Stockton was about to receive the nomination, when some doughty Virginian pulled from his pocket an old paper and read the Commodore's speech at the reception of Webster at Trenton. The shot was effective. The candidate was dead; 'dead as a door nail.'"

"Mentioning General Taylor," said the parson, "reminds me of what a colored man remarked about his death. He said the ministers were making out that Providence killed him. The darkey said that wasn't so. It was eating sour cherries and drinking cold milk."

"The history of the case, as I understand it," said the doctor, "is simply this: On the 4th of July, 1850, President Taylor sat in the sun at the Washington Monument listening to spread-eagle speeches for three hours. While thus exposed to the midsummer heat, he imprudently drank freely of ice-water, thus chilling the coats of the stomach, diluting the gastric juice, and in fact, almost causing a paralysis of the digestive tract. On returning to the White House he found a basket of cherries had been sent in. Of these he partook heartily, drinking at the same

time several goblets of iced milk. His regular dinner followed. After dinner he further feasted on the cherries and drank more iced milk. At this point Dr. Witherspoon, who was his guest, began to protest. But the physician's warning came too late. A violent attack of cholera morbus ensued. A bilious fever supervened, which all the eminent doctors in attendance could not arrest, and on the 9th of July he died. The verdict should have been—'a clear case of suicide.' "

"Well doctor," said the parson, "if all men were as prudent as they might be, there would be little need of your profession."

One of the loveliest sights at Long Branch in the early morning when the tide is high, and

"There is an easterly wind and a cloudy sky."

is the numerous sail-boats trolling for fish.

They appear in groups, forming all sorts of fanciful figures. The boats look so tiny, too, in the distance—almost like toy boats. This fishing looks like play, instead of like one of the greatest industries, which it is. When the load of fish was complete, the little sail-boat would begin to approach the shore. The boat would grow larger as it came nearer. The black specks moving on its deck, and controlling its speed, and directing its course, would develop into men. Often these fishermen were dressed in gay colors of red or blue which gave a picturesqueness to the scene.

When there was no harbor the captain of the boat would watch his chance and ride in on a big breaker which would leave his boat high and dry on the beach.

Sunday night at Hotel Brighton was about the only time that threatened to be hopelessly dull. At that time the orchestra were taking a rest; the churches were too far away; often the roads were too dark for walking, and the piazza too cool or too damp for sitting outside.

It was at such times as these that some self-sacrificing soul like Dr. Baruch's beautiful wife, came to the rescue. She would arrange for a literary and musicale in the shortest time imaginable. In the most gracious manner possible she would call for volunteers, and when they were exhausted she would press other people into the service. Thus one evening our lady doctor was comfortably seated and enjoying the performances without a single premonition of what was to follow, when Mrs. Baruch announced that we would now have the pleasure of listening to "The Mother-in-law of Moses," from Dr.——

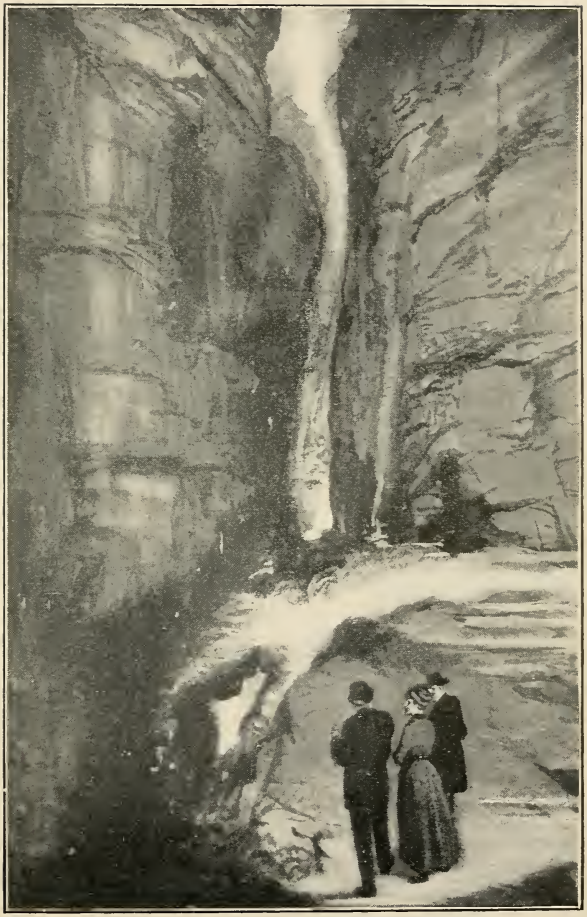
The doctor's heart was in her mouth at the time; but there was no help for it. Besides conscience would not allow her to decline to do good to all men as she had opportunity. As she arose to face the assembled multitude the parson whispered encouragingly, "freely ye have received, freely give."

I'll make him remember that quotation, thought the doctor; and she did.

The next Sunday night the doctor had counseled with Mrs. Baruch; Mrs. Stokes had offered her parlor; those of the household who it was thought would enjoy such a treat, were assembled together, and then the parson was ushered into the room and informed that he was requested to give one of his familiar talks on secular and sacred things. It was

like throwing a fish into water! The parson was perfectly at home, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of both Jew and Gentile.

I recollect with what effect he quoted from Paul, "What advantage hath the Jew? Much every way, but chiefly in this, that unto them are committed the oracles of God."



"IT COULD NOT BE MORE THAN SIX THOUSAND YEARS, YOU KNOW."

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THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON the 25th of July we drove over a red road to Red Bank. We could see heavy showers around us in the near distance all the way, but for ourselves we had "Queen's weather." When we reached the pretty little town we found it had been fairly deluged. The mud in the streets was half way up to the hubs.

The sun smiled at our approach, in fact, gave us a warm welcome.

"By the way the sun stings," said the judge, "I know it will rain here soon again."

Accordingly we made only a short tarry in that town. Looking back from a respectful distance we saw that thick black clouds had already re-gathered. The strong wind blew straight in our faces and kept the rain from us.

We were home long before dark, and in time to see the dancing bears performing on the hotel lawn. How in the world such stupid creatures can be taught to do such funny things is a great mystery. The rhythm of their clumsy movements as they kept time to their master's tune was about the drollest thing imaginable.

Quite in keeping with this exhibition came the waiters' concert in the evening. We had paid our waiter a dollar apiece for tickets and reserved seats, several days before. While the dining-room was being cleared of tables and the stage carpenters were at

work, ill-mannered children had crowded around the closed doors and were ready to rush into the best seats the moment they were opened. The parlor orchestra was in attendance, and the colored singing was really excellent, but the acting was coarsely comical. In his fun the darkey is almost always grotesque. They kept up the frolic until near midnight; and the music inside was accompanied by heavy thunder and sharp lightning outside.

When not on duty at their tables the waiters were expected to husk the corn and shell the peas and beans. Some of our side windows looked out upon the shady corner they had selected for the purpose. We could hardly help hearing their jokes and seeing their comical antics while at work.

The next morning after the concert they were even more jolly than usual, mocking each others' performances, and caricaturing some of their audience. Although their hands moved slowly at the shelling they seemed to be absolutely without a care in the world. They evidently regarded life as "A playtime just begun."

The black women and girls, with their morning mopping and sweeping to do, were equally at ease; talking and laughing with arms akimbo, or waltzing or pirouetting with their brooms.

Quite a large proportion of our fellow-boarders at the Brighton were Jews. It was our first intimate experience with their peculiarities. In many respects they became elevated in our estimation.

Any kind of religious slavery, however, is distasteful to our parson. He would do away with all religious bondage and superstition.

We all felt sorry for one family whose table was next ours. In the midst of plenty they were half starved, fearing they would commit the sin of eating a bit of pork. They heroically discarded the most delicious dishes whenever there was the faintest suspicion that they contained a trace of lard.

The power of such superstition was aptly illustrated in the story of the Roman Catholic who killed a fellow-workman, and then ate up his dinner, all but a piece of meat. When questioned by the lawyer as to why he did not eat that, he answered promptly, "It was Friday, and would have been a sin."

One Jewess who had lovely hair covered it constantly with a cap that made her look ugly. She had done this religiously since her marriage lest she should seem attractive to other men's eyes.

Very few husbands could safely exact so severe a test of the sincerity of their wives.

In *The New York Times* of Sunday, July 31st, was a scurrilous attack on the Jews at Long Branch, and especially at the Hotel Brighton, which house they called, on account of its numerous Hebrew guests, "The New Jerusalem." Whoever wrote that article did a mean thing. The objects of his abuse were justly indignant.

The paper stated that you could recognize the Jews not only by the peculiar Israelitish features, but by their general coarseness and their profusion of gems.

Now it happened that some of the rudest and coarsest people there were not Jews at all; and the woman who was most extravagantly bedezined with beautiful jewelry was a Baptist; a member of Dr. Armitage's church in good and regular standing.

One of the richest and most elegant ladies there was the wife of Mr. C., who began his life as a carpenter, but is now a large builder in New York City. Mrs. C. is not a bit spoiled by prosperity, but still retains a lovely and unselfish disposition. She celebrated her wedding anniversary by ordering up her handsome bays and Victoria and sending her coachman to take some ladies out riding who had no carriage of their own.

One long summer day when the members of our party, with the exception of your reporter, had taken the 6:40 train for a visit to New York, Mrs. C., kindly appreciating her forlorn feelings said, "My dear, have you not some calls you would like to make? If so my carriage and servant are at your service." Gladly availing myself of her generosity I invited a lady who was left equally lonely, to accompany me in calling on some mutual friends at distant hotels.

It was the first time your reporter had ever gone to pay visits in such fine style, and she felt as gay and happy as if the whole establishment were her own.

Neither the parson nor the judge favored card playing. The former was bitterly opposed to it from early prejudice, and the latter because he was not fond of unnecessary effort, and it was too much labor to learn whist. Cards were in truth to our parson a stumbling block of offense, and to our judge foolishness. So to keep peace in the family whist playing was eschewed, save when their absence gave the opportunity. A new application of the old adage, "When the cat is away the mice will play."

On the occasion about to be mentioned, J—— M——, a prominent Philadelphia merchant, invited our lady doctor to be his partner at whist. The game

had been a closely contested one ; the rubber was being played when the lady on the opposite side made a blunder, trumping her partner's ace or something of that sort, when Mr. J. M. started suddenly up from his seat, and throwing his cards violently on the table declared he would not play with a party, any member of whom could do such a stupid thing.

The expression of the eyes and the manner of Mr. M. marked him for a maniac to our doctor, but she kept her own counsel.

Mr. M.'s pretty wife and children were at the Brighton for the season. Press of business kept Mr. M. in town except over Sundays. The doctor noticed that as Saturday night came on the wife, usually so gay and lively, became nervous and depressed ; and that she always gave a little sigh of relief when she came in from seeing her husband off on the train on Monday mornings.

Weeks and months passed ; and then the Press published a notice that Mr. J. M. had suddenly gone insane. The next day his brothers contradicted the report ; but the next day came again an affirmation of the original story with a detailed account of ravings and of secreting pistols and knives.

The community breathed more freely when the fact of his being safely confined in Kirkbride's was confirmed.

Old ocean has his moods which are rarely the same for any length of time. Some think for this reason that the feminine gender should have been attributed to him ; but our doctor has discovered that men have their mental ups and downs, their periods, and tempers as well as women.

However, let us return to the subject, as the preachers say.

One early morning we were going out on horseback and we arose before the sun. What was our surprise to see the ocean masquerading as a river. The gently swelling billows formed lines like furrows in the land. Then came a broad, smooth, shining surface marking the deeper currents of the stream. Beyond and on the opposite bank as it seemed, the clouds shutting closely down, made the semblance of trees ; while again beyond and partly above all this, a red aurora looked like tall grass waving in a prairie fire !

As we were riding along, our attention was attracted by a fish-hawk carrying a bush big enough for sticking peas.

"He cannot be intending to build a new nest so late in the season," exclaimed the doctor.

"O ! no," answered the judge. "He sees signs of an approaching storm, and is simply strengthening the old nest ; barricading the fort as it were, so as to hold it against the enemy."

"Speaking of enemies," said the parson, "do you know the little king-bird is the fish-hawk's most inveterate enemy ? He can whip the fish-hawk, too, no matter if he is so much smaller."

"The king-bird sometimes gets the worst of the fight, though," said the doctor. Dr. T., speaking of the fish-hawk last summer in the White Mountains, told me this story, which he said was true :

"One day some enemy taking a mean advantage of the absence of the male fish-hawk attacked the mother bird while she was brooding over her nest full of

young ones. She fought desperately to save her home and children, but weakened by her recent incubation and confinement, she was no match for the terrible creature. The father bird returned just in time to witness the final catastrophe and to avenge the injury. Over the dead body of his mate he uttered the most doleful screams. Then he went and sat for a short time near his desolate nest.

"The young ones were crying with hunger; but he did not even attempt to feed them. He evidently thought this was no time for feasting.

"Presently he started up and suddenly flew away. He was gone a long while; and when he returned a dozen or more fish-hawks came with him. They circled round and round, showing great interest and excitement. Finally all the visiting birds but one flew away. She remained as step-mother to the bereaved little ones. The widower bird had found consolation in a new union."

"How like folks that is," remarked a lady who was riding with us; "especially like men folks. Do you know, I sometimes think it is only the marriage relation they value, and not the individual companion at all? I have known several men to be-speak a second partner before the life had gone out of the first love."

The judge did not altogether relish these remarks, and so he said with slightly stinging sarcasm, "everybody has a right to tell his own experience." Then modified by the quieting effect of this burst of irony, he added, "men, we must admit, are more ardent as lovers, while women are more ardent as wives. The latter have the conjugal element much more de-

veloped. When a man has fairly won a woman to be his wife he may safely rest on his oars awhile. If he does nothing to disgust her, she is very likely to love on blindly to the end, just because he is her husband. On the contrary the man often becomes cold and indifferent to his wife simply because she is his wife. If she were only some other man's wife, or a dashing widow, or 'a maiden fancy free,' she would seem perfectly charming in his eyes."

The judge is frank and generous almost to a fault, and so admitted more than most men would.

"It is a curious fact to me, and one which I have only lately discovered," said the doctor, "that women crave more love as they grow older. Even the well satisfied maternal yearnings cannot make amends for the lack of masculine devotion.

"Without any breach of confidence I can tell you, that at least one woman at Hotel Brighton, with affectionate grown-up sons, is slowly dying from the lack of her husband's love. Another neglected wife, who in her youth chose between two devoted lovers, is to-day regretting that she did not accept the other one, who, although far less successful in a worldly point of view, would have been a life-long lover. 'He would have loved me now as he loved me then,' she moaned in her sad loneliness which medicines cannot relieve.

"O the smell of that jasmine flower! And oh! that music! and oh, the way that voice rang out:

"'Non ti scordar di me!
Non ti scordar di me!'

quoted Mrs. ———, from 'Aux Italiens.'"

CHAPTER XXX.

ON the Jews' Sabbath, or Shabbas, as they called it, the Jewish gentlemen went to town to attend to business as usual, while the Jewish ladies remained quietly within doors, and refrained from dancing, from cards, and even from bathing.

On our Sunday, as early as 6 A. M., omnibus loads of the Irish help, "which mostly was women of course," wended their way to the new Catholic church, "Star of the Sea."

At eight A. M., loads of the Romanist lady guests followed them to early mass.

"Where are all their men folks?" queried our parson: and found they were still sleeping, or loafing, smoking on the piazzas, or already at the bar, or in the billiard room. He concluded that the women of all the great religions seem expected to do up the piety of the family, and the community.

"The men awake in time to come and do the voting on all questions of church polity, finances, and government," sneered the doctor.

During five weeks, "morn, noon and night," we shared our table with a very pleasant New York family. The gentleman was one of the most agreeable, polite and generous-hearted men in the world. His wife was pretty and stylish, and although much

younger, was very fond of her husband. Every day they had wine or brandy for their dinner: and their young son and little daughter were given a portion of it slightly weakened with water. One could not help a shudder at the possible, and probable consequences.

"Do you seriously object to the *use* of ardent spirits?" asked Mr.——, as he noted our repeated refusals to drink with them.

"O no!" was our answer. "We only object to *the abuse* of them. As a medicine they are oftentimes wonderfully efficient; as a beverage they are dreadfully dangerous. The alcohol habit, even in moderate drinking, is so deleterious that when accidents happen or illness supervenes, the patient does not stand half a chance of recovery."

The words seemed to have little effect at the time, but awhile afterward, when Mr.—— was taken sick with pneumonia they must have recurred powerfully. At the critical period when stimulants are called for, they had no more effect than so much water, and he sank into a collapse in which he died.

There was one notable phenomenon presented in the household of the Brighton, which some of our party had observed elsewhere, namely, that pairs of women resembled each other. They were not related in any other way, and were often of different nationalties. Nevertheless they looked, and sometimes dressed, so much alike they were easily mistaken for each other.

Another thing which the judge considered an unexplainable phenomenon was that our horses' shoes wore out twice as fast on the macadamized, and on the

sandy roads of the summer capital, as they do on the cobblestone pavements of Philadelphia.

During the first month at Long Branch there was a freedom from insects, a bracing breeze, and a temperature which was altogether lovely. When dog-days came on we wished that a dog never had his days.

The mosquitoes became so bad we did not know what to do. The judge met a little girl whose acquaintance we had formed. She was going up stairs unusually early.

"I've got thirty-two bites on one leg," she told him confidentially, and—repeated sadly and almost tearfully—"on one leg."

The atmosphere became so humid that things grew moldy, as when the world had been covered with water forty days, and the ark rested on the top of Mount Ararat.

The judge naturally skeptical, objected to the allusion to the story of Noah's flood.

The parson turned to the account in Genesis.

"What does geology say about it?" asked the judge.

"Not one flood but many," meekly responded the parson.

Our parson seldom attempts to be facetious, but he changed the subject suddenly by remarking,

"Doctor, these mosquitoes must be confreres of yours; they are evidently educated in the allopathic school, and believe in the therapy of bleeding."

Almost every place has its little romance. The Brighton had one a year old.

The housekeeper of the hotel happened to be a

very beautiful woman of thirty or thereabouts. She was very popular, and very much patronized by the guests. A very rich man, in search of a wife, came to board. People with marriageable daughters considered him a great catch, and courted him constantly. They began to frown upon the housekeeper and tried to keep her in the background. The uncalled for persecution of the housekeeper seemed to be the first thing which attracted his attention to her.

Some of the young ladies who had hoped to get him for a husband were greatly scandalized when they met him walking with or talking to her. Some went so far as not to recognize him any longer. Opposition only lent fuel to the flame. Ten days the courtship went on. At the end of that time the rich New Yorker waited upon the proprietor and engaged the best suite of rooms in the house for himself and bride ; and then informed him that the position of housekeeper was vacant.

The affair was a nine days' wonder, but everybody was obliged to accept the situation ; and the principal parties to the contract seemed delighted.

This summer the old story was revived by an accident which threatened the life of their baby. The doctor was summoned to attend the infant in a disease which the parents had diagnosed as marasmus.

The symptoms were mysterious. Medicine seemed to have little effect. The doctor was perfectly puzzled. Suddenly it occurred to him that this was a bottle-fed baby.

"Let me see that bottle," he called out to the nurse.

On examination he found that the rubber tube had

become occluded ; and then he knew he had a case of starvation. The baby was already in a cyanosed condition, but he succeeded in saving its life.

One morning when our doctor had been to make an early call and was returning through an upper corridor, she passed a door at which an infurated husband was knocking. His hair was disheveled, his eyes staring, and he looked like a gambler returning to the bosom of his family after a night's carousal.

"What is the matter?" inquired the doctor.

"My wife won't let me in," he growled with an oath. "I'll bet a hundred dollars she's got company in there."

"Why don't you just go around that narrow hall and get into the window from the side piazza?"

"I never thought of that," he answered, gruffly.

As soon as the demon was far enough away, she spoke close to the door, and very distinctly,

"The coast is clear for a moment. Run for your life to the vacant room opposite."

Then as she went rapidly along her own way, casting a glance backward, she saw two hastily draped figures rushing across the passage way, first stopping to lock the door behind them.

Thus it is : a large hotel is a little world by itself. It has its own special comedies, and tragedies as well.

And now the time of our exit from this stage, where for five weeks we had played our parts, arrived.

We took unwilling leave of the spots which had proved most delightful to us, and from the people who had become most dear. The sea was very boisterous when we went to take our parting dip in it.

Even the bathing master acknowledged it was not entirely safe.

The man whose business it was to guard the bathers looked more on the alert than usual. He was a muscular fellow. Every pose indicated conscious strength and power. His body, bare to the loins, was so hairy that the judge had christened him "The watch dog of the sea."

The world had grown broader to us in this sojourn. We had taken new friends into our hearts, and henceforth we should feel a personal interest in many more lives.

About midnight, August 4th, we said "good-bye" to those we had so lately learned to love, and retired in preparation for a very early start the next morning.

The day broke clear and cool and bright, August 5th.

As is his custom on leaving a hotel where we have been well entertained, the parson, reverently knelt and asked a blessing on those who should next occupy our rooms.

It was a glorious morning. The birds were singing, and a fresh breeze was blowing in the right direction. There was the scent of sweet-brier in the air distilled by the heavy dew which had laid the dust. The wild white parsnip was in such profusion of bloom that the road looked as if decked in bridal array.

Lex and Oscar never looked handsomer, nor seemed in better spirits. They had no regrets in leaving, although they had fared sumptuously every day, and little knew what might be in store for them. They struck at once into their regular traveling jog. The

judge always insisted that Lex knew the moment the annex was put on the carriage, and the telescope bag brought out, that we were going on a journey again.

We had eight miles to drive to the landing above Red Bank, where we took the elegant steamboat Albertina for New York.

"Look out for the stern of that there hoss on the nigh side," cried one small boy to another, as the pair were being led on board the boat.

Lex had a natural antipathy for boys of that age which he took no pains to conceal.

We went down the Navesink river. We passed near the Navesink lights, which are the first the mariner sees after crossing the Atlantic.

We saw the boat St. Johns waiting at Sandy Hook for the passengers, whom the train, already in sight, was bringing from the towns along the Southern coast.

We entered Raritan Bay and saw Far Rockaway and Coney Island to the right.

"O, yes, I sees the elephant. He's got a little old house on his back," we heard a little barefooted fellow say, and then looked for it ourselves.

Staten Island, with Forts Hamilton, Lafayette and Washington, with their memories of war time, claimed our attention.

We had a good deal of fun about the judge going as our coachman and having no fare to pay.

Bedloe's Island, round as an Indian mound, rising from the sea, and crowned with Bartholdie's statue of liberty, was quite new to some of our party.

We landed at the foot of Franklin street, and after making our way over the pier through crowds of

wagons, and piles of freight, ostensibly aided, but often really impeded, by loudly vociferating policemen, we struck out into Hudson street for the Troy boat landing. We succeeded, after quite a struggle, in gaining the right-hand track, and congratulated ourselves, thinking we could keep ahead of anything which might be coming up behind.

Presently a boy on a white horse passed, frantically waving a red flag. He made no other sign and uttered no word. The merest curiosity prompted us to look back. A heavy freight train was bearing down upon us! It was borne along by its own momentum and would have crushed our frail vehicle like an egg-shell. We lost no time in clearing the track.

The captain of the Troy boat received us very cordially. By a generous suspension of ordinary rules we were allowed to take early possession of the state-rooms previously engaged.

After arranging our traps and making things look homelike, we went over to Brooklyn to see old friends and enjoy the luxury of a Turkish bath.

"Make the most of it," said the judge: "We shall have no chance of being clean again for about two months."

"WHY MAMMA! HAS NOT THE PARSON JUST TOLD US HOW WE OUGHT TO DO GOOD WHENEVER WE HAVE A CHANCE?"

[See page 173]

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNDER the guidance of Dr. C. H. Shepard and his son Percy Westbrook, we went over the Brooklyn Bridge, and all the way back to the Troy boat by the elevated roads.

On board the City of Troy we very unexpectedly met our bachelor friend S——, en route for Saratoga. His usually serious and somewhat sad face was lighted up with a look of happy anticipation for which we were quite unable to account, until several days afterwards he wrote us,

"Veni, vidi, vici. Congratulate me. I am engaged."

It seems he had made the trip for the especial purpose of offering himself, and had been accepted.

"Marrying an old bachelor is a risky piece of business anyhow," said the judge.

"I'd like to know if it is not risky business to marry any one," said the doctor.

"Many a woman stands at the altar with the man who is to be, to all intents and purposes, her murderer. I have seen many cases where I knew the husband was the direct cause of the wife's death. Yet the law could take no hold upon him. There are wounds which leave no external mark. Words, and even looks, can stab a sensitive heart as well as knives."

The Hudson is our river Rhine. It is very lovely. The elegant residences which adorn its banks are

very beautiful. The night grew dark before we reached the most charming parts. We met some excursion boats hastening toward the city. One picnic party came far out on the rocks to salute us. There were screams from the ladies, and shouts or laughter from the boat, as the moving water gave a swash which must have drenched them to the skin.

The night was damp as well as dark, and when we reached Troy it was in a drizzling rain.

While the horses were being harnessed several teamsters tried to advise us as to the best route to Bellow's Falls. Their counsel was so contradictory that we could get but little comfort from it.

In one thing they all agreed, and that was, we must go to Lansingburg, six miles away, a suburb of Troy. So we drove there to the Phœnix hotel for breakfast.

Lansingburg is the older place, and for some years was expected to be the principal city, and Troy the suburb. I know not what fatality changed its destiny.

At ten o'clock we had reached Melrose Park hotel, and concluded to dine there and wait for the rain to cease.

This is what is called a road house. Parties from town telephone out for dinner or supper.

"We don't keep no help," the landlady confidentially told the doctor: "consequently we can't have no city boarders."

Her appearance reminded us of the epitaph,

> "Here lies an old woman who always was tired;
> For she lived in a house where help was not hired."

Nevertheless she gave us an excellent dinner.

We took a nap, and rested and refreshed ourselves, and saw the residence of John M. Frances, our minister to Spain.

About the best temperance lecture in the world is the sight of men who should be in the prime of life, going about with shaky limbs and bleared eyes; perfect wrecks of humanity. There seemed to be a large number of these in the pretty little place called Melrose.

It was Saturday afternoon, and to avoid spending Sunday at Melrose, we started as soon as the sun shone, on our way towards Bennington.

When at 4:55 we reached Eagle Bridge on the Hoosick river, the landlord there told us we were taking the wrong route, and advised us to go to Cambridge, N. Y., to stay all night. He also advised us not to go by way of Bennington to Bellow's Falls, as that would take us much further south than we need go. We were sorry to give up seeing a place of such historical associations; but the time and distance were matters worthy of some consideration; for although we "were on pleasure bent," we must needs retain "a frugal mind" in regard to such things.

So we then and there decided to make as early as possible a bee-line across the State of Vermont.

We were still within the borders of the old Empire State. While passing through Rensselaer county the judge told us of the anti-renters' excitement of years ago. When the country was new, it seems a large land tract was given to one Van Rensselaer, who was the founder of the Albany family of that name. He was designated as "Patroon," which was probably

the Dutch for patron. He and his descendants claimed tithes on all the lands mentioned in their grant. At last this became so obnoxious that the tenants arose in revolt, and banded together calling themselves Anti-renters. Their cause entered into the politics of the time, involving not only Rensselaer county, but the whole State of New York.

We were going through a high, hilly, semi-mountaneous country. Beautiful maples, walnut and elm trees spread their branches over the way. Each stretch of road had an individuality all its own. In Rensselaer county we saw the first golden rod of the season. The white wild parsnip flower was there too, also the lovely clematis and the sweet smelling cethra.

We hardly saw a guide-board in the whole day's travel, and so were often forced to ask directions. Those which women gave us were always much the most reliable and explicit.

There was a delightful air of thrift about most of the farm houses ; but now and then we came by one of which the judge would remark,

" Either a sluggard or a drunkard lives here, for

> ' As we passed by the garden,
> We saw the wild brier,
> The thorn and the thistle,
> Grow broader and higher.' "

It was 5:45 P. M. when we reached the beautiful town of Cambridge, Washington County, N. Y., and stopped at the Union hotel. We found the house well patronized by Troy people. The pretty place seemed to have but one fault, and that was excessive shade. The average temperature is said to be remarkably low

in summer and high in winter, almost like the sea-shore. It has a population of about three thousand, with seven churches.

The great industry of the out-lying farming districts is potato growing.

That Saturday night there was a sudden change in the weather. With the proverbial carelessness of tourists, we spent the evening on the piazza very illy protected. The consequence was we found ourselves next morning with a cold in the head.

The wife of the proprietor was born in Virginia. To the Southern demonstrative cordiality she added the Northern tact and hospitality, and so made a most charming landlady. The judge appreciates such people thoroughly, and declared he would go a dozen miles out of his way to be her guest again. Her only son, a splendid young man just twenty-one, was home from the West for his first vacation in six years. Several years before that two enterprising young men from Cambridge went to Wisconsin and established a banking house. One of them coming back on a visit took this boy of fifteen to Milwaukee as book-keeper's clerk. The firm to-day are worth $200,000; and this boy is become one of their most valued and trusty assistants.

On that bright cool Sunday morning we walked under lines of shady trees to the Methodist church a mile away. The minister's text was the thief's prayer, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." To prove some assertion of his he quoted from the "Prince of the House of David." He admitted, however, that the novel *was a novel* and so must be taken with some grains of allowance. He

was a little mixed on the subject of the resurrection. He represented the thief as not being yet admitted to Heaven, but in some place of peace waiting for the judgment day and his old body.

"If the poor fellow is getting along comfortably without the old shell for these hundreds of years, I see no need of crawling into it again," said the judge.

"Perhaps," replied the parson, "that Methodist minister thinks it would not be respectful for the thief to appear a naked soul before his maker; so he is represented to be waiting as it were, for his clothes before making his début into heavenly society."

That parson should read Sir John Herschel on the literal Resurrection. He, Herschel, estimated that one human pair would in a hundred generations produce such a multitude, that allowing each person one foot square and four feet high of space, the whole surface of the earth would be covered, and in 3,000 years the column would reach 3,674 times the distance between the sun and the earth.

That Sabbath afternoon was so fine that we almost thought duty required us to improve it by driving eighteen miles on our route, as far as Arlington. So regretfully leaving our nice quarters at Cambridge, we passed through a wild bit of country and a rough gorge along the Battonkill river. There was one place where we went for a long distance, miles we thought it, through a deep green forest. We were very glad that we had several hours of daylight left, and were not likely to be overtaken by darkness before reaching our destination.

It was nearly sundown, and we had crossed into Vermont, when we found ourselves again comfortably

fixed in a hotel. About twenty city boarders were singing Sunday hymns in the parlor. After supper they resumed the singing, and kept it up till they had exhausted both their list of songs and their vocal powers.

Then our parson walked quietly across the room and seated himself on the piano stool in front of the organ. He informed them that he always thought it his duty to contribute his share on all such occasions; and since nature had given him no talent for singing, he would talk to them a little.

With this pretty introduction he proceeded to sow good seed by the way-side.

When he had made an end of speaking several of the people came up and shook hands and thanked him.

One of them, a handsome lawyer from New York, happened to remark,

"As my friend Rev. Sidney D——, of Providence Conference says:" when one of our party exclaimed, "Do you know Mr. D——?" and the judge who never has any secrets of his own nor anybody else's, said,

"He wanted her for his second wife."

The New York lawyer said, "Is it possible that I see Miss——. Mr. D. told me all about that little episode twenty years ago."

When we were by ourselves that night our parson asked, "Did you notice with what fervor the elderly women seemed to enter into the songs that were a worship of Jesus? Love—the love of man—has failed them: they still desire love. Jesus is the ideal man. They easily give themselves to Him."

"By a parity of reasoning," said the doctor, "the elderly men should worship at the shrine of the Virgin Mary."

"They do, if they happen to be Roman Catholics," said the gallant judge: "and if they are fortunate enough to be Liberals they worship at the shrine of any other virgin. In the latter case, they do not feel obliged to confine themselves to any particular name. The virgin Hannah Jane is just as good as Mary to them."

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AS we were leaving the town early next morning, one of our party remarked, "I have discovered what has become of all the white marble top tables that have so completely disappeared from the homes of fashion and affluence. They have been used to pave the side-walks of Arlington!"

It was indeed a queer sight. Here was a slab apparently taken from a six-foot square table; and another of equal length, but half the width. They made up whole blocks of side-walk. There they lay white and glistening to be trodden under foot of men.

Again we went through a well cultivated and beautiful country. We passed one elegant summer hotel, the Equinox House at Manchester.

We saw one regular Yankee contrivance—a calf was hitched by a long rope to the rim of an old wheel. The wheel lay flat on the ground. Through its hub a stake was securely stuck. The wheel easily revolved on the stake, and the animal could move without becoming tangled in the radius of the rope.

At last we reached the Green mountains, over which we were to cross on a turnpike road. Almost the first thing we had to do was to pay a quarter of a dollar toll, which was astonishingly cheap, considering

the length of the road, about seven miles, and the great difficulty of making it. The road had no turns and but few houses. We went through forest and jungle, with occasional openings whence we obtained beautiful views ; and all along there were sweetly singing birds and wild-wood flowers, "Sweet wild-wood flowers."

We met a stage-coach with the United States mail on board. We also met a pack-pedler, another harbinger of civilization.

On this desolate way was one school-house. The question naturally arose as to where the children came from.

The judge said "perhaps,

> "Each valley, each sequestered glen,
> Sends forth its horde of little men."

It was only a slight transposition, but quite a new application.

We arrived at Peru at noon, and alighted at the little old red farm house dignified by the name of Bromley House. We were soon surprised by the splendid dinner spread out for us.

Mr. Davis, the host, appeared not only as head waiter, but as the sole and only one, also the carver, in long white apron.

The dinner was in regular courses : but when he asked, "Will you have brown sauce or capers, with your mutton ?" we thought that clapped the climax.

Our delight with his dinner was so gratifying to him, that he opened his whole heart and life to us.

This was the place of his birth. His highest ambition as a youth had been to sometime have money enough to buy the old homestead. He became in

time a successful caterer in New York city. He started Partridge's restaurant in Philadelphia. In 1864 he returned to his native State and bought the old farm, thus realizing his boyish dreams and desire.

Mr. Davis begged us to excuse him for seeming a little hurried that day. He said he had a telephone message that a party of twelve were driving from Dorset to dine at the Bromley, and he was expecting their arrival at any moment.

We had only just finished our repast, when with great clatter and flourish, and blowing of horns, the expected guests came.

Mr. Davis was on hand to welcome them with beaming smiles. We afterwards overheard him lauding us; and telling them that one of our pair of horses, Oscar, cost fifteen hundred dollars! Now as this sum was about three times too much, we knew how to average the value of his praises of ourselves; so this calculation kept us from being puffed up.

Our next point of approach was to be Grafton.

Mr. Davis kindly showed us maps of the road, and gave us as he thought, most careful directions; but forgot to mention the very first turn. The consequence was that when we came to that, we naturally mistook that for the first one he had described, and so we went wrong almost from the start. After some time, we found ourselves going almost due south, when we should have been driving east. When the judge's attention was called to the matter, he said, with his usual hopefulness.

"I guess it is all right. You know what they call '*a straight road*' here does not mean the same thing as in the flat sands of New Jersey. Besides, you must

remember Mr. Davis told us we are to cross another mountain. We may be going partly around its base."

This seemed good reasoning. Nevertheless the rest of the party were visibly uneasy. The houses were far apart, and we met no one. After what seemed an age, we came to a place where a man was feeding his pigs in his door-yard.

In answer to our inquiries, he informed us that we had been going off on a tangent for the last hour or so. There were two ways of getting back to the "big road" and taking a fair start towards Grafton. One was to retrace our steps, and the other was to drive across, through the farmer's "short cut," which was half grown up with brush and grass. The cut was only a mile and a half long, and there were only one or two pairs of bars to let down!

Almost anything was better than to go back, and we unanimously chose the "short cut."

The parson improved the occasion by observing how one mis-step in life throws everything out of gear.

We had been tired to begin with, and grew nervous and excited as the day waned.

The evening primroses had long since opened their golden eyes and the dews of night were falling fast, when we came in sight of Grafton, and soon after reached the door of Phelp's hotel.

It was but a meagre welcome we received. The landlord, who was also the undertaker of the town, had in handling a corpse, dead from Erysipelas, contracted blood poisoning. The doctors had given a very unfavorable prognosis of his case, and his friends were waiting to see him die. Meanwhile the hotel had been running itself, and was nearly run down we

thought. The only thing about the whole establishment which seemed to be in a flourishing condition was a beautiful collection of house plants. They crowded the upper piazza, and like the famous wild brier, grew and grew till they could get no higher.

Early the next morning, which was Tuesday, we resumed our journey. The weather was simply perfect, neither too cool nor too warm. We were bound for Bellows Falls and hoped to dine there.

The direction given was "follow Saxton's river and the telegraph poles."

We got along finely until we came to a place where the telegraph poles went one way, and the river flowed the other. At the foot of a high hill they separated: "like the sheep and the goats in the day of judgment," the parson said: the one to the right and the other to the left.

What were we to do? Clearly we could no longer follow both.

Thinking that the telegraph would take the shortest and most direct route we followed it up the hill, and took the first opportunity to inquire. Fortunately both roads met again at no great distance.

With a delightful accompaniment of singing birds and sunshine, lovely skies and lively talk, we drove over and through hills and Green mountains.

Often we came to a spot where a solitary farm house stood in a little dell of its own. The whole outlook would perhaps be no more than a mile in circumference.

Sometimes a bed of lillies, or rockets, or sweet-williams, would brighten a little weather-beaten house and make in the wilderness a delight for the eyes.

In one of these dells, a little "child amid the flowers at play," reminded the judge of the mouse story.

"Once upon a time a mouse was born in the till of a chest. One day when he had grown large enough to climb to the edge of the till, he clumsily tumbled over into the bottom, and with astonishment exclaimed, 'Why, mother! what a big world we live in!'"

The frequent watering troughs were great sources of gratitude to us.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beasts," quoted our parson.

"And to other folk's beasts as well," quickly responded the judge, as he sprang out to loosen the head checks, and let Lex and Oscar refresh themselves in one of these overflowing roadside cups.

One of the charms of driving through new country is, you are always wondering what novelty of scenery, or adventure, will present itself to-morrow.

"One thing we know" said the doctor, "there will be thorns as well as roses in the way." "No," responded the hopeful judge, "roses as well as thorns, you mean:" and we all concluded that was the much better statement of an obvious fact.

"Forever more to-morrow lends
Bright visions of completeness;
True lovers, and most steadfast friends
With faces full of sweetness.

"Press onward, aye, and upward, heart,
While we our gladness borrow:
For hope and I shall never part
While we can have to-morrow."

Not only has each stretch of road an individuality of its own, but so has each day's drive.

Thus the first day out from Troy was like the northern part of Sussex county in New Jersey. The second day, the verdure was like that of the Alleghanies; and the third day, we were constantly reminded of Rhode Island scenery.

The first days out the streams of water all came running toward us, going to join the Hudson. After we had crossed the mountains the streams went with us, gently murmuring as if showing us the way to the Connecticut river.

We went straight across the State of Vermont, traveling like the sun worshippers, with our faces always toward the east.

One experiences a melancholy pleasure in going over roads over which he has never been, and is not likely ever to go again. It is at once a glad greeting and a pathetic parting.

It was still two hours before noon when we reached Bellows Falls.

"I should be ashamed of our horses," said the judge, "if they could not average six miles an hour, and walk half the way at that."

In Bellows Falls every foot of space is utilized. The railroads, or rather one of them, enters town underground. It is a thriving business place with large paper mills, and a glue factory which smells to heaven.

We put up at the Townsend House and enjoyed a very nicely served dinner.

From a side window we could look out into a chicken yard where was a chopping block. A sharp axe lay suggestively beside it. The spring

chickens were actually mounting that block, seemingly ready and willing to be sacrificed to appease the appetite of the hungry traveler.

We were tempted by the Townsend's bountiful table to remain : but the weather was so propitious and the horses still so fresh, we concluded to go on twenty miles more and stop at Claremont, N. H., for the night.

In going there, we crossed the C. river railroad thirteen times ! We passed through several very attractive places. One of the prettiest was Charlestown on the bank of the river.

All *about* the roads were magnificent, and the scenery splendid. Often we passed places where a dozen or more handsome shade trees lined the road in front of some handsome house.

Near Claremont some one had generously made an avenue of a mile of maples in double rows.

We were all quite ready to call a halt when at 5:30 we arrived at Claremont and began looking for the Belmont House, to which we had been recommended.

The broad streets, white houses with green blinds, and well-kept grounds, impressed us with the idea that the Belmont must be correspondingly inviting.

It is against the judge's principles to inquire for anything which he can find himself ; and so it happened that we passed and repassed the hotel without recognizing its insignificant entrance.

A friendly neighbor volunteered to ring the door bell. As no one came, he pushed open the door and called up-stairs, "Will, Will," several times. At last William appeared.

Why in such a roomy town, any one should have

thought it necessary, or becoming, to build a hotel up-stairs was "one of those things——"

Otherwise Claremont was a sweet place. It was on Sugar river. Many of the residences were beautiful. One Moody from New York had an elegant stock farm near. In coming down a stony hill from there, poor Lex, always the unfortunate one, stumbled and slightly sprained himself.

We had ordered breakfast at the Belmont at 6 A. M., but had to wait for the bell till 7. Meanwhile we visited the stables to inquire after the health of the horses. We found Lex quite lame. In another half hour we had devoured what little we could of our breakfast and started.

Another lovely day, with nothing to dampen our pleasure save the little limp of Lex. As he went on that seemed to get better. We did not hurry; but at 9 o'clock we were at Cornish Flats, a pretty New England village arrayed in white and green, and all so very clean, ten miles away.

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IT was a little while before noon when we arrived at Lebanon, a large white village with a railroad, the Boston and Lowell, called also the Northern railroad.

We were delighted to find a delicious twelve o'clock dinner just ready for us. We were hungry, and did that dinner ample justice.

The hotel was too near the depot for comfortable resting; so at 2 o'clock we pushed on for Lyme, eighteen miles distant. It was the warmest part of the day. The sun was stinging; and a large part of the way the shade was scant.

Suddenly clouds came up. In the distance we heard low mutterings from the coming storm. We then hurried on; and at last almost furiously. We were in sight of Lyme, although a mile from it, when we came to the same kind of hill as had caused the mischief the day before. In precisely the same way Lex stumbled again. This time the mis-step proved a serious disaster. The thunder shower was just ready to burst when he limped up to the Grant House.

On the piazza were two ladies and a gentleman.

"You cannot keep those people can you, Mrs. Grant?" inquired the gentleman.

"No," was the madam's answer.

"Is there any other public house near?" we asked.

"No," again from the landlady.

"Well, then we must stop here," very decidedly from our carriage ; at the same time we alighted.

When we had thus forced ourselves on Mrs. Grant's hospitality she became very cordial in her reception.

Her husband was away, she informed us, and they had decided not to keep hotel any longer.

The gentleman and lady who were there were old customers whom she could not refuse. They were a sewing machine man and his wife by the name of Smith, from Boston.

Here was just the man to give us the information we needed. He knew everything which we wanted to know, but did not.

We were surprised to learn from him that a hundred miles up the Connecticut the farms were finer than anything we had yet seen.

The shower did not prove to be a very terrible one, and when it was over a nice supper was served.

We passed a very pleasant evening being entertained with music, and song, and conversation, just as if we were company, instead of travelers.

A handsome black Morgan horse was at pasture in the orchard near by. Mrs. G. said her husband wished to sell it. Now it had long been a dream of the judge's to possess a pair of those horses.

"They are short, and tough, and never tire nor get lame. There is never anything the matter with a good Morgan horse," the judge told us.

That night we held a little family council over the matter ; but got no further than this: we agreed that the judge might see what sort of trade Mr. Grant, who was expected home about midnight, would offer to make.

The judge was up and dressed and out by 5 o'clock the next morning to inspect the black horse in anticipation of a banter. We knew we held the balance of power ; and yet we trembled for poor Lex's safety.

The judge was not out long. In fact he returned rather hastily, and entered the room exclaiming,

"That horse is lamer than ours ! Grant says it is only from getting scratched by a nail ; but I am not going to trade a lame horse we are acquainted with, for one we know nothing about."

Then we breathed more freely, and in our heart of hearts rejoiced that Lexington had for the present, escaped being sacrificed.

We did not feel in very good spirits however, as we drove away from Lyme that lovely morning after the summer rain had made the world so fresh and sweet.

Lex was somewhat better ; but still unmistakably lame. We drove slowly, not intending to make more than thirteen miles that forenoon.

"Be sure to stop at Harry Stevens' for dinner," was Mr. Smith's parting injunction.

At Orford, eight miles away, we came to what is called "Houghton's folly," a big and very curious barn, into which we could drive our whole establishment up to the second story !

A little way from there we crossed the Connecticut river and found ourselves again in Vermont. The place was called Fairlee. Something like the Palisades on the Hudson, faced the bridge over which we went. They left but little room for the town.

We turned sharply to the right and drove directly north through the sand to Bradford. There we

crossed Wait's river, a small stream with a very big falls and romantic scenery, a tributary of the Connecticut.

When we told Mr. Stevens that Mr. Smith had sent us there, he gave us a warm welcome.

While we were waiting for our dinner, an open buggy drawn by a perfect beauty of a black horse, and driven by two pretty girls came into the door-yard.

The horse was a great pet and would try to find candy and apples in the young ladies' pockets. Mr. Stevens called him a Morgan, although we afterwards found he came by way of Canada.

The judge admired the horse exceedingly. In fact we all did. He was as pretty as a picture.

In one hour's time he was ours. We had sold Lex!!

A cute Yankee is too much for a Pennsylvania Dutchman.

We had paid two hundred dollars to boot. The price of Lex until he stumbled had been four hundred.

Mr. Stevens seated us at the dinner table before his regular boarders came in. Not expecting to see any familiar faces we did not even look up as they came trooping in. At last a lady took her seat exactly opposite. An involuntary upward glance; our eyes met. With an exclamation of surprise and delight we rushed to embrace each other.

We had been chums "years and years ago."

How strange that in a part of the country where neither had ever been before, we should cross each other's path again.

The afternoon proved rainy, and we stayed to talk over old times, and live youth's gay and happy scenes over again.

Friday morning, August 12th, we awoke to find the clouds parting, and the sun shining out. By the way, we have found the old saying true,

"There is but one Friday in a year,
That the sun doth not appear."

Sadly we parted from our old friend so haply met; and sadly too we took our leave of Lex.

"He never was an affectionate horse," said the judge, bravely trying to make as light of the parting as possible.

"That is so," asserted the doctor; "but he was so reliable and so handsome! You could not help respecting and admiring him. It will be long before we shall look upon his like again."

We named the new horse Morgan from his supposed blood. We harnessed him, not on the side where Lex had been, but put Oscar there; and the new horse in Oscar's place, in order not to miss Lex so much.

"They do not match at all," said the doctor.

"I did not expect them to," replied the judge. "We will find a match for Morgan; and keep Oscar exclusively for your saddle;" he said soothingly.

At Well's River Junction we again crossed into New Hampshire. With fine weather, and through wild scenery, we drove to Lisbon, and stopped to take our nooning at the Bingham House. We were a day in advance of our time. This was the 14th of August. We were not due at Bethlehem till the fifteenth. We were all so anxious to get settled for the hay-fever season, that we concluded to telegraph asking if our rooms at Ramlet's were ready.

Requesting the answer to be sent to meet us at

Thayer's, in Littleton, we drove another ten miles, and called for it.

What a miracle it seems when one stops to think of it! We send a thought through the invisible air at such wonderful speed : and back comes the response, stopping at just the point we have indicated.

We were very glad to find the answer was, "Yes, come on."

On we went five miles more.

The moment we left Littleton, Oscar thought he knew just where we were going.

We had already come about thirty-five miles and both horses must have been very tired.

Oscar's renewed courage seemed in some way to communicate itself to Morgan.

The horses came into Bethlehem about sunset in fine style. Oscar recognized his old stable at Wilder's, where he boarded last summer. We could hardly whip him past it on our way to the Sinclair Stables.

The new horse had done very well. He kept up his end of the traces; but it was comical to see Oscar's stately stride mated with Morgan's pudgy movements.

Quite a number of friends, some of whom we had met at Long Branch, were watching for our arrival and gave us a hearty welcome. A warm supper was also waiting for us. This was the first of a series of nearly perfect meals.

Several large Saratoga trunks which had been forwarded by express, were awaiting our attention. To unpacking these, and to getting fitted into our new quarters, we devoted Saturday.

We took a short run down to the Maplewood and

up to the Centennial to see if the horses were at all stiff from their long drive.

A great change had come over the weather. That night was absolutely cold. The judge called for his heavy English walking coat, which in the hot June days before leaving Philadelphia, he had declared he should not need again until snow flew.

"Don't let us lug that along," he had said when the trunks were being packed.

It was funny now to hear him ask for it in a half deprecating manner.

"I suppose you did not bring my walking coat, did you?"

"Yes sir, here it is."

The look of welcome he gave it, paid us for the trouble of a surreptitious packing.

Sunday morning there was a great attraction at the Methodist Church. The Rev. Mr. S—— was going to preach and the revivalists, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, were going to sing. They had really beautiful voices and they sang soul-stirring music. They were staying at our hotel under the patronage of a very rich man who had once been very wicked, but was now brought to see the error of his ways by their singing.

"A very pleasant way of getting converted," our parson remarked, after attending their "Evening of Song" in the hotel parlor.

"A Romish lady, brought up in popery," very sweetly volunteered to play their accompaniments on the piano, while they sang, "Oh, 'tis wonderful," and other evangelical hymns, in a way that rings in our ears forever.

Our old-time parson with the new-time ideas, some

"O DON'T CALL IT THAT," SAID THE JUDGE, "SAY AN INSANE PROTECTION AGAINST ARCTIC FRIGIDITY."

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think, is little better than a skeptic. This is one of the questions which he propounded, and thereby shocked some sincere orthodox souls tremendously.

Now it seems that this sweet singer in Israel is the inventor of the coupon system.

You do not know what that is? well I'll tell you.

There is a law against compelling one's workmen to trade at his employer's store. This man has contrived to circumvent that law. He issues coupons to employés which will be accepted as money at the employer's store, but are not redeemable if presented anywhere else. "The destruction of the poor is always his poverty." His wages are not due till the end of the month, but his necessities are present and pressing. He is almost forced to accept these coupons and buy at the store where he must pay any price his masters choose to ask.

"Is not this a diabolical system?" said the parson, "and in thus assisting to oppress the poor, is he not committing a sin which no amount of the blood of which he is so continually prating can wash away?"

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WISHING to try Morgan single we drove him to Echo Farm. "He has no great speed, but for beauty he will be hard to match," remarked the doctor.

"I can do it, though," replied the judge. "I said nothing about it at the time, but at Bellow's Falls I saw just such a horse. They offered him to me for two hundred and fifty dollars."

The judge was as eager as a lover wherever a horse which he fancied was concerned. On Wednesday he could no longer be persuaded to delay going by train to Bellow's Falls to see if his impression of that horse was correct.

Who would have believed there were gyps in Vermont! When the Bellow's Falls man found that the judge wanted the horse bad enough to come after him, he increased his price one hundred dollars, told an entirely different story to account for his desire to sell; and besides all that, the judge was quite certain, he had substituted another horse! The judge has such an honest face and frank ways, that rogues sometimes mistake him for a gullible person. The doctor always waits with great interest to see how astonished they are surely going to be. It would undoubtedly have been worth the price of that hun-

dred miles travel, to have heard the judge open on that Bellow's Falls man at last.

Meanwhile we had but one saddle horse between us. It did very well for the judge to ride alone ; but when it came the lady doctor's turn, it looked quite different.

She declared that she felt like the old maid who went "on foot and alone, across lots and a crying, to get married."

Even the high praises of her handsome horse and horsemanship, by a local paper, which made the extravagant statement that she "rode with faultless grace," even this, and the applause from the piazzas, failed to make her feel comfortable in riding without an escort.

Perceiving this, the generous-hearted judge said, "I'll have my saddle put on Morgan and go with you. I can ride anything but a cow."

Morgan seemed somewhat surprised when the saddle was put upon his back, but allowed it without much protest. He evidently thought it was some novel kind of harness ; but when the judge essayed to mount him, he determined to draw the line just there. That was carrying the thing a little too far. He positively refused to stand still. It would not do for the judge to be beaten ; so he contrived to outwit Morgan. Two strong ostlers seized one foot and left the poor animal standing on three legs, while the judge gained his seat in the saddle. Then Morgan went meekly pudging along beside Oscar, the two looking, for all the world, like some of the mismatched couples one meets occasionally.

Almost every mountain house keeps its own Tally-

ho, and has its own peculiar senseless cry. The Sinclair's,

"Wah! Hoo! Wah!
Wah! Hoo! Wah!
Giddy, Giddy, Sinclair,
Wah! Hoo! Wah!"

and the Howard House,

"Happy! Happy!
Howard House!
Ha! Ha! Ha!"

and many others, with the tooting of the horns make it seem as if Bedlam has broken loose sometimes.

"That beast will never make a riding horse by any amount of skillful training," said Mr. C., the president of a Montreal Sporting Club, one morning, as from our piazza, he witnessed the judge struggling with Morgan's education.

"If you notice you will see he turns his toes inward, and when he trots puts one fore foot just in front of the other. If he should make a mis-step he would surely tumble and throw his rider heels over head."

This speech aroused the doctor's fears for the judge's safety and she refused absolutely to let him run such risk again.

Then a great effort was made to find what is called a combination horse, one fit for both driving and riding, and still a match for Morgan in size and color.

It became noised all about town, and in the country round about, that we wanted a horse. Such specimens as they brought would have been comical if they had not been provoking. It was getting toward the close of the season and people were ready to part

with their spavined, and spoiled, and wind-broken, and generally used up animals. Almost every shade of color, and every shape and size were brought to match our pretty, plump, black, little Morgan. Among them came one elephantine creature, 17½ hands high, and weighing twelve hundred pounds!

We had a delightfully sociable set at Ranlet's. Everybody seemed ready to do what they could toward the general entertainment. There was no lack therefore of evening amusement. One time Mrs. Barruch, who had come on our recommendation from Long Branch, got up a donkey party; and such fun as we had! The judge was confident that he could put the tail in its proper position without the least hesitation; but came near getting the booby prize by getting the farthest off. One Friday night we had a game with beans called "Speculation;" and the next day at dinner, the usual Saturday dish of baked beans appeared on our neatly printed bill of fare as "Speculation Beans."

For the rainy days, when exercise was needed, a game of Blindman's Buff was introduced. The doctor excelled as the blindman, and could keep a whole room-full stirring to get out of the way.

When from long storms, outside walking became impracticable, she organized a broom brigade. The columns marched two abreast with mountain canes carried like guns at rest. They moved two paces forward and one back: first with right foot, then with left.

Then she instituted a regular gymnastic drill for the expansion and strengthening of the chest and other muscles. Some of the guests declared these

exercises gave them an increase of appetite, for which the proprietors might be less grateful than they were.

Sometimes we had musical and literary entertainments, with artistically printed and ornamented programs. In these our party always took a prominent part.

Some Sunday nights our parson occupied the whole time, with the exception of the singing of the hymns by the audience ; and once by a professional artist the solo "Consider the lilies" was given. Even the children enjoyed our parson's preachments. The youngest son of our host, little ten-year-old Dan, was one of the brightest boys in the world. He would take his high table chair, and placing it in the front row of seats, watch and devour every word of the discourse. On one of these occasions he said to the speaker, "Don't be too serious. You know I don't like prayer meetings."

August 24th was a grand gala day ; there was a parade of vehicles ornamented in every conceivable way ; there was a procession of people ; there were bright skies and brilliant colors ; there were prizes for beauty and decorations ; there was base-ball and fire-works. Each hotel spread all its banners to the breeze, and streamers in all the colors of the rainbow flew from the flag staffs.

Everybody seemed "gay and happy."

We were not entirely given over to fun and frolic. Very often we enjoyed a purely intellectual treat, as for instance, when our Harvard man, Prof. Hooper, from Boston, explained to us Prof. Agassiz's theory, of the coral formation of Florida, and the judge presented Professor Heilprin's refutation of that theory,

and evidences that the peninsula was of volcanic origin. The coral reefs, he, Heilprin, says, have formed around the previously erupted masses. Such scientific discussion is always profitable, whether it absolutely settles anything or not.

One of our most splendid talkers and listeners too, was Dr. North, of Waterbury, Connecticut. He knew a great deal in other directions than his profession, and was not a bit pedantic.

Time flew on silken wings. We were almost in danger of surfeit from the sweets of life. There was just one nuisance of which we could complain. The flies. A fortune and fame awaits the man who shall invent some way of ridding hotels of these pests.

The doctor had providentially brought screens for our windows, but the halls were full of flies, and the moment the door was open, in rushed a hungry swarm, that defied every attempt at an afternoon nap.

The doctor is not easily thwarted in what she undertakes. When one plan fails she tries another. The next device was to try fly-paper. The only kind she could procure was the sticky sort. She placed some in the hall on trunks near the door in order to catch as many as possible before they could begin their depredations inside. Then she placed some in the rooms. One sheet of it she pinned to the window shade.

Presently the hall boy came up-stairs with a visitor's card. He was one of those constitutionally tired people who embrace every opportunity to sit down. Vaguely remembering there was a trunk by the door he seated himself to wait till his rap should be answered.

As the doctor took the card and bade him say she would be down directly, what was her chagrin to see him descending the stairs with that abominable fly-paper sticking to his trousers.

Then in a hasty attempt to straighten out her tangled locks, she shook out her long tresses, and oh! horror of horrors!! every separate end seemed to catch on that fly-paper which was securely pinned to the window shade!!! Pulling and squirming were utterly useless; and it was in vain to try to reach the scissors which were lying six feet away. Fortunately the chamber-maid came along and released her from the predicament.

On the mountains we can know how tempests originate; for we actually see the storms and thunder clouds making up.

All day August 24th, the skies wore a peculiar leaden gray. The mountains and hills were a beautiful sky blue, while fleecy vapors gathered themselves into long rolls like masses of white illusion. It was a most lovely study of mingled cloud and color.

The subdued light and cool temperature were so favorable for horse-back riding that the judge could not resist the temptation to try Morgan once more, notwithstanding the difficulty of mounting and dismounting.

When we returned to the house a closely veiled figure was descending from a carriage sobbing. The steward of the hotel had died in convulsions that morning, and this was his widow.

The judge had been so absorbed in the antics of his steed that he had failed to observe anything peculiar in the lady's appearance, and the occurrence of the

death had been so effectually concealed that not half a dozen people in the house knew of it, and they were pledged to secrecy.

It was many days before any other member of our party knew of that tragedy in our midst. The doctor was awake and knew when, at midnight, heavy stealthy steps came down the stairs, and a hearse and one lone carriage rolled away.

She was glad that others could sleep soundly, and see nothing of the shadow of death which had come within our borders.

The next morning, "The sunshine sweetly smiled as his early glance came forth," and laughter and music and dancing, sounded through the halls where so lately that sad little funeral procession had been.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW few people have the sense to dress according to the weather. Some days when the temperature was that of November, they would wear the daintiest and thinnest of dresses and the flimsiest of shawls. Their hands were so cold, and their faces so blue and pinched, that we knew they had not a bit of flannel on. Our doctor had to tell some of them they were fit candidates for consumption.

Decidedly the most charming public entertainment given in Bethlehem was a concert by Mrs. Alice Shaw, of New York. It was perfectly unique. She could represent whole operas, whistling like a bird. She was also a woman of magnificent proportions and presence. Everybody was in love with her ; and yet she was a deserted wife! She had found herself obliged to utilize her talent for the support of herself and her two little girls. We are glad to learn since then, that the pecuniary success she failed of here, she found in foreign countries.

One of the very best charades we had was with the word investigate. For the Inn the whole office was given up, and the actors took possession of all its paraphernalia. The arrivals were remarkably distinguished. Among them came the Irish agitator O'Brien. The keeper of the inn was Mr. Culbert, of Philadelphia, whose versatility of talents enabled him

to become all things to all men. In the next scene he was a German Jew keeping a clothing store, and trying to sell a vest many sizes too large to Mrs. Young, who had brought little Dan to be fitted. "If anything, this vest fits too much," said Mr. C. in broken Dutch accent, and imperturbable gravity, as he wrapped the vest almost double about the boy, and insisted that the pretty widow should buy it. In the third scene Dr. North appeared as the oculist and one of the most lovely young ladies, with bandaged eyes, was the patient. His diagnosis was that she had strained her eyes by looking after a lover; and his treatment forbade her to look at any young man for a fortnight. In the fourth scene little Kitty Moore sang

"Come down by the gate."

The audience applauded roundly, and readily gave the word investigate.

The next day the reporter of a local paper called to interview our doctor, who was supposed to be the prime mover in all these festivities. The story of the evening lost nothing in her rendition of it, and when the paper was published, the talent at Ranlet's awoke to find itself famous.

The sunset of August 27th was grand beyond description. With a friend we paced the Highland House piazza for an hour. Looking westward from there, it was very difficult to believe that we had crossed all those billows of land in our frail little pheaton.

There was in our company at least one lady, Mrs. Hooper, who told a story equal to any man. She was the daughter of a prominent Boston divine, and the

talent was inherited. I wish we could have kept a list of her stories. We will mention only one at present. A minister was very fond of horses and drove a spanking pair. To this his church made no objection, but when he essayed to drive them tandem, they thought it time to enter their protest. To the committee who waited upon him he declared he could see no more impropriety in putting one horse ahead of the other than by driving them side by side. It was then a bright illustration occurred to the deacon who had been chosen to bear to their pastor the sense of the meeting. "Now parson," said he, "when you pray, you spread your hands out like this, side by side; this is all right and proper, but"—suddenly placing the thumb of one hand to the tip of his nose, and the thumb of the other to the little finger of the first—"how would that look in the pulpit?"

Sunday, August 28th, we made up a nice congenial party, hired one of the big wagons, and drove to the new Unitarian church at Littleton.

The building was pretty and roomy, but hardly half filled. The place for the choir was perched much too high; and they sang higher than their voices were ever intended to go. The man in the pulpit we took for a little unfledged divinity student.

Dr. North said he reminded him of the young fellow who was called upon to diagnose a case, and modestly declined because he had only got as far as fevers in his hospital studies.

"Your story is a good one, but not apposite," said his wife; "for this man seemed to think he knew it all."

"The greatest fault I found with his sermon," said

our parson, "was its lack of fervor. One might as well undertake to heat an oven with snow-balls."

Our Jewess friend rebuked us all by her silence, and when we questioned her, she said, "I went to the sanctuary to worship, and so saw nothing to criticise."

That evening there was a lecture in the Ranlet parlor on Religion and Morality by our parson. Two Episcopal ministers happened to call just before it began, and took away to the opposite room several of our congregation. Your reporter went, a committee of one, and invited the ministers to come in and listen to the lecture.

They declined, saying they could only remain a few minutes. Nevertheless they did remain all the evening, and talked and laughed so loudly as seriously to disturb our meeting.

The impoliteness and selfishness of the cloth is sometimes quite shocking.

The judge had somehow got greatly into the good graces of those revivalists before mentioned. The morning came when they were to leave us. After breakfast they invited the judge down to the cottage where they had lodged. He asked the doctor to go along. When we were all gathered together with one accord in that upper chamber, they asked the judge to lead in prayer.

The judge politely declined, saying,

"I will join with you;" but they insisted.

We know he wished himself a mile away, but his disposition to oblige is immense. Down he went on his marrow bones, and while we followed suit, and fell on our knees, we hoped that he would give them a specimen of his most liberal thought in regard to sup-

plication. For once in his life I think he failed to have the courage of his convictions. He tried to satisfy the demand of the occasion by quoting scripture, and did his level best; but everybody felt that his heart was not in it. The brethren uttered one or two faint amens; but on the whole that prayer was a dead failure.

The judge himself said he did not think it got out of the room until the meeting broke up and the doors were opened.

If at Bethlehem you have not strength to climb a real mountain and yet wish to feel that you are let out into a large place, go up on Strawberry Hill. In almost every direction the views are extensive and the scenery magnificent.

At night this is one of the grandest places imaginable to study astronomy. There every clear night "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

Always our favorite drive was along the Amonoosic. It was so solitary and so secluded. The lady doctor told the judge, "I do so love to be alone with you, with the horses, and with Nature."

> "Oh! the golden days, the long bright days,
> The gladdest of the year!
> The green grass springs, the wild bird sings,
> The summer time is here."

On one of the last of the summer days, a party in whom we were interested went to see Mount Washington.

How we watched the weather, and anxiously speculated about the prospect from the top.

The day proved to be all we could desire for them.

"The earth was full of life and joy,
The air was full of splendor:
And unto all the south wind brought
Her message sweet and tender."

That night we held an experience meeting in the parlor; and each one told the effect of his first visit to Mount Washington.

Mrs. Barruch said she felt as she went up, that the gates of Heaven were opened unto her.

Another said, "never before did I feel that I was not afraid to die."

One said, "this passage of scripture constantly recurred to my mind, 'He toucheth the mountains with his finger and they smoke.' The whisps of cloud and mist often simulated smoke and volcanoes."

All agreed that the sight of high mountains developes a deeply religious feeling.

One of Mrs. Shaw's Concert Company, Mrs. Campbell, received a telegram from New York asking her to hasten home to her sick mother.

The lady's distress elicited our fullest sympathy. A dozen or more of us accompanied her to the depot. A great many people happened to be leaving on that train and there was great confusion. In the midst of it Prof. Hooper volunteered to get Mrs. C.'s trunk checked.

The professor is a little near-sighted, and in the crowd he mistook a person in a blue flannel suit for the baggage-master. The man turned angrily upon him, saying,

"D—— you: do you take me for a porter?"

"Excuse me, sir," said the polite professor, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

One morning when we were driving Morgan down the long hill towards Littleton, he stumbled fearfully.

The judge looked discouraged, but charitably attributed the fault to the new shoes he had on.

We took him to one learned blacksmith after another ; but neither change of shoes, nor of mechanics, seemed able to remove the difficulty.

Hearing of a pair of "elegant dapple horses" for sale at Whitfield, ten miles away, we went there. The drive was new to us, and very lovely. In that respect it was a grand success ; but the horses !

They were a dirty gray, and fit only for teaming !

The little old-fashioned tavern where we alighted to rest for a while, had a large quaint parlor with open-fire-place and brass *and-irons*, on which some fresh, almost green, logs were smouldering.

It was the last place in the world where one would expect to find anything in the way of fine arts. The walls were covered with them. There were lovely landscapes and painted flowers. There was gobelin work and bric-a-brac.

We fairly feasted our eyes ; but our noses suffered ; for there was a stale smell of tobacco, and even the ghosts of departed dinners lingered in that unaired room.

On our way out we had seen all along at our left, on the side of a long low mountain, a storm brewing. It seemed curiously enough to follow without ever overtaking us. When we returned it was through deep puddles which it had made ; and on every leaf and lowly flower the summer rain had left a pearl.

Connected with our enjoyment of all these beauties, and these blessings, was the constant feeling of thanks-

"One Plump Little Woman got a Bushel of Clams and a big Blue Fish by Express. It was a Bright Bit of the Salt Sea Shore Tasted on the White Mountains.

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giving to the Author of all good, that one dearer to us than our own life, was escaping the suffering which would have been sure to come to him at this season anywhere else. It seemed to us a daily miracle that in the months of August and September our darling should have no hay-fever.

I think it must be a similar feeling of gratitude which makes so many happy faces in Bethlehem. At none of the summer resorts have we ever found this expression so general.

In accounting for it the judge said,

"May it not be that only we good-natured fellows are liable to the disease?"

The doctor did not say so, but she remembered having seen him look doleful enough at home sometimes when he had no use of either nose or eyes.

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ONE of the smartest boys at Bethlehem was Sa-lie B——, from New York. He was handsome, wide awake, kind hearted, but spoiled and selfish from being the baby of the family.

He often reminded us of the Scripture, "And a little child shall lead them."

Whatever he determined upon was the thing which was sure to be done.

"No, my son," said the fond mother, "we are not going home for a week, and you are not going to Mount Washington to-morrow."

"We will see," was Sa-lie's laconic reply.

"I have left Sa-lie sound asleep," said the mother triumphantly to us, as she hurried off to catch the cars next morning.

Presently we heard a mighty rushing noise; down came a half-dressed boy running for the station. He boarded the train just as it was pulling out. He had no breakfast, no extra protection against the lower temperature, but somehow he managed to obtain both, and had a very comfortable time.

We knew he had determined to go home next day. We were quite sure he would carry his point, and so prepared for the inevitable parting.

It was a perfect day, the first one of September.

On account of the prejudice against the Jews, we had been asked to say nothing about Mrs. B.'s religion.

The Hoopers had been very kind to the mother and her child. She felt that she had not been quite frank with them, and so in leaving them, said "perhaps I ought to have told you, I am a Jewess, and my husband is a lineal descednant of the Baruch who was scribe to the prophet Isaiah."

The professor was visibly impressed by the revelation, and said solemnly,

"And so in greeting your little son I have touched the hand of one who is related in blood to him who wrote a part of the Pentateuch ! ! "

We felt so lonely after they left that we organized an expedition to the Look Off and Sunset Houses. We went in an open buck-board wagon. Mrs. Hooper called it "riding out of doors." The views were feasts of color and of beauty.

It was another of those "heavenly days that cannot die while memory lives."

Mrs. H. told us of once traveling through this region with a stage-driver who sympathized with her delight by saying,

"Yes marm, Art is slick, but Natur is slicker."

It was the Professor's turn to tell a story, and he told one which the great Agassiz once told him.

"Fletcher, the Greek scholar; Gray, the botanist, and Agassiz, the geologist, were once being taken through these mountains. The two latter, Gray and Agassiz, would leave the scholar to go slowly along in the wagon, while they ran along the road picking up specimens. This latter proceeding so aroused the curiosity of the driver that he asked the scholar who

those two men were. 'They are Naturalists,' answered Fletcher. They afterwards heard of that driver telling somebody the next day, 'I had a queer load aboard yesterday. I had two *naturals* and their keeper!' "

When Mrs. H. was a little Boston girl of thirteen she did a very bright thing. She has done many since I am sure. An older sister had received ten dollars from her grandmother. The young lady thoughtlessly laid it on the window-sill of a third story room. They saw a sudden gust of wind take it away. Ten dollar bills were too scarce in this minister's family to submit easily to their loss. This little girl took a piece of paper, as nearly of the same quality as possible, and cut it the size of the bill. This she laid on the same spot on the window-sill. Then she watched and waited. It was not long. Soon another gust took that away. Both girls looked to see where it would go. Not far away was an old church, on which a flat, projecting piece of rock formed with the roof a little recess. Directly there that bit of paper flew, and there they found the ten dollar bill!

In returning from the Sunset House, Professor H. gathered for us some of the earliest and most beautiful autumn leaves. They have graced our walls and kept his memory green ever since.

That evening we were all too weary to do anything more than continue our story-telling and propose a few mild conundrums.

"Two men met," said Mrs. H.: "one had been after a jug of molasses, the other was going. To save the second one the trouble of going, the first offered to divide. They did so without taking out the cork

of either jug. How did they do it? *Ans.* They pushed the stopples in ! ! "

One who had been a teacher gave this mathematical problem.

"A man went into a shoe store and bought a pair of shoes, price $4.50. He offered in payment a $50 bill. The shopman could not change it, and went outside to have it changed. Returning he gave the customer $45.50. A while afterwards the neighbor came in exclaiming 'that bill is counterfeit!' The store-keeper was, of course, obliged to refund the money. How much did he lose?"

Various answers were given, from $4.50 up to $45.50. The ex-schoolmaster finally explained to them the principle that you cannot in any such transaction, lose more nor less than the face of the bill. This was $50.

A very sweet young lady propounded the following: "A man had a certain number of apples which he determined to distribute without cutting an apple. To boy No. 1 he said, 'I will give you half of my apples and half an apple over.' To boy No. 2 he said, 'I will give you half of what I have left and half an apple over.' To boy No. 3 he said, 'I will give you half of what I have and half an apple over.' Then he had none. He had not cut a single apple. How many had he in the first place? *Ans.* Seven apples."

You can verify this answer for yourselves.

Spending a few days at Ranlet's was an Armenian, a handsome youth of 18 or thereabouts. He was a student from ——— school, and collecting money to defray his expenses by selling Persian rugs and embroideries. On a bright Sunday afternoon he hired a

horse and rode to the Profile House. A friend drove along with little Dan in an open buggy. The young man, elated by the unwonted exercise, and exhilarated by the fine weather, would ride very rapidly for a few minutes and then wait for his companions to come up to him, meanwhile baiting his horse on the green grass by the roadside. When he returned he was very happy over the pleasure he had enjoyed. Some of our strict Sabbatarians reproved him for going on a Sunday. He opened his large innocent eyes in surprise and asked in broken English, "Did I do some wrong in going?"

The next day we were surprised. The poor boy was arrested for cruelty to an animal. The horse was undoubtedly a little stiff from his fast galloping—that was all. But a local judge fined him $50!

Our judge was indignant, and immediately set about some measures of relief. The best he could do was to reduce the demand about one-half. Then he started a subscription to raise the amount. After the money was paid, they hired out the horse to a little girl that very afternoon!

The look of the stranger in a strange land when he fully realized the imposition those stable men had put upon him, we cannot soon forget.

He said "he was the man who went down into Jerico and fell among thieves."

He said, "If one of you were in my country, and fell into such disaster, all my countrymen would have been sympathetic, like some of you."

His account of the trouble was very amusing. At the end of each recital he would quote some Scripture which seemed to him appropriate, as for instance, "All

tings work togezzer for good to them zat love ze Lord." Then he would add, I shall go no more on Sunday on the horse-back.

In leaving us he expressed great gratitude for the assistance we had rendered. From Boston he telegraphed,

"Receive the most sincere fragrance of my acknowledge for the kindness of your guests at Ranlet's."

It reminded our parson of a deaf mute's definition of forgiveness. "It is the incense which flowers emit when they are bruised."

One evening when

> "The moonlight with silver sheen,
> Touched mountain, vale and stream,"

and we could see Mount Washington tipped with snow. Mrs. Ranlet told us the following story :

"Years ago when the Government Signal Service was first established on Mount Washington, there were only two men left there during the winter. Now there are always three. We had a key to the telegraph, and at least morn and night we would speak to those distant men. It happened that we were suddenly called away, and then snow-bound for two days. As soon as we returned Mr. R. touched his key and inquired 'How are you?' The dreadful answer came back, '—— has been dead for nearly two days. The body is in this little room close beside me. Thank God, you have returned. It has saved me from becoming raving mad.' "It was many days," Mrs. R. said, "before we could send him any more substantial succor than our words of hope and cheer; but these kept him in heart, and no one since has been left to such awful solitude up there."

Thackeray once wrote, "A domestic rose-leaf rumpled, puts me off my work for a day." We were reminded of this saying when one day the primitive water works of Bethlehem quit working, their one pipe choked by the falling autumnal leaves. It caused almost a panic in town for twelve hours!

There was a Miss C. at Upland's whose acquaintance we made, and whose sweet Christian character we appreciated very much; but we do not mention her especially for these things. They are not so very uncommon among women as to require remarks. Miss C. was the second person we met whose ambition had been fully satisfied.

She was the daughter of a minister in Buffalo; our parson had known him long ago. The principal of the high-school there had been from her childhood Miss C.'s especial admiration. She had always thought if ever she should be so fortunate as to fill such a position she would be perfectly satisfied; and now she had attained that position and was perfectly content. Like our landlord Davis, at Peru, she desired nothing better, and nothing more.

It was not always easy to satisfy the demand for some new entertainment every evening at Ranlet's. And one evening when little Dan said to our lady doctor, "What are you going to give us to-night?" she answered almost at random, "The blind Phrenologist." It turned out one of the greatest successes of all. The strange part of it was, she astonished herself.

The candidates for examination, thirteen in number, were brought draped from head to foot in sheets, so it was impossible from the dress to tell the sex. The

doctor was herself completely blindfolded. She was not allowed to touch the face below the nose nor in front of the ears.

Of one person she said, "this brain has at one time been well developed and strong. It is comparatively useless now." It proved to be the head of a college professor who had suffered partial paralysis.

One of the children she described as having immense alimentiveness. After it was over, little Dan claimed that description; and said when he gave his order for his dinner, he always told the waiter to tell the cook who it was for, so he would get an extra slice.

Out of all present she selected Mrs. Ranlet for a business partner, and remarked, "this person will hardly be a silent partner either."

The audience evidently thought things were going a little too smoothly, and they "put up a job," as the boys say.

On Mr. C.'s head they pinned a chignon. The doctor happened to place her hands only on the organs not covered by this mass of hair. She described him as his friends afterwards said, most perfectly; told of his business and social qualities, his fondness for games and athletic sports, etc.

Just then the judge, who could keep quiet no longer, whispered, "Put your hand on top."

There was the bunch of womanly hair!

For a moment she was staggered, and then she bravely said, "It is a man's brain no matter if it is on a woman's shoulders."

One of the candidates was a Mr. M., a merchant from Providence. Many weeks afterwards our doctor

had some business which took her to one of the largest stores in that city of Roger Williams ; a gentleman greeted her as if he had been her brother, extending both hands and calling her by her name. "You do not seem to recollect me," he said; "I was one of the subjects examined by the blind phrenologist at Ranlet's. My wife declares you hit me on the head every time."

One of the noted men at Bethlehem with whose features we became most familiar was Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, our late Secretary of the Interior, then Associate Judge of the Supreme Court.

He was tall and thin, with stooping shoulders; while his grizzled long hair, beard and moustache, imparted a leonine look to his intellectual face. He had brought his private secretary along, and maintained a sort of governmental head-quarters in the Presby cottage.

His romantic courtship during his visit of the previous year added to the interest which he inspired. The story was that a youthful love had been revived after a lapse of many years. The bride was about his own age, and as distinguished looking as himself.

It was a pleasant and rare sight to meet them in public, and observe how polite and mutually attentive this married couple, past middle life, were. To strangers the explanation was generally given, "They have not been married long."

Why should this be so? Why should it be a remarkable thing to find two elderly people, a husband and wife, treating each other with respect and tenderness? Is it true that one of Love's surest phases is to grow cold?

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Into all lives some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

OUR dark days came suddenly, September 7th. The judge was taken terribly sick. How he struggled against it! For forty years he had had no long and serious illness. It seemed almost impossible to keep him in bed. He astonished everybody by dressing and appearing in the parlor when he was too sick to stand. It was very hard when he found himself obliged to give up.

Our friend, Dr. North had gone home; but fortunately his partner, Dr. Axtelle, had gone to Ranlet's for his vacation. He was comparatively young, but he knew a great deal. He had such an amount of good common sense and good judgment; he proved himself a great comfort to our doctor in these days of trial and anxiety.

We never realized till then how many friends we had made. What a surprising number of good folks there are in this sinful world! In more ways than we could have thought of, they gave us helpful sympathy. There was nobody and nothing, in the whole house that was not at our service. They left us no opportunity to regret home comfort.

The very day the judge was taken so violently ill, a young lady whom we had been expecting from Maine, en route to Brooklyn, arrived. The people at Ranlet's met her, and devoted themselves to her comfort and entertainment as if she had been their dearest friend. They did this for our sake at first; but soon learned to love her for her own sweet self.

Our friend, Mr. T., who had kindly undertaken to initiate our young lady into the mysteries and beauties of a walk up Mount Agassiz, quite lost his heart, I think.

One bright day, when the judge was better, and Lizzie's visit was over, Mr. T. took a solitary walk over the same ground. On his return he said to us:

"I've just been to the top of Agassiz again. It only required the presence of a certain blue Tam O'Shanter to make the place perfectly heavenly."

He was wishing for our Elizabeth ! ! !

When once he got out of doors again, the judge convalesced rapidly. His step was very weak for a while however, and the parson quoted, "Man at his best estate is altogether vanity."

As soon as he was at all able, the judge became anxious to start on our homeward journey.

"We are praying for a heavy storm to keep you here to-morrow," our friends said.

"It is only the prayers of the righteous that avail," said the judge. "I am praying for fair weather."

The skies were leaden, the wind was cold, and a heavy fog prevailed, when at 10 A. M., September 16th, we drove away from Bethlehem towards Lisbon where we hoped to dine.

Even with closed curtains and heavy carriage robes,

we felt chilly. At the Bingham House thicker flannels, a warm room, and a hot dinner, made us happy and comfortable. Then the sun came out, and at two o'clock we pushed on towards Bradford, Vermont, in good spirits.

The gray rocks and stone walls, the different shades of pines and firs, the white birches, the various trees in rosy autumnal tints, the browns of the nearer hills, and the blues of the distant mountains, and over all a flood of golden sunshine, made a picture we cannot soon forget. A curiosity in the way of a sunflower, twenty-three feet high, grown so large by use of phosphate of lime, attracted our attention. A field of corn, harvested and left standing in shocks, simulated in the early twilight, an army of Indians.

Supper was smoking hot on the table when we reached Harry Stevens'. They put us to sleep in an old-fashioned bed-room, where the bedstead was one hundred years old. The only anachronism which disturbed our equanimity was the materials of the canopy, the very modern cheese cloth and turkey red!

There were neither locks nor bolts on either door or windows ; and no provision for any ventilation. It did not make us feel any better satisfied with our quarters when they told us our immediate predecessors had gone home sick with Typhoid Fever.

The next morning we expressed a desire to see Lex. He was brought harnessed into the yard and left standing without hitching while Mr. Stevens went into breakfast !

Poor fellow ! was it from pique he refused to recognize us? His once sleek and shiny coat looked now as a miller's horse might have done. It evidently

had no acquaintance with brush or curry-comb since we left him. A diet of apples and meal had made him spiritless and subdued. He seemed no longer like the Lex we had loved.

In a previous correspondence with Mr. Stevens we had arranged to find a match for Morgan. And now Black Hawk, only three weeks off a farm where he had been plowing, was presented to our inspection. His color and size were all right: his gait was good, but he was only five years old. He was young and green and had a crooked tail!

To the tail the doctor seriously objected; but was only laughed at, and told she ought to be surgeon enough to straighten it.

The upshot of the matter was we bought Black Hawk for $300. We arranged to send Oscar by train to Boston, and have him shipped from there to Philadelphia by steamer.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., we were ready to leave for Hanover. Long ago John G. Saxe discovered that Vermont is famous for three things, maple molasses, horses and women. The first he said was the sweetest: the second the fleetest, and the third beat all creation!

In one hour after leaving Bradford we re-crossed the Connecticut at Fairlee, and were once more in New Hampshire.

Then with the river flowing by our right we went on to Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College. Some would have called our road that afternoon lonely, as in many places it was grass-grown, and the houses far apart? but those charming landscapes, those lovely skies, and murmuring streams!!

Inquiring for the hotel to which we had been recommended, we were told it was recently burned down. This was the third hotel we had found in that condition within the State, and we concluded hotels burned with great facility in this part of the country. It hardly seemed safe to stay in one.

The opera house had been temporarily fitted up for the purpose. A partition had been run straight through, dividing the stage into two equal halves. On one side the billiard room and on the other a long narrow dining room. At meal time, the latter was filled with boisterous students, many of them in stripes and knickerbockers. Some were talking French, some German, and a few English. All were laughing and noisy, and smelled of tobacco.

A few bald-headed professors in skull caps were scattered around, but made no attempt to maintain order.

Our doctor was the only lady.

There were five hundred and fifty students in town.

A rough set! was my first estimate of them.

"What can you expect of these poor fellows, deprived as they are of the refining influences of home and womanly society?" exclaimed the judge.

Co-education would civilize them, we all agreed.

The parlor was in the garret! Our host led the way up two flights of stairs and sent his boy to build a fire in the stove. Then he came himself to see how it was burning. He kindly told us "You won't be lonesome long. Captain Chubb and his wife are coming to stay over Sunday."

We did not know who Captain Chubb was: but we

knew enough not to display our ignorance on a subject which we were evidently expected to understand.

We waited patiently, not doubting we should readily find out from the gentleman himself.

A pretty French chambermaid had left the room undusted and untidy enough, while she chatted and flirted with a parcel of students in the hall-way.

Presently we heard other sounds. In fact many of them, and with great flourish our host presented Captain and Mrs. Chubb, of Texas, and their grandson, a tall handsome fellow of twenty, a Freshman at Dartmouth.

Our landlord was right. The Captain made it lively for us. He told us of his war experiences, of his being in Fort Lafayette in irons. He told us the romance of his life; and that he was seventy-seven years old and had never used rum nor tobacco. He said he resolved in early youth that his wife should never complain.

> "How often instead of otter of rose,
> With vulgar smells he saluted her nose
> From gin, tobacco and onions."

"I tell you," he declared emphatically, "a man has no business to be less sweet than he expects his wife to be. If she should take snuff you'd all allow that to be cause for divorce. Why should it not be the same if I chew tobacco?"

Mrs. C. was a grand looking woman with lovely gray hair. She was at least sixty, but her eyes sparkled with fond admiration of the Captain.

Whenever the Captain paused for breath, or to rest

for a few minutes, she would improve the time by giving some wise bit of counsel to the young man whom they were going to leave on Monday.

"Do you know why," she asked of us: "do you know why folks bring up their grand-children better than they do their own children?"

"No," we replied, not wishing to controvert the statement as a fact, although it was no fact according to our observation.

"The reason is," she responded, "the reason is, because they come to us at a time of our life when we have had more experience."

And certainly if this young man be taken as a specimen of the effect of her more mature training, there might be some truth in that theory.

He was a very polite young gentleman. His manners and graces of speech were what those of Lord Chesterfield's son should have been, but were not.

His grandfather had been at one time collector of the port of Galveston, and still held high social position there.

If Mrs. Chubb never was annoyed by the smell of tobacco before, she must have been that night.

Our sheets looked clean, but the blankets and heavy cotton abominations miscalled comforters, were filthy, and full of smoke.

The Captain's room was next to ours, and through the thin partition we could not help hearing every word.

"Now see that everything is all right, my dear, before you turn out the light," we heard the lady say from beneath the covers.

Then after a little, "How dreadfully dark this room

is. I hope my dear, you put the matches just where you can lay your hand upon them."

"No," answered the Captain's voice, "I did not so much as think if there were any matches. Never mind, my dearie," he continued, "we may not need them."

"But what if we should!" said Mrs. C., "what if burglars should break in, or the house take fire!"

"Well, in the latter case, we could run away by the light of it; but the matter of burglars would be a more serious one, for I could not see in what direction to shoot."

Just then our ever provident doctor tapped at the communicating door and said:

"Excuse me for interrupting your conversation, but we have more matches than we need and we will gladly share them with you."

After that all was quiet along that line the rest of the night.

We awoke to find a cold, foggy morning. With numbed fingers we dressed ourselves; and at 8 o'clock had a forlorn breakfast in the barn-like room on the ground floor.

We were obliged to go out of doors and walk about to get warm. Fortunately the sun came out about 9 o'clock and made things more cheerful.

We found that Hanover is really a pretty place, with many beautiful elm and maple trees. It is small, with only a couple of thousand inhabitants.

The college was established early in the present century. The main buildings look old and worn and about as attractive as a house of correction. The campus is extensive; and in one corner a former

student, now very rich, has built an elegant brown and gray stone chapel. The residences of the faculty are many of them pleasant looking places.

Ex-Senator Patterson's country house is there.

Salmon Portland Chase was graduated from Dartmouth in 1826. It is said when Daniel Webster received his diploma there, he was told that he hardly deserved it. Whereupon he tore the sheepskin in pieces, exclaiming to the president of the college, "You'll hear from me again, sir."

As we passed along through the streets, the students seemed to swarm. As we looked at these cigarette smoking, boat rowing, whisky drinking, poker playing, boxing, carousing, athletes, we could not but think of the hard-fisted old farmers, and work-worn women, who were cheerfully paying their bills under the impression that their self-sacrifice is making learned men of them.

One of the most promising young men whom we met among the students of to-day was a mulatto, born a slave, but sent by his father, who was also his owner, to school at Oberlin, and thence to Dartmouth. He was now in the Medical department, and had recently been appointed Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy.

"Colored men," said our doctor, "are like women in this respect, if you give them a fair chance, and then allow the devil to catch the hindermost, he will not get a colored man nor a woman every time."

"The thing," said the parson, "which distresses me most in the aspect here, is the look of dissipation about many of the collegians."

The judge to whom comfortable living is a part of

religion, came to the rescue. "May not the want of proper food, which we have ourselves experienced this morning, account for a great deal of the trouble? Women, and the clergy," he slyly added, "can live daintily and virtuously and quite happily, on toast and tea and moral principle; but full-grown men demand a more generous diet. If that is not at hand they naturally resort to artificial stimulation. Make better bread, and mankind will have better morals."

"It was a Pleasant and Rare Sight to meet them in Public and Observe how Polite and Mutually Attentive this Married Couple past Middle Life were."

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THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE afternoon of that day proved so fine that we concluded to improve it by driving as far as Windsor, Vermont, and afterwards take the rest of our Sabbath in some rainy weather.

We drove to Lebanon and crossed the Connecticut at White River Junction, thence on the right bank to the resting place we had chosen for that night.

Each separate farm we passed seemed to maintain its own little grave-yard.

"If Gabriel is expected to visit all these private Yankee cemeteries," said the judge, "it will keep him pretty busy on the morning of the resurrection."

Riding along we saw a pumpkin vine trained to climb a tree. It had hung one of its golden globes far out on a limb. Peeping out over the garden wall we saw the bright-eyed youngster who had perpetrated the practical joke.

At one house nasturtiums had been planted so the flowers arranged themselves in the most artistic ways, like Japanese draperies thrown over the upper corner of picture frames.

At one spot by the road-side Nature herself had tried her hand at artistic arrangement. A cluster of purple asters stood tall and straight against the rail fence, and over it a wreath of clematis fell in rich festoons.

Near the town a cow stood transfigured on a hill-top, her form outlined against the glowing sunset sky.

The judge remarked that he had long believed that horses went to heaven, but never knew till now that cows did.

The day being Sunday we had a little pious talk, and among other things the subject of denominational fellowship and union meetings, came up.

Our parson thought the thing was the merest pretense, especially among the so-called orthodox and the liberal sects. In one place he knew the Christians made a great show of uniting; but when the Universalist minister entered, gave out the hymn "There's a wolf in the fold," or they would read that Satan came also. The Universalist would sometimes respond by singing,

> "If you get there before I do,
> Look out for me, I'm coming too."

Mount Ascutney and charming scenery, add to the attractions of Windsor county.

The weather was so magnificent, and the drive so delightful, we were almost sorry when at 5 o'clock, P. M., we arrived at the old-fashioned Windsor House. We entered a very wide hall, and passing up a broad flight of stairs reached the rooms assigned us. They were about twenty feet square, and one of them was warmed by a soap-stone stove.

The town of Windsor lies in the midst of the finest agricultural and sheep-raising section of the State.

The next day was fine enough; but somehow almost everything had gone wrong.

We left town early by one of the fine avenues lined by elms and maples by which in every direction it is approached.

We crossed the Vermont Central railroad which passes through and spoils the centre of the town.

Windsor has only 2,000 inhabitants, but it is a wide-awake, lively, little place.

That was undeniably a blue Monday. We had not gone far before we met ragweed—the pest of hay-fever patients—grown almost to the size of young trees. The ripe pollen caused a return of the sneezes. Black Hawk's shoulders were blistered from wearing Oscar's large collar.

"He cannot fill poor Oscar's shoes, we said. And then we began to be worried about Oscar's safety. Who would take care of him in that long voyage by the sea? What storms, what vicissitudes might happen by the way!

The judge was for once despondent and declared he never expected to set eyes on Oscar again. He said he would be glad to sell him to any one who would take the risk of his safe delivery at Philadelphia for $150. Whereupon the doctor agreed to give him that amount for his half of Oscar; the other half being already hers.

Morgan had been limping a little from the scratches the day before, and now Black Hawk began to limp too.

The judge was thoroughly vexed, and insisted that these Yankees were too stingy to give a horse enough straw for a decent bed, and that was the cause of all this trouble.

We reached Bellow's Falls a little past noon; but

even the sumptuous dinner that awaited us at the Townsend Hotel failed to restore the equilibrium.

At this place and at Lisbon were the only bath tubs we had seen for six weeks. Even now the spigots were tied up so the tub could not be filled; and we were still confined to the limited accommodations afforded by the wash-bowl. Our A. B. meant Anti-Bathers.

Bellow's Falls has a park, named after our black horse Morgan. It is not large, but very odd, and high, and pretty. You reach it by going up Pine Hill, and it overlooks the river.

The place has an island on which is a nice summer hotel. The Connecticut river forms here a curious set of rapids a mile long. Thus is afforded an abundance of water power for numerous manufactories.

At the stable the horsemen all praised Black Hawk. "That is the horse you will keep," they said to the judge.

Their opinion was a little crumb of comfort; but he had the scratches dreadfully, and he did not seem very strong, and then that tail!! Morgan's was unusually handsome, and that made the contrast greater.

The sun was rising in the east and the moon was setting in the west; thus they faced each other, when we were making ready for our departure from busy Bellow's Falls. We drove first to Saxton river, thence to the soap-stone works. We came to Grafton and stopped to pay our respects to the landlord of the Phillips House, whom we had left for almost dead; but now found sitting in dressing gown and slippers out on the piazza, and almost well.

Then we went out miles and miles through woods, not meeting a face, nor seeing a single house. We learned how the first roads were made through the wilderness, simply by following the streams up or down.

The way the light came through the dense foliage reminded our parson of an epitaph he once saw on a young girl's grave,

> "Like sunshine broken in a rill,
> Though turned aside, 'tis sunshine still."

We hoped to reach Peru and enjoy another of Mr. Davis' dinners; but we got out of our way and landed at Lovel's Lake.

A farmer whom we saw told us to take the first traveled road to our right. The one we decided to take looked to our unpracticed eyes as much traveled as any other in that region. But it took us very wrong.

A house was standing where we turned to the right; but no one was at home. On we went in the wrong direction. In sight of another house we thought now we will find out where we are. To our dismay nobody was home there save a big black calf tied to a post and looking almost as hungry as we felt.

By that time we were quite sure we were going wrong, and so we retraced our weary steps to the place where we turned off.

It was considerably past two o'clock when we reached the little old hotel at Londonderry, Vermont. We had come in a nearly straight line from Bellow's Falls, only about twenty-six miles, but the detour we had made caused us to be late for dinner anywhere.

The pretty landlady at Londonderry who was also maid of all work, soon had a very comfortable repast ready for us. To it we did ample justice. The landlord, who was also his own ostler, took such good care of our horses we concluded to remain all night.

The little town was made up of a farming community. They were harvesting their pumpkins and digging their potatoes.

We felt we were not so very remote from fashion and civilization when on the little parlor table we saw a Revue Des Modes and samples by mail from Jordan & Marsh, of Boston ; H. O'Neil, of New York, and John Wanamaker of Philadelphia.

That plain old house displayed as dainty a tea-set as we had ever seen ; and the shade of the parlor drop-light was hand-painted ! !

While waiting for her tea-kettle to boil, our landlady played on the organ and sang for us.

This little Londonderry is the centre where five roads meet. Everything was crowded into a heap. Some of the cottages almost hung over the stream of water.

When we were informed that there were two cases of Typhoid Fever next door and eighteen cases of dysentery within five miles, we thought that part of the country was hardly a healthful residence.

This hotel, like most of its kind, had a large hall over the bar-room. It was used for balls and lectures, and sometimes for preaching, as there was no church building.

We were awakened from our dreams next morning by the sounds of our landlady playing. The stool

upon which she sat was of that squeaking kind which would make a discord in the most heavenly singing.

It reminded us of the man who had bought a music stool ; and afterwards declared himself dreadfully disappointed. He said he thought it a confounded humbug. He said he'd screwed it in every direction and couldn't get a bit of music out of it.

We were thankful to find on descending to the breakfast room that the exercise of her talents had not made our hostess unmindful of her housewifely duties. A truly delicious meal awaited our pleasure : and then not satisfied with this, she insisted upon our taking a lunch along when we left at 8 o'clock. "It will be late before you get your dinner at Arlington," she said, knowing well we must drive slowly on account of our horses' sore shoulders and tender feet.

We looked longingly at the Bromley House as we drove through Peru. We greatly wished to stop and stay for another of Mr. Davis' dinners, but there were signs of its storming by the morrow and we felt obliged to push on.

"The equinoctial is already overdue," the judge said, "and I know of no place on the road where I could meet it with such equanimity and resignation as at Lee's, at Cambridge, N. Y."

To this there were no dissenting voices, and that subject was settled.

The air was hazy, and there was a bitter chill in the bleak wind which blew from the north-west and suggested snow squalls. It struck a shiver to the very marrow of our bones as we came over the toll-gate road across the mountain.

THE ROUND TRIP.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE white marble slabs still paved the side-walks of Arlington when we arrived there at 2 P. M., the 21st of September.

The summer guests had gone away with the summer birds.

We rested awhile and enjoyed a comfortable dinner, then started for Cambridge, still many miles away.

On a brighter day the drive along the Hoosic river would have been charming.

There was one place which we were very anxious to be through before night came on, and that was the forest through which we had passed that Sunday afternoon so many weeks before.

The state of the atmosphere would, we knew, make it dark before its time.

We were passing through a little settlement, and were almost in front of a wheel-wright's shop, when one of our hind wheels gave an ominous squeak and almost ceased its revolutions.

One of our party ran into the shop for the assistance we needed. Two men with the proper tools came promptly to our aid. The wheel was taken off and found to have some particles of sand lodged in the axle, which were rapidly producing a "hot wheel."

We grudged even this delay, and yet were so thankful that it happened just then and there.

"What if it had occurred in the middle of that dreadful forest," we said, "and we could have got out in neither direction!"

Somehow we lost our bearings and got out of the road. We went quite around the town instead of going straight into it, and so missed the dreadful forest entirely.

We went over a much better but a longer road, and did not arrive at the Union Hotel till sometime after dark. Then the threatened storm came on, and we spent two nights and a day there.

The town has 18,000 inhabitants, and eight churches. They pay ministers $16,000 in all the salaries; and the liquors which are drank cost more than the bread of all those people! The consumption of tobacco costs more than all the fuel those families burn!!

There had been an impromptu wedding at the Union House since we went away. The son's "best girl" had been invited for a little visit, and then everybody persuaded her into a hasty marriage and a return with him to Beatrice, Nebraska, at the end of his brief vacation.

It seemed to be taking a rather unfair advantage of a young girl; but from what we had seen of the young man we felt quite sure she had not married in haste to repent at leisure.

Between 8 and 9 A. M. on Friday we made our adieux to our kind Cambridge friends and started for Melrose.

The clouds were still thick, but at noon when we

reached Melrose they had parted and let out a flood of sunshine over all the landscape. The old rhyme came true,

> "There is but one Friday in a year,
> But that the sun it doth appear."

We were glad to see that "the woman that always was tired" had found some one to help her that day, so the sympathy for her weariness did not spoil our good dinners.

We were within ten miles of Troy and thought we remembered the road so perfectly that we declined the Melrose landlord's proffer to direct us.

We had not gone far before we came where two ways met, and found we did not know which one to take.

"I want to go to Troy," said the judge to a man whom we met.

"Well, I'll let you," was the laconic response. Then as if to atone for his pertness, the man turned his horse and led the way for more than a mile.

On the top of a hill we came in sight of Cohoes.

Above it, the afternoon sun, partly concealed by clouds, was producing the phenomenon which unscientific people call "the sun drawing water."

Driving through the valley below, the Lansingburg's Fifth Avenue, we inquired of an Irishman where Troy was.

"Yer right in it now," was his answer. "Yous needn't move till yous get into the city of Troy. Ye'll be there in a quarter of an hour, or mebbe in ten minutes if ye loike."

It was half-past four P. M. when we reached the

Hudson and went on board the boat Saratoga bound for New York.

This gave us a "lift," as the farmers say, of one hundred and six miles.

Almost the first to greet us on the Saratoga were our host and hostess of the Union, Mr. and Mrs. Lees, off for a little pleasure trip to Gotham and the sea-side.

We reached New York City at 8 o'clock Saturday morning. We crossed into New Jersey by the Hoboken ferry ; had an unpleasant delay in getting over the draw-bridge, yet arrived at Elizabeth, a sixteen miles' drive, in time for a noon dinner.

At 2 P. M. we were ready to leave for an eighteen miles' drive to New Brunswick. The road was red and straight, and looked like a red ribbon with picot edges. Why the railroad should find it necessary or desirable to cross and re-cross so straight a line so many times was a puzzle to us.

We looked into each of the hotels before settling down on one for the night ; and then concluded we had struck the dirtiest one that ever was.

We had a bet that all the New Brunswick landlords were Democrats, and as far as we could ascertain it was so.

This is the seat of Rutger's College, and we wished to visit it, but felt obliged to get away from our distasteful quarters as soon as possible.

Very early Sunday morning we started over one of the worst roads we had seen anywhere. The first part was badly cut up and rough from recent rain. Then it was sandy. Then it was rocky. Then it was both sandy and rocky, and the ground rising all the way.

Through the most God-forsaken country, with

shabby buildings and many deserted houses, we went. At the latter, the deserted houses, we did not greatly wonder. We were glad the people had spunk enough left to run away. We had taken the old pike instead of the new. There were whole acres grown up to ragweed gone to seed.

This and the sand, made the judge and both horses sneeze. The parson sang,

> "If ever I pitch my tent again,
> I'll pitch it where Satan can't get in."

We suggested he should substitute sand for Satan.

There were no watering-troughs as in New England. With great difficulty we borrowed a pail and watered the horses at a well.

Both Black Hawk and Morgan were dreadfully tired; and as they limped along in the heat and through that sand, we could hardly refrain from wishing aloud that we had Lex and Oscar in their places.

If I remember rightly, one of the party did so far forget themselves as to quote:

> "Remember this and bear in mind,
> A noble friend is hard to find;
> And when you find one strong and true,
> Don't change the old one for a new."

We left Princeton, the great seat of learning, considerably to the right. The road we chose was so straight it was almost a bee-line. We could see through the opening avenue of foliage, till the way met the horizon miles behind. It realized that oft repeated direction given us, "Road straight ahead."

The sand to those weary ponies was like walking through freshly fallen snow.

That certainly was like Jordan, in that it was "A hard road to travel."

The tamed look of our steeds reminded the judge of a story.

Some verdant fellow once conceived the idea of training a young ox to the yoke by yoking himself up with the animal.

The creature was wild and ran with all his might, taking the man with him. As they passed through the village the man called out to the bystanders, "Stop us! Head us off somewhere!"

Then, when their flight had been arrested, he, almost exhausted, and panting for breath, exclaimed, "Unyoke the calf first; I'll stand."

There was no doubt but that both our horses would stand without hitching to-day.

When we espied the distant spires of Trenton, the parson sung,

> "Courage my soul, on God rely,
> Deliverance now is nigh."

It was 2 o'clock when, cold and hungry, and very weary, we entered the American House, and found a warm reception and a nice dinner after our twenty-four miles' drive.

That evening we were sufficiently rested to attend church.

"What is to be the text, I wonder," some one near us said.

"It should be," our parson said, as he looked towards the door where the several half-tipsy youths were peering in, "it should be, 'Run, speak to that young man.'"

"Do you know," said our doctor, "that each de-

nomination has an odor peculiar to itself. I could tell that I am in a Methodist meeting even if I were blind."

"It is the odor of sanctity, I suppose," said the judge.

The preacher on this occasion was young Mr. S. He gave us a most ingenious service of song and sermon.

Through the pews were cards giving a list of subjects for six special sermons to young men.

Two of the subjects, "Shadowed," and a "Gigantic Swindle," were painfully suggestive of recent history connected, not only with a prominent member of that church, but also a member of the minister's family.

The State Treasurer proved a defaulter and was sent to the penitentiary about the time his talented son entered the ministry.

The Rev. Mr. S. seemed sincere and earnest. There was no sympathy in his voice or manner, yet he knew how to attract and sway the masses. He managed so that every one had a part to perform somewhere. The church was made beautiful and the music thrilling.

We began the service feeling a little prejudiced against the man and his methods, but ended by joining heartily with the congregation, reciting the Gloria Patri.

At breakfast on Monday morning we met a party driving from Asbury Park to Philadelphia. With them we joined company. The gentleman was, he told us, seventy-six, but spry and lively as a boy.

The morning and the road were both fine until we reached Tacony. What an entrance to a great city like ours.

Not in the wilderness of Vermont, nor among the steep hills of New Hampshire, were the roads anything like as bad.

"Just to think," said the judge, "that to Philadelphia—the birth-place of the nation, the adopted home of Franklin, the earliest capital of our country —this Tacony is a gate-way."

In parting at Broad Street with our companions of travel, we introduced ourselves and exchanged cards. Commodore S——— United States Navy, was on one which we received.

At 3 P. M. we were snugly ensconced within our own little domicile, after an absence of three months, and journeyings amounting to nearly a thousand miles, In the last ten days we had come four hundred and sixty-seven (467) miles. We had enjoyed it; but were glad to be home again. Truly, and after all, there is no place like home.

Finding there is a general desire among our readers to know more of Morgan and the horse-trades, I add this:

After reaching home we continued to try every known device for making Morgan lift his feet higher, and travel wider; but it was no use. He was only pretty to look at. In practical every day life it is with horses as with men, "Handsome is that handsome does."

We traded him for an Ohio horse, paying $150 to boot.

Buckeye, that was his name, did not stumble. His action was good, he was good looking, save he had a bulging face; but in his style and pace he was no match for Black Hawk. The latter had by this time

developed a grace and beauty all his own. He had become showy and spirited, and yet so gentle. He had such speed and courage that he took Buckeye off his feet every time.

Finally the judge resolved to try again. This time he went to Maryland, "My Maryland!" On a stock farm there he found the perfect match in gait, and speed, and color. The new horse is named Bashaw, from his breed. Like Black Hawk he is "black but comely."

Again we exchanged; this time Buckeye for Bashaw. Again we paid boot, this time $200. The judge insists he has made money every time; and this is the way he proves it. "The pair now stand me in," he says, "$1,000. I'd laugh at the man who would offer me less than $2,000 cash for them. You see why, they suit me. Dealing in horses is always, for the amateur trader, a sort of sum in profit and loss. To ascertain whether you have made or lost, let your calculations be based on the transactions of a number of months or years, and then strike a general average." And the judge fondly pats his two black pets and declares he is satisfied with the general average.

THE DRIVE TO LONGWOOD IN 1893.

CHAPTER XL.

TEN years ago we saw Longwood for the first time. Ever since then, when the June roses are in their earliest bloom and the purple Star of Bethlehem shows its sweet face among the green grasses, we have longed to be there. On the 9th of June, 1893 we were there for the third and last time. In the early morning of the day before, we had driven to that vicinity to be ready for the opening exercises of that famous meeting.

We went not in such simple state as we did in 1883, with our one horse Lex, and the phaeton. This time we drove two black beauties, and took our friend and our colored coachman along ; but the judge held the reins—he still liked to do his own driving. Our carriage was a double one, large and cozy, and gay with golden yellow wheels.

We started very early in the morning of June the 8th, soon after sunrise, and long before many persons were astir. It gives one a feeling of self-satisfaction and superiority to be dressed and out when other people are still ingloriously snoozing. Most of us miss the most delightful part of the day in sleep. Crisp, fresh and bright that morning was, as we drove through the West Park to Hestonville and sought the Old Street Road, which history informs us was made

by William Penn some time during the latter part of the seventeenth century. It was laid out, the legend says, as the shortest possible line between his residence, at Second and Market streets, and the home of his married daughter, either Margaret Freame or Letitia Aubrey. I cannot determine from the scanty data in my possession which one it was.

The telegraph lines that run beside the Street Road now were a thing unthought of then, unless we take Shakespeare's Ariel for a prophesy of what it might be "to ride on the curled clouds, to meet and join Jove's lightning." In 1693 Penn was obliged to ride all the way in cold or heat, sunshine or rain, to communicate with his relative. Now the telegraph will deliver a message in an hour, and the voice of our friend can be heard a hundred miles away. What changes have been made! What marvels may be developed in the future!

What a charming part of the country Chester county is! What a diversified landscape of hill and dale! What broad acres and so free from rocks! The wonder is where they ever got the stones to build so many stone houses. Wood, however, seems equally scarce, and we saw no facilities for making brick. Although history informs us that Penn was wise enough to stipulate that every fifth acre of land should remain uncleared, the owners of the later time have disregarded the direction, and have almost stripped the country of its forests. Even the roadside is a meadow, and we saw men mowing it. The little shoots of oak or walnut, spruce or maple, that might make trees, are ruthlessly cut down and burned in heaps. This shows the average man's stupidity, as

well as his cupidity. The result is, the little streams, and even the Brandywine, are drying up. The land is no longer fertile, as formerly.

There is a spot in Rhode Island, to which I make an annual pilgrimage, where Nature was originally far less bountiful, but where a fair proportion of forest has been left, and where in the fiercest drought the wells never dry. The owner, now an octogenarian—all honor to the name of Col. Ara—was for a while, during the war, road supervisor. He simply cleared out the bramble and the briars along the roadside and left the young saplings free to grow. The consequence is, that here is a delightful stretch of shade in summer, and a protection from the snow drifts in winter. Long may the Colonel live to enjoy the fruits of his common sense! This is a digression, as the ministers say; but we must be allowed to wander still further, and by a sad contrast enforce a lesson. Adjoining the Colonel's road is another line, supervised by a man who acted on an entirely different policy. "The vandals have done their very worst here," we exclaimed, as we passed by and found what a clean sweep he had made, burning the brush and carting off young thrifty trees as big round as his brawny arm, for firewood, to his home. The result in this latter case has been that in two years a babbling brook, which that thicket sheltered, is silenced forever.

Let us now return to our drive through Chester county. Nature intended this county for one of her garden spots—one of her grandest parks in Pennsylvania. It has been so denuded by man that unless better and wiser men come to its rescue, it will in the

next half century, have become an arid desert. The fact that Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock has been appointed by our Governor as botanist of the Forestry Association gives us great hope that something worthy will be done. He has resolved to visit in private carriage every country in the State. There has been much talk and little work hitherto. Now that there is a legal holiday for the purpose of planting trees, let even the school children begin in real earnest, starting from their respective school-houses, till our roads become one continuous bower.

As for ourselves that day, when the sun waxed warm, and our horse Stella began to shirk her burden, to drop back in the harnass, and leave the ambitious Bashaw to drag the whole load, how thankful we were to come to even one tree, which spread its cooling foliage over us. Under one of these, while the horses panted and rested, we opened our lunch basket and refreshed ourselves. At Newtown Square we found drink for the thirsty horses, but had no occasion ourselves, as our delicious bottle of cold coffee, and luscious Sharpless strawberries, oranges and bananas, to say nothing of the meats, cakes and other dainties, had been sufficient to satisfy every want of the inner man.

Our place of sojourn for that night was Lenape, a small settlement of about thirty inhabitants. This is a station of the Wilmington and Northern Railroad. It is the terminus of an electric road from West Chester, and has an island Park in the bend of the Brandywine, which is the favorite resort of pleasure seekers from the nearby towns. There is also a restaurant, a post-office, a large flour-mill, and a farm

with ancient and curious buildings. Our hospitable and venerable host, John Sager, has lived there many years, and likes not any changes save those where "time's effacing fingers have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

The name Lenape is Indian. This was what one of the Algonquin tribes called themselves in their own language. In the beginning of the 16th century they dwelt in the valley of the Delaware river and along the banks of our Schuylkill. They have been pushed farther and farther away, until now the remnant is in Kansas, where, at the mouth of the Kansas river, they possess three hundred and seventy-five thousand acres of land and have become partially civilized.

The Indians and their wrongs are always a popular topic for discussion at Longwood. We did not, however, hear it this year, as our stay was only for one day, Friday, the 9th of June. The question of limited suffrage occupied both the morning and afternoon sessions. Miss Eastman, of Boston, gave the opening address. She is both mentally and physically immense. There are no longer many giants of either kind or sex at Longwood. Ichabad, "The glory of Israel is departed," is written on its doors. Never again will a Wendell Phillips, a William Lloyd Garrison, nor a Lucretia Mott send forth their strains of eloquence from its platform 'mid thunders of applause from its people.

In the pretty little cemetery nearby we sought out the grave of Oliver Johnson, whom we had known in New York. Beside his grave was that of his first wife, Mary Ann; and we thought of that other one and his only child, wandering through foreign lands

and thinking often of him whom they so fondly loved, and whose delight and pride they were.

We hardly expected to find many who remembered us where we had been so slightly known so long ago. We were, therefore, delightfully surprised by the hearty welcome we received during the noontide hour. In the words of Samuel Longfellow's noble hymn,

> "From hand to hand the greeting flows,
> From eye to eye the signals run,
> From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
> The seekers of the light are one."

Time has touched but lightly some dear faces that we knew and loved. One of the pleasant features of Longwood Meeting is the picnic dinner under the shady greenwood trees, while the birds sing overhead and the sweet breezes fan us.

At 2 o'clock. P. M., the discussion was resumed. One of our party, who the judge says has decided opinions upon every conceivable subject, effectually disposed, we thought, of that ever recurring and vexed question of the franchise thus: "It is universally conceded that all native born American men who can read and write, and have attained the age of twenty-one years, ought to be allowed to vote. Now admit all native women to the franchise on the same terms. In regard to foreigners, allow them equal rights with ourselves; on the same conditions, namely, ability to read and write, and twenty-one years' residence in the country."

One of the founders of the Longwood Meeting, and an old-time abolitionist, is Job Hayes, still living at the age of eighty-seven. We were invited to meet

THE JUDGE AND THE DOCTOR IN THEIR CINDERELLA CARRIAGE, WITH THE NEW FAVORITES "BASHAW AND "CLIPPER," TAKING A FAREWELL DRIVE TOGETHER.

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him, and spent Friday evening at the house of his son-in-law, Wm. T. Painter, near Lenape. The old man is almost totally blind, but has one of the sweetest voices we ever heard. It is enough to make any one believe in "the soul's perennial youth." He seems cheerful, too, and happy in the darkness which we feel confident will open for him into eternal light. One of the underground railways of slavery's day used to run through this vicinity, and many a fugitive from bondage has this good man helped on his way to liberty.

Our host at Lenape had kindly insisted that our blacks should be left to rest in his stables that night, preparatory to the journey to Philadelphia on the morrow, while we took his horse "General," and his family carriage, to convey ourselves and our friends Anna Mary and Ella Irene to spend the evening at the Painter mansion.

In conversation with Job Hayes about early days at Longwood, &c., and in such delightful company, to say nothing of the luscious strawberries, the rich cream and the angel food, the time passed all too swiftly. It was late and dark as a pocket when friend William packed us four carefully into the carriage and led our horse beyond the shadow of the thick trees out into the homeward road. If I had had less faith in the rectitude of that grand old horse, or less confidence in the skill of Ella Irene's driving, I should never have expected to reach Lenape alive, and should not have hoped to have been spared to tell to you this tale of our last drive to Longwood in 1893.